

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LV. — JUNE, 1885. — No. CCCXXXII.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

IX.

THE SOCIETY AND ITS NEW SECRETARY.

THERE is no use in trying to hurry the natural course of events, in a narrative like this. June passed away, and July, and August had come, and as yet the enigma which had completely puzzled Arrowhead Village and its visitors remained unsolved. The white canoe still wandered over the lake, alone, ghostly, always avoiding the near approach of the boats which seemed to be coming in its direction. Now and then a circumstance would happen which helped to keep inquiry alive. Good horsemanship was not so common among the young men of the place and its neighborhood that Maurice's accomplishment in that way could be overlooked. If there was a wicked horse or a wild colt whose owner was afraid of him, he would be commended to Maurice's attention. Paolo would lead him to his master with all due precaution, — for he had no idea of risking his neck on the back of any ill-conditioned beast, — and Maurice would fasten on his long spurs, spring into the saddle, and very speedily teach the creature good behavior. There soon got about a story that he was what the fresh-water fisherman called "one o' them whisperers." It is a common

legend enough, coming from the Old World, but known in American horse-talking circles, that some persons will whisper certain words in a horse's ear which will tame him if he is as wild and furious as ever Cruiser was. All this added to the mystery which surrounded the young man. A single improbable or absurd story amounts to very little, but when half a dozen such stories are told about the same individual or the same event, they begin to produce the effect of credible evidence. If the year had been 1692 and the place had been Salem Village, Maurice Kirkwood would have run the risk of being treated like the Reverend George Burroughs.

Miss Lurida Vincent's curiosity had been intensely excited with reference to the young man of whom so many stories were told. She had pretty nearly convinced herself that he was the author of the paper on Ocean, Lake, and River, which had been read at one of the meetings of the Pansophian Society. She was very desirous of meeting him, if it were possible. It seemed as if she might, as Secretary of the Society, request the coöperation of any of the visitors, without impropriety. So, after much deliberation, she wrote a careful note, of which the following is an exact copy. Her hand was bold, almost masculine, a curious contrast to that of Euthymia, which was delicately feminine.

Pansophian Society.

ARROWHEAD VILLAGE, August 3, 18—.

MAURICE KIRKWOOD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, — You have received, I trust, a card of invitation to the meetings of our Society, but I think we have not yet had the pleasure of seeing you at any of them. We have supposed that we might be indebted to you for a paper read at the last meeting, and listened to with much interest. As it was anonymous, we do not wish to be inquisitive respecting its authorship; but we desire to say that any papers kindly sent us by the temporary residents of our village will be welcome, and if adapted to the wants of our Association will be read at one of its meetings or printed in its records, or perhaps both read and printed. May we not hope for your presence at the meeting, which is to take place next Wednesday evening?

Respectfully yours,

LURIDA VINCENT,

Secretary of the Pansophian Society.

To this note the Secretary received the following reply:—

ARROWHEAD VILLAGE, August 4, 18—.

MISS LURIDA VINCENT,

Secretary of the Pansophian Society.

DEAR MISS VINCENT, — I have received the ticket you refer to, and desire to express my acknowledgments for the polite attention. I regret that I have not been and I fear shall not be able to attend the meetings of the Society; but if any subject occurs to me on which I feel an inclination to write, it will give me pleasure to send a paper, to be disposed of as the Society may see fit.

Very respectfully yours,

MAURICE KIRKWOOD.

"He says nothing about the authorship of the paper that was read the other evening," the Secretary said to herself. "No matter, — he wrote it, —

there is no mistaking his handwriting. We know something about him, now, at any rate. But why does n't he come to our meetings? What has his *antipathy* to do with his staying away? I must find out what his secret is, and I will. I don't believe it's harder than it was to solve that prize problem which puzzled so many teachers, or than beating Crakowitz, the great chess-player."

To this enigma, then, The Terror determined to bend all the faculties which had excited the admiration and sometimes the amazement of those who knew her in her school-days. It was a very delicate piece of business; for though Lurida was an intrepid woman's rights advocate, and believed she was entitled to do almost everything that men dared to, she knew very well there were certain limits which a young woman like herself must not pass.

In the mean time Maurice had received a visit from the young student at the University, — the same whom he had rescued from his dangerous predicament in the lake. With him had called one of the teachers, — an instructor in modern languages, a native of Italy. Maurice and the instructor exchanged a few words in Italian. The young man spoke it with the ease which implied long familiarity with its use.

After they left, the instructor asked many curious questions about him, — who he was, how long he had been in the village, whether anything was known of his history, — all these inquiries with an eagerness which implied some special and peculiar reason for the interest they evinced.

"I feel satisfied," the instructor said, "that I have met that young man in my own country. It was a number of years ago, and of course he has altered in appearance a good deal; but there is a look about him of — what shall I call it? — apprehension, — as if he were fearing the approach of something or somebody. I think it is the way a man would look

that was haunted; you know what I mean, — followed by a spirit or ghost. He does not suggest the idea of a murderer, — very far from it; but if he did, I should think he was every minute in fear of seeing the murdered man's spirit."

The student was curious, in his turn, to know all the instructor could recall. He had seen him in Rome, he thought, at the Fountain of Trevi, where so many strangers go before leaving the city. The youth was in the company of a man who looked like a priest. He could not mistake that peculiar expression of countenance, but that was all he now remembered about his appearance. His attention had been called to this young man by seeing that some of the bystanders were pointing at him, and noticing that they were whispering with each other as if with reference to him. He should say that the youth was at that time fifteen or sixteen years old, and the time was about ten years ago.

After all, this evidence was of little or no value. Suppose the youth were Maurice; what then? We know that he had been in Italy, and had been there a good while, — or at least we infer so much from his familiarity with the language, and are confirmed in the belief by his having an Italian servant, whom he probably brought from Italy when he returned. If he wrote the paper which was read the other evening, that settles it, for the writer says he had lived by the Tiber. We must put this scrap of evidence furnished by the Professor with the other scraps; it may turn out of some consequence, sooner or later. It is like a piece of a dissected map; it means almost nothing by itself, but when we find the pieces it joins with we may discover a very important meaning in it.

In a small, concentrated community like that which centred in and immediately around Arrowhead Village, every day must have its local gossip as well as its general news. The newspaper tells

the small community what is going on in the great world, and the busy tongues of male and female, especially the latter, fill in with the occurrences and comments of the ever-stirring microcosm. The fact that the Italian teacher had, or thought he had, seen Maurice ten years before was circulated and made the most of, — turned over and over like a cake, until it was thoroughly done on both sides and all through. It was a very small cake, but better than nothing. Miss Vincent heard this story, as others did, and talked about it with her friend, Miss Tower. Here was one more fact to help along.

The two young ladies who had recently graduated at the Corinna Institute remained, as they had always been, intimate friends. They were the natural complements of each other. Euthymia represented a complete, symmetrical womanhood. Her outward presence was only an index of a large, wholesome, affluent life. She could not help being courageous, with such a firm organization. She could not help being generous, cheerful, active. She had been told often enough that she was fair to look upon. She knew that she was called The Wonder by the schoolmates who were dazzled by her singular accomplishments, but she did not overvalue them. She rather tended to depreciate her own gifts, in comparison with those of her friend, Miss Lurida Vincent. The two agreed all the better for differing as they did. The octave makes a perfect chord, when shorter intervals jar more or less on the ear. Each admired the other with a heartiness which, if they had been less unlike, would have been impossible.

It was a pleasant thing to observe their dependence on each other. The Terror of the schoolroom was the oracle in her relations with her friend. All the freedom of movement which The Wonder showed in her bodily exercises The Terror manifested in the world of

thought. She would fling open a book, and decide in a swift glance whether it had any message for her. Her teachers had compared her way of reading to the taking of an instantaneous photograph. When she took up the first book on Physiology which Dr. Butts handed her, it seemed to him that if she only opened at any place, and gave one look, her mind drank its meaning up, as a moist sponge absorbs water. "What can I do with such a creature as this?" he said to himself. "There is only one way to deal with her,—treat her as one treats a silkworm: give it its mulberry leaf, and it will spin its own cocoon. Give her the books, and she will spin her own web of knowledge."

"Do you really think of studying medicine?" said Dr. Butts to her.

"I have n't made up my mind about that," she answered, "but I want to know a little more about this terrible machinery of life and death we are all tangled in. I know something about it, but not enough. I find some very strange beliefs among the women I meet with, and I want to be able to silence them when they attempt to proselyte me to their whims and fancies. Besides, I want to know everything."

"They tell me you do, already," said Dr. Butts.

"I am the most ignorant little wretch that draws the breath of life!" exclaimed The Terror.

The doctor smiled. He knew what it meant. She had reached that stage of education in which the vast domain of the unknown opens its illimitable expanse before the eyes of the student. We never know the extent of darkness until it is partially illuminated.

"You did not leave the Institute with the reputation of being the most ignorant young lady that ever graduated there," said the doctor. "They tell me you got the highest marks of any pupil on their record since the school was founded."

"What a grand thing it was to be the biggest fish in our small aquarium, to be sure!" answered The Terror. "He was six inches long, the monster,—a little too big for bait to catch a pickerel with! What did you hand me that schoolbook for? Did you think I did n't know anything about the human body?"

"You said you were such an ignorant creature I thought I would try you with an easy book, by way of introduction."

The Terror was not confused by her apparent self-contradiction.

"I meant what I said, and I mean what I say. When I talk about my ignorance, I don't measure myself with schoolgirls, doctor. I don't measure myself with my teachers, either. You must talk to me as if I were a man, a grown man, if you mean to teach me anything. Where is your hat, doctor? Let me try it on."

The doctor handed her his wide-awake. The Terror's hair was not naturally abundant, like Euthymia's, and she kept it cut rather short. Her head used to get very hot when she studied hard. She tried to put it on.

"Do you see that?" she said. "I could n't wear it,—it would squeeze my eyes out of my head. The books told me that women's brains were smaller than men's, perhaps they are,—most of them,—I never measured a great many. But when they try to settle what women are good for, by phrenology, I like to have them put their tape round my head. I don't believe in their nonsense, for all that. You might as well tell me that if one horse weighs more than another horse, he is worth more,—a cart-horse that weighs twelve hundred pounds better than Eclipse, that may have weighed a thousand. Give me a list of the best books you can think of, and turn me loose in your library. I can find what I want, if you have it; and what I don't find there I will get at

the Public Library. I shall want to ask you a question now and then."

The doctor looked at her with a kind of admiration, but thoughtfully, as if he feared she was thinking of a task too formidable for her slight constitutional resource.

She returned, instinctively, to the apparent contradiction in her statements about herself.

"I am not a fool, if I am ignorant. Yes, doctor, I sail on a wide sea of ignorance, but I have taken soundings of some of its shallows and some of its depths. Your profession deals with the facts of life that interest me most just now, and I want to know something of it. Perhaps I may find it a calling such as would suit me."

"Do you seriously think of becoming a practitioner of medicine?" said the doctor.

"Certainly, I seriously think of it as a possibility, but I want to know something more about it first. Perhaps I sha'n't believe in medicine enough to practise it. Perhaps I sha'n't like it well enough. No matter about that. I wish to study some of your best books on some of the subjects that most interest me. I know about bones and muscles and all that, and about digestion and respiration and such things. I want to study up the nervous system, and learn all about it. I am of the nervous temperament myself, and perhaps that is the reason. I want to read about insanity and all that relates to it."

A curious expression flitted across the doctor's features as *The Terror* said this.

"Nervous system. Insanity. She has headaches, I know,—all those large-headed, hard-thinking girls do, as a matter of course; but what has set her off about insanity and the nervous system? I wonder if any of her family are subject to mental disorder. Bright people very often have crazy relations. Perhaps some of her friends are in that

way. I wonder whether"—the doctor did not speak any of these thoughts, and in fact hardly shaped his "whether," for *The Terror* interrupted his train of reflection, or rather struck into it in a way which startled him.

"Where is the first volume of this *Medical Cyclopædia*?" she asked, looking at its empty place on the shelf.

"On my table," the doctor answered. "I have been consulting it."

Lurida flung it open, in her eager way, and turned the pages rapidly until she came to the one she wanted. The doctor cast his eye on the heading of the page, and saw the large letters *A N T*.

"I thought so," he said to himself.

"We shall know everything there is in the books about antipathies now, if we never did before. She has a special object in studying the nervous system, just as I suspected. I think she does not care to mention it at this time; but if she finds out anything of interest she will tell me, if she does anybody. Perhaps she does not mean to tell anybody. It is a rather delicate business,—a young girl studying the natural history of a young man. Not quite so safe as botany or paleontology!"

Lurida, lately *The Terror*, now Miss Vincent, had her own plans, and chose to keep them to herself, for the present, at least. Her hands were full enough, it might seem, without undertaking the solution of the great Arrowhead Village enigma. But she was in the most perfect training, so far as her intelligence was concerned; and the summer rest had restored her bodily vigor, so that her brain was like an over-charged battery which will find conductors somewhere to carry off its crowded energy.

At this time Arrowhead Village was enjoying the most successful season it had ever known. The Pansophian Society flourished to an extraordinary degree under the fostering care of the new Secretary. The rector was a good figure-head as President, but the Secretary

was the life of the Society. Communications came in abundantly: some from the village and its neighborhood, some from the University and the Institute, some from distant and unknown sources. The new Secretary was very busy with the work of examining these papers. After a forenoon so employed, the carpet of her room looked like a barn floor after a husking-match. A glance at the manuscripts strewed about, or lying in heaps, would have frightened any young writer away from the thought of authorship as a business. If the candidate for that fearful calling had seen the process of selection and elimination, he would have felt still more desperately. A paper of twenty pages would come in, with an underscored request to *please read through carefully*. That request alone is commonly sufficient to condemn any paper, and prevent its having any chance of a hearing; but the Secretary was not hardened enough yet for that kind of martial law in dealing with manuscripts. The looker-on might have seen her take up the paper, cast one flashing glance at its title, read the first sentence and the last, dip at a venture into two or three pages, and decide as swiftly as the lightning calculator would add up a column of figures what was to be its destination. If rejected, it went into the heap on the left; if approved, it was laid apart, to be submitted to the Committee for their judgment. The foolish writers who insist on one's reading through their manuscript poems and stories ought to know how fatal the request is to their prospects. It provokes the reader, to begin with. The reading of manuscript is frightful work, at the best; the reading of worthless manuscript, — and most of that which one is requested to *read through* is worthless, — would add to the terrors of Tartarus, if any infernal deity were ingenious enough to suggest it as a punishment.

If a paper was rejected by the Secretary, it did not come before the Commit-

tee, but was returned to the author, if he sent for it, which he commonly did. Its natural course was to try for admission into some one of the popular magazines: into "The Sifter," the most fastidious of them all; if that declined it, into "The Second Best;" and if *that* returned it, into "The Omnivorous." If it was refused admittance at the doors of all the magazines, it might at length find shelter in the corner of a newspaper, where a good deal of very readable verse is to be met with nowadays, some of which has been, no doubt, presented to the Pansophian Society, but was not considered up to its standard.

X.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

There was a recent accession to the transient population of the village which gave rise to some speculation. The new-comer was a young fellow, rather careless in his exterior, but apparently as much at home as if he owned Arrowhead Village and everything in it. He commonly had a cigar in his mouth, carried a pocket pistol, of the non-explosive sort, and a stick with a bulldog's head for its knob; wore a soft hat, a coarse check suit, a little baggy, and gaiter-boots which had been half-soled, — a Bohemian-looking personage, altogether.

This individual began making explorations in every direction. He was very curious about the place and all the people in it. He was especially interested in the Pansophian Society, about which he made all sorts of inquiries. This led him to form a summer acquaintance with the Secretary, who was pleased to give him whatever information he asked for; being proud of the Society, as she had a right to be, and knowing more about it than anybody else.

The visitor could not have been long

in the village without hearing something of Maurice Kirkwood, and the stories, true and false, connected with his name. He questioned everybody who could tell him anything about Maurice, and set down the answers in a little note-book he always had with him.

All this naturally excited the curiosity of the village about this new visitor. Among the rest, Miss Vincent, not wanting in an attribute thought to belong more especially to her sex, became somewhat interested to know more exactly who this inquiring, note-taking personage, who seemed to be everywhere and to know everybody, might himself be. Meeting him at the Public Library at a fortunate moment, when there was nobody but the old Librarian, who was hard of hearing, to interfere with their conversation, the little Secretary had a chance to try to find out something about him.

"This is a very remarkable library for a small village to possess," he remarked to Miss Lurida.

"It is, indeed," she said. "Have you found it well furnished with the books you most want?"

"Oh, yes, — books enough. I don't care so much for the books as I do for the Newspapers. I like a Review well enough, — it tells you all there is in a book; but a good abstract of the Review in a Newspaper saves a fellow the trouble of reading it."

"You find the papers you want, here, I hope," said the young lady.

"Oh, I get along pretty well. It's my off-time, and I don't do much reading or writing. Who is the city correspondent of this place?"

"I don't think we have any one who writes regularly. Now and then, there is a letter, with the gossip of the place in it, or an account of some of the doings at our Society. The city papers are always glad to get the reports of our meetings, and to know what is going on in the village."

"I suppose you write about the Society to the papers, as you are the Secretary."

This was a point-blank shot. She meant to question the young man about his business, and here she was on the witness-stand. She ducked her head, and let the question go over her.

"Oh, there are plenty of members who are willing enough to write, — especially to give an account of their own papers. I think they like to have me put in the applause, when they get any. I do that sometimes." (How much more, she did not say.)

"I have seen some very well written articles, which, from what they tell me of the Secretary, I should have thought she might have written herself."

He looked her straight in the eyes.

"I have transmitted some good papers," she said, without winking, or swallowing, or changing color, — precious little color she had to change; her brain wanted all the blood it could borrow or steal, and more too. "You spoke of Newspapers," she said, without any change of tone or manner: "do you not frequently write for them yourself?"

"I should think I did," answered the young man. "I am a regular correspondent of 'The People's Perennial and Household Inquisitor.'"

"The regular correspondent from where?"

"Where! Oh, anywhere, — the place does not make much difference. I have been writing chiefly from Naples and St. Petersburg, and now and then from Constantinople."

"How long since your return to this country, may I ask?"

"My return? I have never been out of this country. I travel with a gazetteer and some guide-books. It is the cheapest way, and you can get the facts much better from them than by trusting your own observation. I have made the tour of Europe by the help of them and

the newspapers. But of late I have taken to interviewing. I find that a very pleasant specialty. It is about as good sport as trout-tickling, and much the same kind of business. I should like to send the Society an account of one of my interviews. Don't you think they would like to hear it?"

"I have no doubt they would. Send it to me, and I will look it over; and if the Committee approve it, we will have it at the next meeting. You know everything has to be examined and voted on by the Committee," said the cautious Secretary.

"Very well,—I will risk it. After it is read, if it *is* read, please send it back to me, as I want to sell it to 'The Sifter,' or 'The Second Best,' or some of the paying magazines."

This is the paper, which was read at the next meeting of the Pansophian Society.

"I was ordered by the editor of the newspaper to which I am attached, 'The People's Perennial and Household Inquisitor,' to make a visit to a certain well-known writer, and obtain all the particulars I could concerning him and all that related to him. I have interviewed a good many politicians, who I thought rather liked the process; but I had never tried any of these literary people, and I was not quite sure how this one would feel about it. I said as much to the chief, but he pooh-poohed my scruples. 'It is n't our business whether they like it or not,' said he; 'the public wants it, and what the public wants it's bound to have, and we are bound to furnish it. Don't be afraid of your man; he's used to it,—he's been pumped often enough to take it easy, and what you've got to do is to pump him dry. You need n't be modest,—ask him what you like; he is n't bound to answer, you know.'

"As he lived in a rather nice quarter of the town, I smarted myself up a lit-

tle, put on a fresh collar and cuffs, and got a five-cent shine on my best high-lows. I said to myself, as I was walking towards the house where he lived, that I would keep very shady for a while, and pass for a visitor from a distance; one of those 'admiring strangers,' who call in to pay their respects, to get an autograph, and go home and say that they have met the distinguished So and So, which gives *them* a certain distinction in the village circle to which they belong.

"My man, the celebrated writer, received me in what was evidently his reception-room. I observed that he managed to get the light full on my face, while his own was in the shade. I had meant to have *his* face in the light, but he knew the localities, and had arranged things so as to give him that advantage. It was like two frigates manœuvring,—each trying to get to windward of the other. I never take out my notebook until I and my man have got engaged in artless and earnest conversation,—always about himself and his works, of course, if he is an author.

"I began by saying that he must receive a good many callers. Those who had read his books were naturally curious to see the writer of them.

"He assented, emphatically, to this statement. He had, he said, a *great* many callers.

"I remarked that there was a quality in his books which made his readers feel as if they knew him personally, and caused them to cherish a certain attachment to him.

"He smiled, as if pleased. He was himself disposed to think so, he said. In fact, a great many persons, strangers writing to him, had told him so.

"My dear sir, I said, there is nothing wonderful in the fact you mention. You reach a responsive chord in many human breasts.

'One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.'

Everybody feels as if he, and especially she (his eyes sparkled), were your blood relation. Do they not name their children after you very frequently?

"He blushed perceptibly. 'Sometimes,' he answered. 'I hope they will all turn out well.'

"I am afraid I am taking up too much of your time, I said.

"No, not at all,' he replied. 'Come up into my library; it is warmer and pleasanter there.'

"I felt confident that I had him by the right handle then; for an author's library, which is commonly his working-room, is, like a lady's boudoir, a sacred apartment.

"So we went upstairs, and again he got me with the daylight on *my* face, when I wanted it on *his*.

"You have a fine library, I remarked. There were books all round the room, and one of those whirling square book-cases. I saw *in front* a Bible and a Concordance, Shakespeare and Mrs. Cowden Clarke's book, and other classical works and books of grave aspect. I contrived to give it a turn, and on the side next the wall I got a glimpse of Barnum's Rhyming Dictionary, and several Dictionaries of Quotations and cheap compends of knowledge. Always *twirl* one of those revolving book-cases when you visit a scholar's library. That is the way to find out what books he does n't want you to see, which of course are the ones you particularly wish to see.

"Some may call all this impertinent and inquisitive. What do you suppose is an interviewer's business? Did you ever see an oyster opened? Yes? Well, an interviewer's business is the same thing. His man is his oyster, which he, not with sword, but with pencil and note-book, must open. Mark how the oysterman's thin blade insinuates itself, — how gently at first, how strenuously when once fairly between the shells!

"And here, I said, you write your books, — those books which have car-

ried your name to all parts of the world, and will convey it down to posterity! Is this the desk at which you write? And is this the pen you write with?

"It is the desk and the very pen,' he replied.

"He was pleased with my questions and my way of putting them. I took up the pen as reverentially as if it had been made of the feather which the angel I used to read about in Young's Night Thoughts ought to have dropped, and did n't.

"Would you kindly write your autograph in my note-book, *with that pen*? I asked him. Yes, he would, with great pleasure.

"So I got out my note-book.

"It was a spick and span new one, bought on purpose for this interview. I admire your book-cases, said I. Can you tell me just how high they are?

"They are about eight feet, with the cornice."

"I should like to have some like those, if I ever get rich enough, said I. Eight feet, — eight feet, *with the cornice*. I must put that down.

"So I got out my pencil.

"I sat there with my pencil and note-book in my hand, all ready, but not using them as yet.

"I have heard it said, I observed, that you began writing poems at a very early age. Is it taking too great a liberty to ask how early you began to write in verse?

"He was getting interested, as people are apt to be when they are themselves the subjects of conversation.

"Very early, — I hardly know how early. I can say truly, as Louise Colet said,

'Je fis mes premiers vers sans savoir les écrire.'

"I am not a very good French scholar, said I; perhaps you will be kind enough to translate that line for me.

"Certainly. With pleasure. *I made my first verses without knowing how to write them.'*

"How interesting! But I never heard of Louise Colet. Who was she?"

"My man was pleased to give me a piece of literary information.

"Louise the lioness! Never heard of her? You have heard of Alphonse Karr?"

"Why, — yes, — more or less. To tell the truth, I am not very well up in French literature. What had he to do with your lioness?"

"A good deal. He satirized her, and she waited at his door with a case-knife in her hand, intending to stick him with it. By and by he came down, smoking a cigarette, and was met by this woman flourishing her case-knife. He took it from her, after getting a cut in his dressing-gown, put it in his pocket, and went on with his cigarette. He keeps it with an inscription: —

*Donné à Alphonse Karr
Par Madame Louise Colet . . .
Dans le dos.*

Lively little female!"

"I could n't help thinking that I should n't have cared to interview the lively little female. He was evidently tickled with the interest I appeared to take in the story he told me. That made him feel amiably disposed toward me.

"I began with very general questions, but by degrees I got at everything about his family history and the small events of his boyhood. Some of the points touched upon were delicate, but I put a good bold face on my most audacious questions, and so I wormed out a great deal that was new concerning my subject. He had been written about considerably, and the public would n't have been satisfied without some new facts; and these I meant to have, and I got. No matter about many of them now, but here are some questions and answers that may be thought worth reading or listening to: —

"How do you enjoy being what they call 'a celebrity,' or a celebrated man?"

"So far as one's vanity is concerned it is well enough. But self-love is a cup without any bottom, and you might pour the Great Lakes all through it, and never fill it up. It breeds an appetite for more of the same kind. It tends to make the celebrity a mere lump of egotism. It generates a craving for high-seasoned personalities which is in danger of becoming slavery, like that following the abuse of alcohol, or opium, or tobacco. Think of a man's having every day, by every post, letters that tell him he is this and that and the other, with epithets and endearments, one tenth part of which would have made him blush red hot before he began to be what you call a celebrity!"

"Are there not some special inconveniences connected with what is called celebrity?"

"I should think so! Suppose you were obliged every day of your life to stand and shake hands, as the President of the United States has to after his inauguration: how do you think your hand would feel after a few months' practice of that exercise? Suppose you had given you thirty-five millions of money a year, in hundred-dollar coupons, on condition that you cut them all off yourself in the usual manner: how do you think you should like the look of a pair of scissors at the end of a year, in which you had worked ten hours a day every day but Sunday, cutting off a hundred coupons an hour, and found you had not finished your task, after all? You have addressed me as what you are pleased to call "a literary celebrity." I won't dispute with you as to whether or not I deserve that title. I will take it for granted I am what you call me, and give you some few hints of my experience.

"You know there was formed a while ago an Association of Authors for Self-Protection. It meant well, and it was hoped that something would come of it in the way of relieving that oppressed

class, but I am sorry to say that it has not effected its purpose.'

"I suspected he had a hand in drawing up the Constitution and Laws of that Association. Yes, I said, an admirable Association it was, and as much needed as the one for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I am sorry to hear that it has not proved effectual in putting a stop to the abuse of a deserving class of men. It ought to have done it; it was well conceived, and its public manifesto was a masterpiece. (I saw by his expression that he *was* its author.)

"I see I can trust you,' he said. 'I will unbosom myself freely of some of the grievances attaching to the position of the individual to whom you have applied the term "Literary Celebrity."

"He is supposed to be a millionaire, in virtue of the immense sales of his books, all the money from which, it is taken for granted, goes into his pocket. Consequently, all subscription papers are handed to him for his signature, and every needy stranger who has heard his name comes to him for assistance.

"He is expected to subscribe for all periodicals, and is goaded by receiving blank formulæ, which, with their promises to pay, he is expected to fill up.

"He receives two or three books daily, with requests to read and give his opinion about each of them, which opinion, if it has a word which can be used as an advertisement, he will find quoted in all the newspapers.

"He receives thick masses of manuscript, prose and verse, which he is called upon to examine and pronounce on their merits; these manuscripts having almost invariably been rejected by the editors to whom they have been sent, and having as a rule no literary value whatever.

"He is expected to sign petitions, to contribute to journals, to write for fairs, to attend celebrations, to make after-dinner speeches, to send money for ob-

jects he does not believe in to places he never heard of.

"He is called on to keep up correspondences with unknown admirers, who begin by saying they have no claim upon his time, and then appropriate it by writing page after page, if of the male sex; and sheet after sheet, if of the other.

"If a poet, it is taken for granted that he can sit down at any moment and spin off any number of verses on any subject which may be suggested to him; such as congratulations to the writer's great-grandmother on her reaching her hundredth year, an elegy on an infant aged six weeks, an ode for the Fourth of July in a Western township not to be found in Lippincott's last edition, perhaps a valentine for some bucolic lover who believes that wooing in rhyme is the way to win the object of his affections.'

"Is n't it so? I asked the Celebrity.

"I would bet on the prose lover. She will show the verses to him, and they will both have a good laugh over them.'

"I have only reported a small part of the conversation I had with the Literary Celebrity. He was so much taken up with his pleasing self-contemplation, as I made him air his opinions and feelings and spread his characteristics as his laundress spreads and airs his linen on the clothes-line, that I don't believe it ever occurred to him that he had been in the hands of an interviewer until he found himself exposed to the wind and sunshine in full dimensions in the columns of 'The People's Perennial and Household Inquisitor.'"

After the reading of this paper, much curiosity was shown as to who the person spoken of as the "Literary Celebrity" might be. Among the various suppositions the startling idea was suggested that he was neither more nor less than the unexplained personage known

in the village as Maurice Kirkwood. Why should that be his real name? Why should not he be the Celebrity, who had taken this name and fled to this retreat to escape from the persecutions of kind friends, who were pricking him and stabbing him nigh to death with their daggers of sugar candy?

The Secretary of the Pansophian Society determined to question the Interviewer the next time she met him at the Library, which happened soon after the meeting when his paper was read.

"I do not know," she said, in the course of a conversation in which she had spoken warmly of his contribution to the literary entertainment of the Society, "that you mentioned the name of the Literary Celebrity whom you interviewed so successfully."

"I did not mention him, Miss Vincent," he answered, "nor do I think it worth while to name him. He might not care to have the whole story told of how he was handled so as to make him communicative. Besides, if I did, it would bring him a new batch of sympathetic letters, regretting that he was bothered by those horrid correspondents, full of indignation at the bores who presumed to intrude upon him with their pages of trash, all the writers of which would expect answers to their letters of condolence."

The Secretary asked the Interviewer if he knew the young gentleman who called himself Maurice Kirkwood.

"What," he answered, — "the man that paddles a birch canoe, and rides all the wild horses of the neighborhood? No, I don't know him, but I have met him once or twice, out walking. A mighty shy fellow, they tell me. Do you know anything particular about him?"

"Not much. None of us do, but we should like to. The story is that he has a queer antipathy to something or to somebody, nobody knows what or whom."

"To newspaper correspondents, perhaps," said the Interviewer. "What made you ask me about him? You did n't think he was my 'Literary Celebrity,' did you?"

"I did not know. I thought he might be. Why don't you interview this mysterious personage? He would make a good sensation for your paper, I should think."

"Why, what is there to be interviewed in him? Is there any story of crime, or anything else to spice a column or so, or even a few paragraphs, with? If there is, I am willing to handle him professionally."

"I told you he has what they call an antipathy. I don't know how much wiser you are for that piece of information."

"An antipathy! Why, so have I an antipathy. I hate a spider, and as for a naked caterpillar, — I believe I should go into a fit if I had to touch one. I know I turn pale at the sight of some of those great green caterpillars that come down from the elm-trees in August and early autumn."

"Afraid of them?" asked the young lady.

"Afraid? What should I be afraid of? They can't bite or sting. I can't give any reason. All I know is that when I come across one of these creatures in my path I jump to one side, and cry out, — sometimes using very improper words. The fact is, they make me crazy for the moment."

"I understand what you mean," said Miss Vincent. "I used to have the same feeling about spiders, but I was ashamed of it, and kept a little menagerie of spiders until I had got over the feeling; that is, pretty much got over it, for I don't love the creatures very dearly, though I don't scream when I see one."

"What did you tell me, Miss Vincent, was this fellow's particular antipathy?"

"That is just the question. I told you that we don't know and we can't

guess what it is. The people here are tired out with trying to discover some good reason for the young man's keeping out of the way of everybody, as he does. They say he is odd or crazy, and they don't seem to be able to tell which. It would make the old ladies of the village sleep a great deal sounder, — yes, and some of the young ladies, too, — if they could find out what this Mr. Kirkwood has got into his head, that he never comes near any of the people here."

"I think I can find out," said the Interviewer, whose professional ambition was beginning to be excited. "I never came across anybody yet that I could n't get something out of. I am going to stay here a week or two, and before I go I will find out the secret, if there is any, of this Mr. Maurice Kirkwood."

We must leave the Interviewer to his contrivances until they present us with some kind of result, either in the shape of success or failure.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

WHEN the Autobiography of Anthony Trollope was published, a little more than a year ago, there was no part of that candid, good-humored, and engaging narrative which attracted more attention than the account given of the strict system of artificial industry which had enabled the lamented novelist to do such a mass of excellent work in the brief season of his manly prime. We all know now what a discouraging youth he had, how late his first success was won, and how lightly touched, either by the weakness or the dullness of age, his writing was, when the end came; in-somuch that to those who specially relished Mr. Trollope's easy and happy faculty for realistic story-telling that end seemed woefully premature, albeit he lacked but a few years, when suddenly summoned from labor, of his allotted threescore and ten. A great deal was said at that time, by professional and by amateur critics, both for and against the theory that the process of novel-making, like more material branches of manufacture, may be lightened and accelerated, without being too much vulgarized, by the invention of a species of labor-saving intellectual machinery. The votaries of inspiration

and the victims of their own moods flouted the notion, of course, and maintained that work of the highest order never had been done in that mechanical fashion, and never would be. Others, again, conscious perhaps of the languid and wasteful employment even of inferior powers, and only too well aware that there could be no question in their own case of a divine afflatus, repeated the delusive apothegm that "genius is patience" (which Mr. Trollope himself has translated into the homely vernacular, "It's dogged as does it"), and wondered if their own difficulty of production were not chiefly moral, after all.

Personally, we were, and are, of those who regard with very respectful admiration the faculty for steady labor and unflagging invention; the "staying power" in a novelist; what the French call the *longue haleine*. It seems to us to furnish the best possible proof of mental robustness; and we find it admirable also for its exact suitability, not to the taste only, but to the lighter literary requirements of a democratic and busy generation. It is a power tending less to the glory of its possessor, may be, than if the same amount were concentrated on a few ambitious and widely

separated undertakings; but capable, if conscientiously employed, of conveying far more of the proper pleasure and refreshment of romance to an enormously greater number of people. It is no more identical with artistic ability than patience is identical with genius; yet it is a most desirable complement of the higher gift, like the alloy which makes practicable the circulation of the precious metals among the masses of mankind. It is the kind of power which one instinctively associates with a masculine physique, — with steadiness of nerve, and toughness of fibre, and insensibility to fatigue, both mental and physical; yet one of the most conspicuous illustrations of it in our own day, offering a singular parallel to Mr. Trollope's case in some respects, and in others even more remarkable, is furnished by a woman, the very turn of whose genius is essentially feminine, — by Mrs. Oliphant, whose life-work, already long, but, happily, not yet complete, it is proposed briefly to review.

It is close upon forty years since this prolific writer,¹ to whom an entire generation has been indebted for so much wholesome delight, began her literary career by the publication of sundry quiet but clever sketches of Scottish life and character. Some Passages in the Life of Mistress Margaret Maitland

¹ Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland (1849); Mirkland, a Tale of Scottish Life; Caleb Field, a Tale of the Puritans (1851); Memoirs and Resolutions of Adam Graeme (1852); Harry Muir; Katie Stewart (1853); Magdalene Hepburn, a Story of the Reformation (1854); Liliesleaf (1855); Zaidee, a Romance (1856); The Days of My Life; The Athelings (1857); Sundays; The Laird of Norlaw; Orphans (1858); Agnes Hopetoun's Schools and Holidays (1859); Lucy Crofton (1860); The House on the Moor (1861); The Last of the Mortimers; The Life of Edward Irving (1862); The Chronicles of Carlingford; Salem Chapel; Miss Marjoribanks; The Rector and Doctor's Family; The Perpetual Curate; Heart and Cross (1863); Agnes (1866); Madonna Mary (1867); The Brownlows (1868); Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.; The Minister's Wife (1869); John, a Love Story; Three Brothers (1870); Squire Arden; Francis of Assisi (1871); At his Gates; Ombra; Memoir of Count

of Sunnyside was followed by Harry Muir, The Laird of Norlaw, Adam Graeme of Mossgray, and a few others, all redolent of the author's ancestral soil, — for Mrs. Oliphant, though born in the north of England, is nothing if not Scotch, — and presenting with a good deal of skill and pathos, although with nothing like the power which she afterwards revealed, certain types of character with which her youth had been familiar. A little later, but still before the days of George Eliot's Scenes from Clerical Life, the readers of Blackwood detected a new hand at the serials of Maga, — a light, pleasing, gently individualized touch, which gratified the sensibilities even of those pampered epicures in fiction, and whose results that vigilant and faithful forager, Littell, lost no time in appropriating and presenting to American readers. Of this second group of tales, comprising The Athelings, The Quiet Heart, and others, and which intervened, roughly speaking, between the Scotch sketches and the famous Chronicles of Carlingford, the most memorable, perhaps, was Zaidee. It was a highly romantic and sufficiently improbable tale, but it fascinated the reader most of all by the unmistakable dawn of that peculiar humor of Mrs. Oliphant's, of which hardly a gleam is discernible in the more serious early

Charles de Montalembert (1872); Innocent; May (1873); A Rose in June; For Love and Life (1874); The Story of Valentine and his Brother; White-ladies (1875); The Curate in Charge; The Makers of Florence; Phoebe Junior (1876); A Son of the Soil; Young Musgrave; Carità; Mrs. Arthur (1877); Dress (one of the Art at Home series); The Primrose Path; A Chapter in the Annals of Fife (1878); Within the Precincts; He that Will Not when He May (1879); A Beleaguered City; Dante, Moliere, Cervantes (3 vols. of the Series of Foreign Classics for English Readers); The Greatest Heiress in England (1880); Harry Joscelyn (1881); In Trust; The Literary History of England at the End of the 18th and Beginning of the 19th Century; A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen (1882); Sheridan (in the English Men of Letters series); Hester; It was a Lover and his Lass (1883); The Ladies Lindores; Old Lady Mary; The Wizard's Son; Sir Tom (1884); Madam (1885).

narratives. Here first she showed that charming power of half-sympathetic and wholly amiable raillery at the intellectual affectations of the passing day, which she has let play to such bright purpose since then over the *extases* of Ritualism, the ambitions of Dissent, and the conceits of *Æstheticism* in the *Carlingford Chronicles*, and, in *He that Will Not when He May*, over the sadder absurdity of certain socialistic chimæras. The period of *Zaidee* was that of Mr. Ruskin's most sublime and solemn ascendancy; when his code of doctrine was still supposed to have the integrity and indivisibility of a divine creed; when the audacity of critical examination and selection had hardly been thought of, and the more puzzling and inconsequent his deliverances appeared the deeper was held to be their mystical significance. Great, therefore, if a little guilty, was the sense of relaxation afforded even to the devout by the account in *Zaidee* of the grand new house builded by simple Mr. Burtonshaw, which was supplied, in deference to a recent recommendation of Mr. Ruskin's, with a species of richly sculptured spout, through which articles of food were "shunted" to the beggars, for whom comfortable seats had also been provided beneath the back porch,—a process which went on to the high satisfaction of all parties, until it was discovered that the family plate was rapidly disappearing by the same convenient channel. In *Zaidee*, which appeared in 1856, Mrs. Oliphant also entered fully into that singularly favorable field for the higher comedy afforded by contemporary society in England; and she speedily proved herself a mistress there. No one has shown a keener eye for the delicate lights and shadows of that picturesque social system than she,—a finer perception of its complicated personal relations, a more wistful respect for its traditions, or a clearer prevision of its perils. No novelwright of them

all, we think, has discovered there, and depicted to the life, so extensive a variety of the nobler and more endearing types of character. Not that she is at all prone to making her heroes and heroines perfect. Her forte lies rather in the analysis of mixed motives and the admission of inevitable inconsistencies. She pleads earnestly, almost passionately, at times, for the culprits whom she herself has created, and is perpetually making appeal, by implication if not directly, to the sentiment of common humanity in her reader. Mrs. Oliphant, in the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, like Mr. Trollope in those of *Barsetshire*, annexed and made triumphant-ly her own a little province of English life, which she developed thoroughly and delightfully, in all its grades of rank and shades of opinion. Good and bad, *élite* and vulgar, clergy and laity, the denizens of the ideal provincial town of twenty years ago, and of the ideal county, are equally real to our imaginations, and considerably more so, we fancy, to those of us who attended their birth and watched their growth than the traces retained by memory of the phantasmagoria of indifferent men and women, who have passed in flesh and blood before our veritable eyes during the same period.

The parallel holds good again in this respect: that both writers attain, in their continued *Chronicles*, the full development of their power, find their happiest combination of character and circumstance, and produce work which can hardly fail, one would think, to be interesting for a considerable number of years to come. At the same time, the wonder is, in both cases, but especially in Mrs. Oliphant's, that from the time of the *Chronicles* onward, a period of nearly twenty-five years, she can have gone on writing at the rate of three or four good-sized volumes in a year,—having published thirty-four novels within that time, beside a large number of liter-

ary and historical sketches, — and have fallen so seldom, and upon the whole so slightly, below her highest level. It is a question in our mind whether George Eliot herself, putting forth at intervals of several years those few deeply-studied, highly-finished — and in some cases, let us acknowledge, over-studied and over-finished — romances of hers, has afforded a more striking example of possible feminine capacity.

Let us consider for a little, in this place, Mrs. Oliphant's studies of actual character. Her fame as a novelist has so far eclipsed, in the popular mind, her other claims to distinction as a writer that comparatively few of those who take their monthly installment of her unfailing novel with the same comfortable ingratitude with which they receive choice meals and good weather realize that she has also been signally successful in a graver, if not a higher, kind of literature. To be a good biographer is an exceedingly rare gift. To be a perfect biographer has been vouchsafed to not more than half a dozen individuals out of the entire human race. Mrs. Oliphant is not a perfect biographer, but in the midst of her other multifarious performances, which it is hardly possible to do more than catalogue in an article like this, she has told, with touching candor and discretion, the true story of two or three very memorable human lives. It is because her method as a biographer is so closely related to her method as a novelist, and throws so much light upon the latter, that we desire, before going more particularly into the merits of the great mass of readable fiction which she has produced, to dwell for a little upon her admirable memoirs of Edward Irving, St. Francis of Assisi, and Count Charles de Montalembert.

In grouping these names together, despite the immense and rather incongruous variety of associations which they connote, one immediately perceives the element which they have in common,

and fixes upon it, rightly no doubt, as that which gave Mrs. Oliphant so intimate a comprehension of them all. That element is an ardent piety, more or less tinged with mysticism, intense appreciation of the unseen, and constant familiarity with it. The latest and not the least interesting phase of Mrs. Oliphant's development as an imaginative writer — which we shall have occasion to remark later on — shows how prone she is to spiritualism in general; how eagerly concerned, not with the life that now is only, but with that which is to come. That a man should live with the spiritual world always vividly present to his consciousness, *in any form*, is enough to give her a sort of kinship with him, and afford her a clue to the intricacies of his nature; for the sum and substance of her method, in divining a human soul, is *imaginative sympathy*. She must be able to place herself in the centre of her subject, and identify herself with it, before she can establish its integrity and consistency, and follow its unfolding as this really took place from within. We are ourselves inclined to believe that this is the only sure and legitimate way of portraying human character. Certainly, it is akin to the method of the greatest portrait-painters in portraying the human face and form. That which proceeds upon the cold, mechanic principle of mere external observation, even the keenest and most scientific, may produce a likeness, indeed, but only the petrified and brutalized sort of likeness of which photography is capable. Doubtless the sympathetic method has its dangers, too, — the danger of degenerating into mere partisanship and intemperate enthusiasm. But sympathy regulated by judgment, sympathy first and judgment afterwards, is as surely the golden rule for the divination and representation of human character as love transcends knowledge in the scale of our common faculties. Nay, we may even venture, without irreverence, to point

out how high and sacred a sanction this interior method has for the Christian biographer, the central fact of whose belief is the assumption by Divinity itself of a lower nature, that the subject might never more doubt the sympathy of the sovereign, the creature that of his infinite Creator.

Such, at all events, has been the line followed by Mrs. Oliphant in tracing the history of three very eminent Christians; of three men as diverse as possible in character, circumstances, and traditions, but equally devoted to the service of Christian truth as they apprehended it. She has identified herself successively with the visionary monk of Assisi, and the visionary Dissenter of Annandale, and the chivalrous and fervent Catholic layman, — the *fils des croisés*, as the patrician Montalembert was proud to call himself, — and it would be difficult to say which of the three she has made most real to her readers. As a literary performance the life of St. Francis is inferior to the other two. It bears grievous marks of haste, like so much else which our indefatigable author has written; and it also bears marks, in parts, of a certain hesitation and constraint, inseparable, one would say, from the fact that she was writing the books for a Protestant Sunday library. But even here the steadily rising tide of her inexhaustible sympathy lifts her from her would-be rationalistic footing, and carries her high above the doctrinal difficulties of her undertaking; and the small volume, with its careless construction and its clap-trap illustrations, remains almost unique for the tenderness and reverence of its delineation by a non-Catholic hand of the most ultra-Catholic of all saintly lives.

In the case of Edward Irving, Mrs. Oliphant's natural feeling for her subject was as different as possible from the mixture of involuntary awe and inconsequent love with which she regarded the great monastic founder. Herself

a loyal Scot in race and a born Presbyterian, she knew by instinct, without even the trouble of imagination, the sources of that strange spirit, and all the conditions, both heroic and pathetic, of the bleak Lowland life into which it was born. The early struggles of Edward Irving; his piety and his ambition; the terrible test of his sudden and unparalleled London popularity, and that other test, no less terrible, of its sudden decline; the grotesque fanaticism which invaded his originally healthful mind, and disgraced him irremediably with the world polite; the tragedy of his expulsion from the fold of his fathers, and of his early death in uttermost humiliation and sadness, — into all these experiences his biographer could enter with scarce an effort; and, laying hold of the golden thread of sincerity which, though woefully overlaid at times, did undoubtedly run straight through all these racking spiritual vicissitudes, she burst, as one may say, into tears of indignant pity, and constituted herself the impassioned apologist of Edward Irving. Never, apparently, were the perils which attend the method of sympathy better exemplified; and yet the last result of this almost wrathful partisanship has certainly been to disengage and fix firmly in the mind of the generation which has succeeded to his own the innermost truth about the eccentric founder of the so-called Catholic Apostolic Church. Forgotten, or well-nigh forgotten, for a time, amid the rush of subsequent events, Irving's early intimacy with Thomas and Jane Carlyle has caused the revival of his name and story, wherever have penetrated — and where have they not? — the memoirs of that remarkable pair. And there can be no doubt about it: now that the mist of controversy which involved the man's footsteps while he lived is cleared away, we know that the charitable conclusions of Mrs. Oliphant are more just than the cynical summary of that other woman, who, in her youth,

had loved and been loved by him, but who, among all her brilliant endowments, had certainly *not* the gift of sympathy. "If Irving had married *me*, there would have been no 'tongues.'"

But no haze of distance and unreality, or suffusion of too partial and personal a feeling, arises to blur the masterly outline which Mrs. Oliphant has drawn for us of the career of that great contemporary, who was neither a co-religionist nor a compatriot of her own, — Charles de Montalembert. She had become familiar with the man and his *milieu* while making her translation of his monumental work on the Monks of the West. Her own powers were completely ripe at the moment when he passed away, and she brought to the estimation of his rare character and conspicuous course a thorough knowledge of the questions and the conflicts with which his name is identified, and an exquisite poise of judgment. Nothing is more puzzling in its nature and more baffling in its results, to the ordinary Protestant reader, than that last movement towards liberalism inside the Roman Catholic Church. How the three men whose names are associated with that short-lived publication which they so proudly called *The Future*, — how Lammenais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert could have been all that they were, and no more, — all so revolutionary, and two so reactionary; how, from the same point, and seemingly by the selfsame impulse, the two younger men should have been moved to a prostrate submission to the spiritual powers that be, the elder to incorrigible revolt; how the pair who yielded their convictions, and seemed to sacrifice their careers, should have held a certain place forever after as champions of freedom, while the one who risked all to maintain his own soul's independence lost his power and prestige from that moment, and sank swiftly into darkness, like a falling star, — all these curious and difficult questions, in-

volving so much that is obscure to the intelligence of an outsider in race and religion, and foreign to his prepossessions, are patiently and respectfully investigated by Mrs. Oliphant, are luminously discussed and virtually decided. The key to the puzzle is in her hands, the solution ready for her readers. Study must have gone for much, in the formation of the instructive and disinterested conclusions at which she arrives, but sympathy went for more. Let us quote, as illustrating her truly extraordinary power of putting herself in the place of one whose conclusions are erroneous to her, and whose action she more than half deplores, her account of the way in which Lacordaire received the rebuff of the Holy See, when the three associates in the publication of *L'Avenir* had gone with so simple a confidence to seek the papal sanction for their generous undertaking: —

"The steady, long-persistent purpose (of the Church) seized hold of his imagination, — he was overawed by it. After all, what were his own hot and sudden theories of a day, that he should come to vex with them the ear of this great Mother, intent to hear, over all the world, the marching of her sacred armies and the blessed footsteps of those who carry over mountain and desert the glad tidings of peace? He felt himself like a fretful child, thrusting its frivolous pains and troubles upon the mother, who is a queen, and whose mind is occupied with the affairs of a great kingdom. To such a child it is enough if the royal mother turns to him for a moment, lays her soothing hand upon his head, and passes on, without time to consider his complaints, to her own majestic business. He was half ashamed, half grieved, to have made his petty appeal, vexing her in the midst of her lofty cares. Before she had said a word in reply he had shrunk back, feeling his prayer out of place and untimely. To convert the world, to save souls, to

promote holiness and obedience to the love of God,—these were the real matters that filled her mind. Even an earthly mother, more nobly occupied, could not be expected to pronounce if this toy were good or not, if this game was or was not to be pursued. And what were all these varying affairs of the world, the poor illusions of political life, the excitements of the moment, but toys and games, in comparison with that vast and wise supervision of interests so much greater, to which day and night, through all vicissitudes of time, through revolution and quiet, through peace and war, she gave her high attention? Some such lofty ideal conception as this seized upon the mind of Lacordaire. When we consider that it was he who suggested the pilgrimage, it is easy to conceive what his rapid conviction of its inappropriateness must have cost him. He was startled, touched, awed, by his discovery. A mother, in such circumstances, may not always be guarded in her expressions,—may send the importunate child away hurriedly and even harshly, in her preoccupation: but that preoccupation is more than an excuse; it is a sublime and overwhelming answer to all possibilities of objection."

The same qualities which are so finely exemplified here give animation and interest to Mrs. Oliphant's *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.*, and of the literati of a century ago in England. They are inevitably present also in the little book on the *Makers of Florence*, Dante, Giotto, Savonarola, although the latter was much too hurriedly prepared, and is, upon the whole, the least accurate and satisfactory of her historical essays.

Now this interior method in the study of human character, this process of sympathetic divination, which has made Mrs. Oliphant at once so interesting and so just a biographer, is one of the two main elements of her success as a novelist. The other is an inex-

haustible sense of humor,—and humor, too, of a rare and delightful quality; never trite, still less rollicking, but fine and dry and debonair,—the humor which tickles quietly, curling the lip of the reader with an unconscious smile of gratification, while rarely moving him to positive laughter. Mrs. Oliphant is not exactly witty; and her personages never talk epigrams,—that is to say, her clever personages never do. Her fools, who are only less numerous and precious than Miss Austen's own, are involuntarily epigrammatic sometimes, as when Miss Dora Wentworth, the youngest and softest of the three old-maid sisters, who played so important a part in the fortunes of that distinguished family, learned, with pale dismay, that her strong-minded and overbearing elder had succumbed, for the first time within the memory of man, to the pitiful weakness of a nervous headache.

"‘I should n't wonder if it were the Wentworth complaint,’ said Miss Dora, with a sob of fright, to the increased indignation of the squire.

"‘I have already told you that the Wentworth complaint never attacks females,’ Mr. Wentworth said, emphatically, glad to employ what sounded like a contemptuous title for the inferior sex.

"‘Yes, oh yes!’ said Miss Dora, from whom an emergency so unexpected had taken all her little wits; ‘but then Leonora is—not—exactly what you would call a—female.’"

There is, in fact, a strong family likeness between Mrs. Oliphant's humor and Miss Austen's. They get the same sort of mildly malicious amusement out of the more obvious incongruities of life and character, have the same quick eye for the manifold *humors of situation*. There is nothing in *Pride and Prejudice*, or in *Emma*, more intrinsically delicious than the conception of the exuberant self-devotion of Lucilla Marjoribanks, the "object of whose life" it was

"to be a comfort to her dear papa," while that matter-of-fact gentleman dreaded above all things else, and stoutly resisted to the last gasp, her invasion of the comfortable and irresponsible bachelor existence into which he had lapsed during his widowerhood. Or than Phoebe Junior, — that type of the modern young person who has enjoyed "advantages," too broadly cultured and perfectly self-poised ever to be ashamed of her grandfather the butterman, — calmly and critically surveying in the mirror her own blooming cheeks, and studying to contrive an evening costume which should "throw her up and tone her down." Or than the consternation created in that same inimitable family circle of the Wentworths, when the *insouciant* reprobate Jack, after playing for some days, with great gusto, the part of repentant prodigal, delivered a graceful farewell address to the assembled conclave; informing them that, after the opportunity he had enjoyed of observing the checks and disappointments and general severity of discipline which they seemed to think profitable for the saints of the family, he had decided that his own best chance of enjoying any of their good things was to get back to his evil courses as fast as possible, — which, accordingly, he proposed to do.

Best of all, perhaps, is the scene in the Perpetual Curate, where an understanding is finally established between those two awkward and self-conscious elderly lovers, — the Fellow of All Souls and the helpless fine lady, — who had been drawn together, at first by a common sense of shame at their inferiority, in a desperate emergency, to the collected and efficient young scions of a more practical generation. We take space to quote the entire scene, which is brief and quite unique in its charm, amid the voluminous annals of courtship. The shy old lover had begun warily, by suggesting that he thought he might be able to get on very well in his

new parish, — if only he could have the lady there to help him.

"'You have just said that I could not manage,' said the mild woman, not without a little vigor of her own, 'and how then could I help you, Mr. Proctor? Lucy knows a great deal more about parish work than I do,' she went on, in a lower tone; and for one half second there awoke in the mind of the elder sister a kind of wistful envy of Lucy, who was young and knew how to *manage*, — a feeling which died in unspeakable remorse and compunction as soon as it had birth.

"'But Lucy would not have me,' said the late rector, 'and indeed I should not know what to do with her, if she would have me; but you, — it's a small parish, but it is a good living, — I should do all I could to make you comfortable. At least, we might *try*,' said Mr. Proctor, in his most insinuating tone. 'Don't you think we might *try*? At least, it would do' — he was going to say 'no harm,' but on second thoughts rejected that form of expression. "At least, I should be very glad if you would," said the excellent man, with renewed confusion. 'It's a nice little rectory, with a pretty garden, and all that sort of thing; and — and I dare say there would be room for Lucy — Don't you think you would *try*?'

"As for Miss Wadehouse, she sat and listened to him until he began to falter, and then her composure gave way all at once. 'As for *trying*,' she gasped, in broken mouthfuls of speech, — 'that would never, never do, Mr. Proctor! It has to be done for good and all — if — if it is done at all,' sobbed the poor lady.

"'Then it *shall* be for good and all!' cried Mr. Proctor, with a sudden impulse of energy."

Here we have Mrs. Oliphant's humor at what may be called, for the lack of a nicer term, its broadest; but she is, if possible, even more delicately success-

ful in portraying that strange mixture of tragedy and comedy which attends so many of the complications of actual life, — griefs which have their absurd side, a mocking, tantalizing success, an ominous prosperity; that everlasting incongruity between individuals and their accidents, at which one is always uncertain alike, for one's self and for others, whether to laugh or cry. We have the contrast between the knightly soul and the sordid surroundings of the proud young minister of Salem Chapel. We have poor little Mrs. Vincent, meek, mild, and fragile, but of indomitable spirit; full of pious and tender frauds; trying in vain to screen with her tremulous old hands, from the prying eyes of a coarse "connection," the grim tragedy in which the fates of her innocent children had become involved; excusing the dark and dreadful preoccupation of her son on the ground that he had inherited her own bad temper! We have set over against the majestic and mortal sadness with which Gerald Wentworth abjured his faith and renounced his active career the futile flurry of his wife's inconsequent and silly lamentations. We have the hungry and bewildered eyes of Valentine's gypsy mother turning from one to the other of her twin offspring, — so intimately united, yet so immeasurably sundered, — from the lawless tramp upon the country roads to the curled darling of fortune and exultant captain of the Eton crew. We have the grand heroics of Paul Markham's theoretical communism in connection with the unguessed fate which is about to strip his young life of all the high privileges and beauteous refinements which he affects to despise. We have the nervous and forlorn amenities of the miserable wife in the Ladies Lindores (the brutal domestic tyrant is the only type of villain whom Mrs. Oliphant draws with real gusto); her irresponsible, yet in some sort shameless, transport of gratitude at the stroke

which frees her from her husband's merciless tyranny.

All these are strange and poignant situations, presenting no end of curious and touching aspects; impossible to be apprehended, even, still less invented, save by an exceedingly penetrating intelligence, a soul full of the keenest and most catholic compassion. If Mrs. Oliphant's constructive art were equal to her analytic power, she might rank with the few great dramatists of the world. As it is, the fabric of fact and incident, which she is so wonderfully competent to people with life and inform with varied emotion, is often of an extremely loose and shaky description. Her people spring into being by multitudes, — into breathing, beaming, suffering being. Her own ado is to find some plausible occasion for all their joy and sorrow, their growth and transformation and decline; in short, to make something adequate *happen* to her creatures. Now and then, as in the case of Zaidee, May, The Greatest Heiress in England, and that charming recent story *In Trust*, she contrives a tolerably compact little plot; but for the most part she is easily and blandly indifferent to any such obligation. Nothing could be more absurd than the slight apology for an intrigue afforded us both in the *Perpetual Curate* and in *Miss Marjoribanks*. We are not so much as told what became of Rosa Elsworthy, whose name was so preposterously connected with that of the irreproachable young clergyman; while we are flatly informed, at the very outset, what is to be the upshot of the disinterested career of that great usurper and most amiable of social reformers, Lucilla. And yet, none of all Mrs. Oliphant's novels, and very few, indeed, of the novels of recent times, will bear re-reading like these two. We speak from ample experience; for the hasty yet altogether delightful re-perusal, for which we have but now so gladly found excuse, must be at least our fourth, and we are

beginning to feel qualified to speak for posterity. Again we are reminded of Anthony Trollope, and the singular manner in which Mrs. Oliphant's achievement corresponds with his, and furnishes a sort of complement to it. The former will live, for a time at least, because he has left behind him so truthful a picture of the outer life of his generation, — its manners and customs and fashions of speech and attire; the latter, because she has delineated no less accurately its perplexed and difficult interior life. Once more, their faults of style are alike. Both have the diffuseness which comes of hurry, — Mrs. Oliphant, too often the extreme wordiness which comes of distracting hurry. The prolific are almost inevitably prolix. A true epigram takes almost as long in making as a true crystal, and the veriest beginner in composition soon gets a glimpse of the paradox that he who would be brief must take a great deal of time about it. The writer who is essentially an artist will take that time, and be mindful of his own possible glory. The writer who has other and warmer and perhaps wider ends in view does not vex his righteous soul concerning "form," but far more probably attains his end. It is he, at all events, who has the ear and the heart of the present public.

It remains to say a word concerning the latest and not the least poetic development of the vigorous and many-sided talent under discussion. Since 1879 Mrs. Oliphant has published, along with other things in her accustomed vein, some half dozen tales and sketches which may be described, collectively, as studies of the Unseen. The first of these, entitled *The Beleaguered City*, is altogether the most symmetrical and remarkable. It purports to be the attested narrative of the *maire* and sundry citizens of the town of Semur, in Haute Bretagne, of a singular series of events which at one time took place in

that municipality. These amounted to no less than the invasion of the town by the innumerable souls of all its departed citizens, and the expulsion in a body of the living, who remained encamped without the walls while the supernatural visitation continued. The event, which occurred at midsummer, was accompanied by a sudden diminution of warmth and sunshine, and a shortening of the daylight hours to less than their midwinter duration. To the awe-stricken watchers without the walls the city appeared enveloped in a dense cloud or fog, such as M. le Maire has understood occasionally smother the entire city of London. Nothing can surpass the verisimilitude with which this strange and powerful conception is wrought out. The energy of its first inspiration never flags. There is not an inconsistent occurrence and hardly a superfluous word in all the thrilling narrative. The French instinct in matters religious, so tender and genuine, though so alien to our own, and the French turn of thought as well as expression, are faultlessly preserved. The subdued and breathless story has just enough, and never too much, of telling and touching detail. Here, for once, the very style is perfect, in its directness and simplicity. It is Mrs. Oliphant's highest literary achievement; so high, indeed, that only in retrospect is it possible to regard it critically. It is a sacred poem in prose, and shakes the soul, at the first perusal, with almost the force of an actual revelation.

Either our author was unexpectedly stimulated by the strong sensation of surprise and admiration created by the *Beleaguered City*, or the powerful private impulse which produced that impressive sketch is not yet exhausted; for she has proceeded, since then, to make other studies in the same weird line, all of them apparently serious, and some exceedingly striking. She would seem to have been seized with overpowering

force by the conviction which, in one form or another, is persistently haunting so many of the more sensitive and visionary spirits of the day, that we are near some new revelation of that Unseen, which, if it exist at all, must needs exist at this present moment of time, just as truly as the visible system of material things which is about us, and must needs have, moreover, some perfectly definite, though as yet undiscovered, connection with and relation to that system.

What is the clue to this connection, the master-word of this solemn and importunate enigma?

If our loved and lost are living, what are they to one another and to us? Needless to say that Mrs. Oliphant has not solved this piercing question, but she has the air of having made certain definite and, to her own mind, satisfactory steps toward such a solution. These are clearly enough expressed in the words of M. Lecamus, the only citizen of the Beleaguered City who remained inside among the dead, when the great body of the living evacuated it: "If you will take my word for it, they know pain as well as joy, M. le Maire, — *Those*, who are in Semur. They are not as gods, perfect and sufficing to themselves; nor are they all-knowing and all-wise, like the good God. They hope, like us, and desire, and are mistaken, but do no wrong. This is my opinion. I am no more than other men, that you should accept it without support, but I have lived among them, and this is what I think."

A further persuasion that the efforts of the dead to communicate with the living are made upon their own responsibility, without any commission, though without prohibition, from the higher powers, is foreshadowed in the farewell sigh of one of the last lingering shades, when the army of souls finally decamps from Semur: "We have failed! Must not all fail who are not *sent* of the Father?"

This notion, again, is further developed in the pathetic story of Old Lady Mary, whose agonized desire to return to earth and remedy a wrong done in mere heedlessness and vanity is granted, indeed, but to no purpose. She finds no effectual way of impressing her message upon the living, not even upon the one dear survivor most loyally devoted to her memory, and goes sadly and submissively back to heaven.

In the Little Pilgrim, on the other hand, an attempt is made to realize the adventures of a happy spirit, unvisited by any yearning to repossess the barriers which have suddenly divided her from the land of the living. The reader is carried on for a little way, but the conception is overwrought. From an ecstasy of faith it becomes a mere excursion of fancy, and is the least successful, upon the whole, of the supernatural studies.

Finally, Mrs. Oliphant has made yet another experiment in the same ghostly direction, of late, in her extraordinary novel of *The Wizard's Son*, — a book which, in our opinion, comes so near to positive greatness that the sudden and amazing falling-off in the final chapters moves one to a species of exasperation. A very commonplace young Englishman falling heir to an ancient and ghost-encumbered inheritance in the Highlands of Scotland afforded a matchless opportunity for the calm and candid consideration of the relations between the canny and the uncanny, between the comforts of modern civilization and the venerable phenomena of second-sight. The story is accordingly conceived in a quaint spirit of equal hospitality to the two sets of influences; and it is most skillfully sustained up to the very last, being made to move smoothly and, so to speak, naturally along the narrow line between the plainly possible and the theoretically impossible. The human characters are as distinct as need be, — altogether such as ourselves, and visited only from time to time by the "blank misgivings

of a creature moving about in worlds not realized;" the *revenant* is entirely *comme il faut*. All goes weirdly and well up to the moment of the final catastrophe, which it would have been so easy, one would think, to manage with the same fine and faultless ambiguity. If only the haunted tower had been made to crumble without warning of its own inevitable decay, putting forever beyond the reach of investigation the mysteries which had pervaded it, the conclusion would have been perfectly consistent and credible, and the reaction in the reader's mind would probably have been toward wonder and faith. The lovers might still have been buried beneath the ruin, and then exhumed alive, if their merciful author absolutely would. But the antiquated and tawdry machinery of the secret chamber, the mystic lamp, the winking portrait, and the alchemist "properties" generally test our credulity too severely, and

make us more than half ashamed of the sincerity of our interest. Loch Houran tower is reduced once for all to the rank of the Castle of Udolpho.

It would be unfair, however, to close with a captious complaint this tolerably long and yet imperfect survey of the work of one of the ablest female writers of this or any time. The very fact that Mrs. Oliphant has shown herself capable, in mature age, of taking an entirely fresh departure, and starting anew the discussion of a question so intensely and everlastingly interesting to all her readers that her views must needs be met by every variety of opposition as well as every degree of assent, is proof in itself that the resources of her mental vitality are greater than even her most faithful admirers have imagined. Long may we continue, not merely to be entertained by the lighter exercises, but stimulated by the graver speculations, of this open, vigorous, and brilliant mind.

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

XI.

It is seldom, in this world at least, that a man who absents himself from church repents it with the fervor of regret which Amos James experienced when he heard of the unexpected proceedings at the Notch.

"Sech a rumpus — dad-burn my luck — I mought never git the chance ter see agin!" he declared, with a pious sense of deprivation. And he thought it had been a poor substitute to sit on the doorstep all the forenoon Sunday, "ez lonesome ez a b'ar in a hollow tree," because his heart was yet so raw and sensitive that he could not see Dorinda's pink sun-bonnet without a rush of painful emotion, or her face without

remembering how she looked when he talked of the rescue of Rick Tyler.

The "gang o' men" — actively described by his mother as "lopin' roun' the mill" — lingered long in conclave this morning. Perhaps their views had a more confident and sturdy effect from being propounded at the top of the voice, since the insistent whirl of the busy old mill drowned all efforts in a lower tone; but it was very generally the opinion that Micajah Green had transcended all the license of his official character in making the arrest at the place and time he had selected.

"I knows," commented one of the disaffected, "ez it air the law o' Tennessee ez a arrest kin be made of a Sunday, ef so be it must. But 'pears like ter me

't war nuthin' in this worl' but malice an' meanness ez tuk ch'ice o' the minute the man hed stood up ter preach the Word ter arrest him. 'Cajah Green mus' hev tuk keerful heed o' time, — jes' got thar spang on the minute."

"He w-war n't p-p-preachin' the Word," stuttered Pete Cayce, antagonistically. "He hed jes' 'lowed he w-w-war n't fit ter preach it. No more war ne."

He had come down from the still to treat for meal for the mash. He was willing to wait, — nay, anxious, that he might bear his share in the conversation.

He tilted his chair back against the wall, and nodded his long, drab-tinted locks convincingly.

The water whirled around the wheel; the race foamed with prismatic bubbles, flashing opal-like in the sun; the vague lapsing of the calm depths in the pond was like some deep sigh, as of the fullness of happiness or reflective content, — not pain. The water falling over the dam babbled in a meditative undertone. All sounds were dominated by the whirl of the mill in its busy, industrial monody, and within naught else could be heard, save the strident voices pitched on the miller's key and roaring the gossip. Through the window could be seen the rocky banks opposite, their summits tufted with huckleberry and sassafras bushes and many a tangle of weeds; the dark shadow in the water below; the slope of the mountain rising above. A branch, too, of the low-spreading chestnut-oak, that hung above the roof of the mill, was visible, swaying close without; it cast a tempered shade over the long cobwebs depending from the rafters, whitened by the dust of the flour. The rough, undressed timbers within were of that mellow, rich tint, intermediate between yellow and brown, so restful to the eye. The floor was littered with bags of corn, on which some of the men lounged; others sat in the few chairs,

and Amos James leaned against the hopper.

"Waal, ez fur ez 'Cajah Green could know, he 'd hev been a-preachin' then, an' argyfyin' his own righteousness; an' 'Cajah laid off ter kem a-steppin' in with his warrant ter prove him a liar an' convict him o' sinnin' agin the law 'fore his congregation."

"'Pears like ter me ez pa'son war sorter forehanded," said Pete, captiously. "He hed proved hisself a liar 'fore the sher'ff got thar; saved 'Cajah the trouble."

"I hearn," said another man, "ez pa'son up-ed an' 'lowed ez he did n't b'lieve in the Lord, an' prophesied his own downfall an' his trial 'fore the sher'ff got thar."

"He d-d-did!" shouted Pete. "We never knowed much more arter 'Cajah an' the dep'ty kem 'n we did afore. Pa'son said they 'd gird him an' t-t-take him whar he did n't want ter g-go, — an' so they d-d-d-did."

"D-d-did what?" mockingly demanded Amos James, with unnecessary rancor, it might have seemed.

Pete's infirmity became more pronounced under this cavalier treatment. "T-t-take him w-w-w-whar he did n't w-w-w-want" — explosively — "ter go, ye fool, you!"

"Whar?"

"D'ye reckon he wanted ter go ter jail in Shaftesville?" demanded Pete, with scathing scorn. His sneering lip exposed his long, protruding teeth, and his hard-featured face was unusually repellent.

"Hev they tuk him ter jail, — the pa'son? — Pa'son Kelsey?" exclaimed Amos James, in a deeply serious tone. He looked fixedly at Pete, as if he might thus express more than he said in words. There was indignation in his black eyes, even reproach. He still leaned on the hopper, but there was nothing between the stones, for he had forgotten to pour in more corn, and the flurry and indus-

try of the unsentient old mill was like the bustle of many clever people,—a great stir about nothing. He wore his broad-brimmed white hat far back on his head. His black hair was sprinkled with flour and meal, and along the curves of his features the snowy flakes had congregated in thin lines, bringing out the olive tint of his complexion, and intensifying the sombre depths of his eyes.

Pete returned the allusion to his defective speech by a comment on the intentness of the miller's gaze.

"Ye look percisely like a ow-el, Amos,—percisely like a old horned ho-ho-hooter," he declared, with a laugh. "Ya-as," he continued, "they did take pa'son ter jail, bein' ez the jestice that the sher'ff tuk him afore—old Squair Prine, ye know—h-he could n't decide ez ter his g-guilt. The Squair air so oncertain in his mind, an' wavers so ez ter his knowledge, that I hev hearn ez ev'y day he counts his toes ter make sure he's got ten. So the old Squair h-hummed and h-hawed over the evidence, an' he 'l-lowed ter Pa'son K-Kel-sey ez he could n't b'lieve nuthin' agin him right handy, ez he hed sot under his p-preachin' many a time an' profited by it; but thar war his cur'ous performin' 'bout'n the gaynder whilst Rick got off, an' he hed hearn ez pa'son turned his back on the Lord in a s'prisin' way. Then the Squair axed how he kem ter prophesy his own arrest ef he hed done nuthin' ter bring it on. The Squair 'lowed 't war a serious matter, a pen-tiary offense; an' he war n't cl'ar in his own mind; an' he up-ed an' down-ed, an' twisted an' turned, an' he did n't know *what* ter do: so the e-end war he jes' committed Pa'son Kelsey ter jail, ter await the action o' the g-g-g-gran' jury."

Pete gave this detail with some humor, wagging his head back and forth to imitate the magisterial treatment of the quandary, and putting up first one hand,

then the other, stretching out first one rough boot, then the other, to signify the various points of the dilemma.

Amos James did not laugh. He still gravely gazed at the narrator.

"Why n't he git bail?" he demanded gruffly.

"Waal, he did n't—'kase he could n't. The old man, he fixed the bail without so much dilly-dallyin' an' jouncin' 'roun' in his mind ez ye mought expect. He jes' put on his specs, an' polished his old bald noodle with his red h-h-handkercher, an' tuk a fraish chaw o' terbacco, an' put his nose in his book, an' tuk it out ter brag ez them crazy bugs in N-N-Nashvul sent him a book ev'y time they made a batch o' new laws,—pore, prideful old critter mus' hev been lyin'!—an' then he put his nose in his book agin, like he smelt the law an' trailed it by scent. 'T war n't more 'n haffen hour 'fore he tuk it out, an' say the least bail he could take war a thousand d-d-dollars fur the defendant, an' five hunder fur each of his sureties,—like it hev been in ev'y sech case 'fore a jestice s-sence the Big Smoky Mountings war made."

Pete laughed, his great fore-teeth, his flexible lip, his long, bony face and tangled mane, giving him something of an equine aspect. His mood was unusually jocular; and indeed a man might experience some elation of spirit to be the only one of the "lopers round" at the mill who had been present at a trial of such significance. The close attention accorded his every word demonstrated the interest in the subject, and the guffaws which greeted his sketch of the familiar character of the old "Squair" was a flattering tribute to his skill as a *raconteur*. The peculiar antagonism of his disposition was manifested only in the delay and digressions by which he thwarted Amos James's eagerness to know why Parson Kelsey had not been admitted to bail. He could not accurately interpret the lowering indignation

of the miller's look, and he cared less for the threat it expressed. Cowardice was not predicable of one of the Cayce tribe. Perhaps it might have been agreeable for the community if the discordant Pete could have been more readily intimidated.

"Why n't pa'son gin the bail, then?" demanded Amos, again.

"He *did* gin it," returned Pete, per-versely.

"Waal, then, how 'd the sher'ff take him ter jail?"

"Right down the county road, ez ye an' me an' the rest of us hyar in the Big Smoky hev worked on till sech c-c-cattle ez 'Cajah Green an' his buz-zardy dep'ty hain't got no sort'n c-chance o' breakin' thar necks over the rocks an' sech."

"Look a hyar, Pete Cayce, I'll fling ye bodaciously over that thar bluff!" exclaimed Amos James, darkly frowning.

A rat that had boldly run across the floor a number of times, its whiskers powdered white, its tail white also, and gayly frisking behind it, had ventured so close to the miller's motionless foot that when he stepped hastily forward it sprang into the air with a wonderfully human expression of fright; then, with a sprawling anatomy and a scuttling sound, it sped away to some dark corner, where it might meditate on the escaped danger and take heed of fool-hardiness.

"W-w-what would I be a-doin' of, Amos Jeemes, whilst ye war a-flingin' m-me over the b-b-bluff?" demanded Pete, pertinently.

"What ails ye, ter git tuk so suddint in yer temper, Amos?" asked another of the baffled listeners, who desired rather to promote peace and further the detail of Parson Kelsey's examination before the magistrate than to witness one of Pete Cayce's acrid contentions. "Amos jes' axed ye, Pete, why pa'son war n't admitted ter bail."

"H-h-he never none, now," said Pete.

"He axed w-w-why Pa'son Kelsey did n't g-gin bail. He did gin it, but 't-t war n't accepted."

"What fur?" demanded Amos, relapsing into interest in the subject, and leaning back against the hopper.

"Waal," said Pete, preferring, on the whole, the distinction of relating the proceedings before the magistrate to the more familiar diversion of bickering, "pa'son, he 'lowed he 'd gin his gran'dad an' his uncle ter go on his bond; an' the Squair, arter he hed stuck his nose into his book a couple o' times, an' did n't see nuthin' abolishin' gran'dads an' uncles, he tuk it out an' refrashed it with a pinch o' snuff, an' 'lowed he 'd take gran'dad an' uncle on the bond. An' then up jumped Gid Fletcher, the blacksmith over yander ter the Settlemint,—him it war ez swore out the warrant,—an' demanded the Squair would hear his testimony agin it. That thar 'Cajah Green, he sick-ed him on, all the time. I seen Gid Fletcher storp suddint wunst, an' wall his eye 'round onsartin' at 'Cajah Green, ez ef ter make sure he war a-sayin' all right. An' 'Cajah Green, he batted his eye, ez much ez ter say, 'Go it, old hoss!' Sure ez ye air born them two fixed it up aforehand."

"I do *de*-spise that thar critter, 'Cajah Green!" exclaimed one of the men, who was sitting on a sack of corn, in the middle of the floor. "He fairly makes the trigger o' my rifle itch! I hope he won't kem out ahead at the August election. The Big Smoky 'll hev ter git him beat somehows; we can't hev him agervatin' 'roun' hyar another two year."

The fore-legs of Pete Cayce's tilted chair came down with a thump. He leaned forward, and with a marked gesture offered his big horny paw to the man who sat on the bag of corn; they solemnly shook hands as on a compact.

Amos James still leaned against the empty hopper, listening with a face of angry gloom as Pete recommenced:—

"Waal, the Squair, he put his nose inter his book agin, an' then he 'lowed he 'd hear Gid Fletcher's say-so. An' Gid, — waal, he 'll be mighty good metal fur the devil's anvil; I feel it in my bones how Satan will rej'ice ter draw Gid Fletcher down small, — he got up an' 'lowed ez pa'son an' his uncle an' his gran'dad did n't wuth two thousand dollars. They hed what they hed all tergether, an' 't war n't enough, — 't war n't wuth more 'n a thousan', ef that. An' so the Squair, — waal, he looked toler'ble comical, a-nosin' in his book an' a-polishin' off the torp o' his head with his red handkercher, an' he war ez on-easy an' onsartin in his actions ez a man consortin' accidentally with a bumbly bee. He tried 'em all powerful in thar temper, bein' so gin over ter backin' an' fo'thin'; but ez be war the jestice they hed ter sot 'round an' look solemn an' respect'ful. An' at las' he said he could n't accept the bail, ez 't war insufficient. The dep'ty looked like he 'd jump up an' down, an' crack his heels together; 'peared like he war glad fur true. An' the Squair, he 'lowed ez the rescue war a crime ez mought make a jestice keerful how he tuk insufficient bail. Ennybody ez would help a man ter escape from cust'dy would jump his bond himself, though he war tol'ble keerful ter explain ter pa'son ez he never onder-took ter charge either on him, nuther. An' he hed ter bear in mind ez he oc'pied a m-m-mighty important place in the l-law, — though I can't see ez it air so mighty important ter h-h-hev ter say, 'I dunno; let the court decide.'"

Amos James remembered the hopper at last. He turned, and, as he lifted a bag and poured in the corn, he asked, his eyes on the golden stream of grain, —

"An' what did pa'son say when he fund it out?"

Pete Cayce laughed, his big teeth making the facetious demonstration peculiarly pronounced. He was looking out of the window, through the leafy

bough of the overspreading chestnut-oak, at the deep, transparent water in the pond. The dark, lustrous reflection of the sassafras and huckleberry bushes on the summit of the vertical rocky bank was like some mezzotinted landscape under glass. A frog on one of the ledges at the waterside was a picture of amphibious content; sometimes his mouth opened and shut quickly, with an expression, if not beautiful, implying satisfaction. Pete lazily caught up a stick which he had been whittling. The slight missile flew through the air, catching the light as it went. Its aim was accurate, and the next moment the monotony of the placid surface was broken by the elastically widening circles above the spot where the frog jumped in.

"The pa'son," he said languidly, having satisfactorily concluded this exploit, — "at fust it looked like the c-critter could n't make it out, — he 'peared toler'ble peaked an' white-faced, but the way he behaved ter the sher'ff 'minds me o' the tales the old men tell 'bout'n Hangin' Maw an' Bloody Feller, an' them t'other wild Injuns that useter aggravate the white folks in the Big Smoky, — proud an' straight, an' lookin' at 'Cajah Green ez ef he war jes' the dirt under his feet. Waal, pa'son 'lowed, calm an' quiet, ez I 'd be skin-nin' a deer or suthin', ez he 'd rather be obligated ter his own f-folks fur that holp, but ez that could n't be he 'd git bail from others. 'T war n't m-much matter jes' till he could 'pear 'fore the court, fur nuthin' could be easier 'n ter prove ez he hed n't rescued Rick Tyler, nor never gin offense agin the law. An' he turned round ez s-s-sure an' quiet ter Pa'son Tobin, who hed kem along ter see what mought be a-doin', an' sez he, 'B-Brother Jake Tobin, you-uns an' some o' the c-church folks, I know, will be 'sponsible fur the bail.' An' ef ye 'll b'lieve me, Brother Jake Tobin, he got up slaunch-wise, an' in sech a hurry the

cheer fell over ahint him; an' sez he, 'Naw, brother, — I will call ye brother,' — like that war powerful 'commo-dat-in', — 'I kin not sot my p-people ter do sech, arter yer words yistiddy. We kin lose no money by ye, — the church air pore an' the cause air n-needy. I kin only pray fur the devil ter l-loose his holt on ye, f-fur I perceive the devil in ye.' Waal, sir," continued Pete, drawing a plug of tobacco from his pocket, and gnawing on it with tugging persistence, "Christian perfesser ez I be, I felt sorter 'shamed o' Brother J-Jake Tobin, — he looked s-s-sech a skerry h-half-liver, 'feard o' losin' money! Shucks! I could sca'cely keep my hands off'n him. He looked so — so cur'ous, I wanted ter — ter" — he remembered the reverence due to the cloth — "ter trip him up," he concluded, temperately. "An' then, ez he war a-whurl-in' his fat sides around ter pick up the cheer, Pa'son K-Kelsey, — he hed t-turned plumb bleached, like a corpse, — he stood up an' sez, 'The Lord hev fursaken me!' An' Brother Jake Tobin humps around, with the cheer in his hand, an' sez, 'Naw, brother, naw, ye hev fursook the Lord!'"

"Waal," said the man on the bag of corn, gazing meditatively at the dusty floor and at a great yellow cur who had ventured within, as a shelter from the midday heat, and lay at ungainly length asleep near the door, "I dunno ez I kin blame Brother Jake Tobin. 'T would hev made a mighty scandal ter keep Pa'son Kelsey in the church, arter what he said agin the faith. We'll hev ter turn him out; an' ez he air ter be turned out, I dunno ez the church members hev enny call ter go on his bond. He air none o' we-uns, nowadays."

"Leastwise none o' 'em war a-goin' t-ter do it," said Pete quietly. "They air all mindful o' Brother Jake Tobin's longest ear, ez kin hear a call from the church yander in Cade's Cove ev'y time he g-gits mad at 'em. But I tell ye,"

added Pete, restoring his plug of tobacco to his pocket, and chewing hard on the bit which his strong teeth had wrenched off, "it did 'pear ter me ez they mought hev stretched a p'int when I see the pa'son ridin' off with them two sneaking officers. He hed so nigh los' his senses with the notion he war a-goin' ter be jailed ez they hed ter hold him up in the saddle, else he'd hev been under the beast's huffs in a minute."

"Why n't you-uns go on his bond?" asked Amos James, suddenly.

"Who?" shouted Pete in stentorian amaze, above the clamor of the old mill.

"You-uns, — the whole Cayce layout," reiterated Amos James.

His blood had risen to his face. All the instincts of justice within him revolted at the picture Pete had drawn, coarsely and crudely outlined, but touched with the vivid realities of nature. It was as a scene present before him: the falsely accused man borne away, crushed with shame, while the true criminal looked on with a lax conscience and an impersonal interest, and thriftily saved his observations to recount to his cronies at the mill. Amos James cared naught for the outraged majesty of the law. The rescue of the prisoner from its fierce talons seemed to him, instead, humane and beneficent. His sense of justice was touched only by the manifest cruelty when one man was forced to bear the consequences of another's act.

"You-uns mought hev done ez much," he said significantly.

"I reckon they would hev 'lowed ez we war n't wuth it," said Pete, quietly ruminant; "the still can't show up."

"Ye never tried it," said Amos.

"Waal, d-dad, he war n't thar, an' I could n't undertake ter speak fur the rest. An' I ain't beholden no ways ter Pa'son Kelsey. I hev no call ter b-b-bail him ez I knows on. I hev no hand in his bein' arrested an' sech."

"Hev no hand in his bein' arrested!" retorted Amos, scornfully.

Pete was staring stolidly at him, and the other men assumed an intent, inquiring attitude. Amos James felt suddenly that he had gone too far. He had no wish to fasten this stigma upon the Cayces; he had every reason to avoid it. He did not know how far he had been accounted a confidant in the intimacies of the cave when Rick Tyler had found a refuge there. He could not disregard the trust reposed in him. And yet he could not recall his words.

Pete's blank gaze changed to an amazed comprehension. He spoke out bluntly the thought in the other's mind.

"Ye air a-thinkin', Amos Jeemes, ez 't war we-uns ez cut Rick Tyler a-loose o' the sher'ff!" he exclaimed.

Amos, confronted with his own suspicion, listened with a guilty air.

"Ye air surely the b-b-b-biggest f-f-f-fool" — the words seemed very large with these additional consonants — "in the shadder o' the B-b-b-Big S-s-s-sm-Smoky M-m-Mountings!" Pete spread them out with all the magnifying facilities of his infirmity.

"Waal, then," said Amos, crestfallen, "who done it?"

"Why, P-Pa'son Kelsey, I reckon."

XII.

That memorable arrest in the Big Smoky was the last official act of the sheriff, except the surrender of his books and papers and taking his successor's receipt for the prisoners in the county jail. The defeat had its odious aspects. The race had been amazingly unequal. Had the ground tottered beneath him, as he stood in the grass-fringed streets of Shaftesville, and heard the rumors of the returns from the civil districts, he could hardly have experienced a sensation of insecurity commensurate with this, for all his moral supports were

threatened. His self-confidence, his arrogant affinity for authority, his pride, and his ambition keenly barbed the prescience of this abnormal flatness of failure. He was pierced by every careless glance; every casual word wounded him. He had a strange disturbing sense of a loss of identity. This anxious, brow-beaten, humiliated creature, — was this Micajah Green? He did not recognize himself; every throb within him had an alien impulse; he repudiated every cringing mental process. It was his first experience of the rigors of adversity: it did not quell him; he felt effaced.

He feebly sought to goad himself to answer the rough chaff of spurious sympathizers with his old bluff spirit; his retort was like the lisp of a child in defiance of the challenge of a bugle. He saw with faltering bewilderment how the interesting spectacle increased his audience; it resembled in some sort an experiment in vivisection, and where the writhings most suggested an appreciated anguish, each curious scientist most longed to thrust the scalpel.

The coroner held the election, as the sheriff himself was a candidate, and when the result became known the details excited increased comment. In the district of the county town he had a majority, but the unanimity against him in the outlying districts, especially in the Big Smoky and its widespread spurs and coves, was unprecedented in the annals of the county. He had hoped that the election of judge and attorney-general, taking place at the same time, might divert attention from the disastrous completeness of his failure. But their race involved no peculiar phase of popular interest, and the more important results were subordinated, so far as the county was concerned, to the spectacle of 'Cajah Green, "flabbergasted an' frustrated like never war seen." New elements of gossip were added now and then, vivaciously canvassed among the knots of men perched

on barrels in the stores, or congregated in the post-office, or sitting on the steps of the court-house, and were ruthlessly detailed to the ex-sheriff, whose starts of rage, unthinking relapses into official speech, jerks of convulsive surprise, prolonged the amusement beyond its natural span.

It ceased suddenly. The adjustment to a new line of thought and a future under altered conditions was facilitated by the inception of an immediate definite intention and a sentiment coequal with the passion of despair. The idlers of the town might not have been able to accurately define the moment when the drama of defeat, with which he had prodigally entertained them, lost its interest. But there was a moment that differed from all the others of the lazy August hours; the minimum of time charged with disproportionate importance. It might be likened to a symbol of chemistry, which though the simplest alphabetical character, is significant of the chiefest principle of life, — perhaps of death.

That moment the wind came freshly down from the mountains; the glare of the morning sun rested on the empty, sandy street of the village; the weeds and grass that obscured the curbing of the pavement were still overhung by a glittering gossamer net of dew. A yellow butterfly flitted over it, followed by another so like that it could not be distinguished from its aerial counterpart. The fragrance of new-mown hay somewhere in the rural metropolis was sweet on the air. A blue-bottle, inside the window of the store hard by, droned against the glass, and seemed in some sort an echo to the monotonous drawl of a man who had lately been up in the Big Smoky, and who had gleaned fresh points concerning the recent election.

"What did ye ever do ter the Cayces, 'Cajah, or what did Bluff Peake ever do fur 'em?" he asked, as preliminary to detailing that the Cayces had turned out and pervaded the Great Smoky

Mountains, electioneering against the incumbent. "They rid hyar an' they rid thar, — up in the mountings an' down in the coves; an' some do say thar war one o' 'em in ev'y votin'-place in all the mounting deestric's the day the 'lection kem off, jes' a-stiffenin' up the Peake men, an' a-beggin', an' a-prayin', an' a-wraslin' in argymint with them ez hed gin out they war a-goin' ter vote fur you-uns. Bluff Peake say they fairly 'lected him, though he 'lowed 't war n't fur love o' him. I wonder ye done ez well ez ye did, 'Cajah, though ye could n't hev done much wuss, sure enough. All o' 'em war out, from old Groundhog down ter Sol, when they war 'lectioneerin', an' the whiskey ez war drunk round the Settlemint an' sech war 'sprisin'. Some say old Groundhog furnished it free."

The ex-sheriff made no reply. There was a look in his eye that gave his long, lean head, deeply sunken at the temples, less the aspect of that of a whipped hound than it had worn of late. One might have augured that he was a dangerous brute. And after that, the conversation with the recent election as a theme flagged, and died out gradually.

It was only a few days before he had occasion to go up into the Great Smoky Mountains, on matters, he averred, connected with closing unsettled business of the office which he had held. As he jogged along, he moodily watched the distant mountains, growing ever nearer, and engirdled here and there with belts of white mists, above whose shining silver densities sometimes would tower a gigantic "bald," with a suspended, isolated effect, like some wonderful aerial regions unknown to geography, foreign to humanity. The supreme dignity of their presence was familiar to him. Their awful silence, like the unspeakable impressiveness of some overpowering thought, affected him not. The vastness of the earth which they suggested, beneath the immensities of the

sky, which leaned upon them, found no responsive largeness in his emotions. Those barren domes of an intense blue, tinged with purple where the bold rocks jutted out, flushed where the yellow sunshine languished to a blush; those heavily wooded slopes below the balds, sombre and rich in green and bronze and all darkling shades, — touched, too, here and there with a vivid crimson where the first fickle sumach flared; those coves in which shadows lurked and vague sentiments of color were abroad in visionary guise, in unexplained softness of grays and hardly realized blues, in dun browns and sedate yellows, vanishing before the plain prose of an approach, — he had reduced all this to a scale of miles, and the splendors of the landscape were not more seemly or suggestive than the colors of a map on the wall. It was a mental scale of miles, for the law decreeing a sufficiency of mile-posts seemed to weaken in the ruggedness of the advance, and when he was fairly among the coves and ravines they disappeared. He pushed his horse rather hard, as the time wore on, but sunset was on the mountains before he came upon the great silent company of dead trees towering above the Settlement in the reddening light, and tracing their undeciphered hieroglyphics across the valley beneath and the heights beyond. The ringing vibrations of the anvil were on the air; the measured alternations of the hand-hammer and the sledge resounded in a clear, metallic fugue; the flare from the forge fire streamed through the great door of the blacksmith's shop, giving fluctuating glimpses of the interior, but fainting and fading into impotent artificiality before the gold and scarlet fires ablaze in the western sky.

A wagon, broken down and upheld by a pole in lieu of one of the wheels, stood in front of the blacksmith's shop, and was evidently the reason of Gid Fletcher's industry at this late hour.

Its owner loitered desolately about; now looking, with the gloat of acquisition, at his purchases stowed away in the wagon, and now nervously at a little barefoot girl he had brought with him to behold the metropolitan glories of the Settlement. He occasionally asked her anxious questions. "Ain't you-uns 'most tired out, Euraliny?" he would say; or, "Don't ye feel wore in yer backbone, hevin' ter wait so long?" or, "Hed n't ye better lay down on the blanket in the wagin an' rest yer bones, bein' ez we-uns started 'fore daybreak?" But the sturdy Euralina shook her sun-bonnet, with her head in it, in emphatic negation at every suggestion, and sat upright on the board laid across the rough, springless wagon, looking about her gravely, with a stalwart determination to see all there was in the famed Settlement; thinking, perhaps, that her backbone would have leisure to humor its ails in the retirement of home. What an ideal traveler Euralina would be under a wider propitiousness of circumstance! And so the anxious parent could only stroll about as before, and contemplate his purchases, and pause at the door of the blacksmith's shop to say, "Ain't you-uns 'most done, Gid?" in a tone of harrowing insistence, for the fortieth time since the blacksmith's services were invoked.

Gid Fletcher looked up with a lowering brow as Micajah Green entered. The shadows of evening were dusky in the ill-lighted place; the fluctuations of the forge fire, now flaring, now fading, intensified the idea of gloom. The red-hot iron that the blacksmith held on the anvil threw its lurid reflection into his swarthy face and his eyes; his throat was bare; his athletic figure, girded out with his leather apron, demonstrated in its poses the picturesqueness of the simple craft; his sleeve was rolled tightly from his huge, corded hammer arm. His hand-hammer seemed endowed with some nice discriminating sense as it

tapped here and there with an imperative clink, and the great sledge in the striker's hands came crashing down to execute its sharp behests, while the flakes flew from the metal in jets of golden sparks.

A man is never so plastic to virtuous impulses as when he is doing well his chosen work. Labor was ordained to humanity as a curse; surely God repented him of the evil. What blessing has proved so beneficent!

The suggestions entering with the new-comer were at variance with this wholesome industrial mood. They recalled to the blacksmith his baffled avarice, his revenge, and the malice that had influenced his testimony at the committing trial. More than once, of late, while the anvil sang responsive to the hammer's sonorous clangor, and the sparks flew, emblazoning the twilight of the shop with arabesques of golden flakes, and the iron yielded like wax to fire and force, he had a sudden fear that he had not done well. True, he had sworn to nothing which he did not believe, either in the affidavit for the warrant or at the committing trial; but the widely chartered credulity of an angry man! He said to himself in extenuation that he would not have gone so far but for the sheriff.

He was not glad, with these recollections paramount, to see Micajah Green again. Some concession he made, however, to the dictates of hospitality.

"Hy're, 'Cajah," he said, albeit gruffly, and the monotonous clinking of the hand-hammer and the clanking of the sledge went on as before.

Micajah Green's knowledge of life had not been wide, but there was space to evolve a cynical reflection that, being down in the world now, he must bite the dust, and he attributed this cavalier treatment to the perverse result of the election.

He had acquired something of the manner of bravado, from his recent ex-

perience as a defeated candidate, and he swaggered a little about the dirt floor of the shop; glancing at the forge fire, slumberously glowing, at the smoky hood above it, at the window opening upon the purpling mountains and the fading west. He even paused, and turned with his foot the clods of the cavity still yawning below the lowest log, where the escaped man had crawled through.

There was an altercation at this moment between the smith and his assistant; for the work was not so satisfactory as when Gid Fletcher's mind was exclusively bent upon it, and his striker officiated also as scapegoat, although that function was not specified as his duty in their agreement. Gid Fletcher had marked with furtive surprise and doubt every movement of the intruder, and this show of interest in the only trace of the escape by which was lost his rich reward roused his ire.

"Even the dogs hev quit that, 'Cajah," he said, enigmatically, as he caught up the iron for a new skene and thrust it into the fire, while the striker fell to at the bellows. The long sighing burst forth; the fire flared to redness, to a white heat, every vivid coal edged by a fan of yellow shimmer. The blacksmith's fine stalwart figure was thrown backward; his face was lined with sharp white lights; he was looking over his shoulder, and laughing silently, but with a sneer.

"The dogs?" said Micajah Green, amazed. He did not sneer.

"The dogs tuk ter croppin' in an' outer that thar hole fur five or six days arter Rick Tyler got away," Gid Fletcher explained. "'Peared ter be nosin' round fur him, too. I dunno what notion tuk 'em, but I never would abide 'em in the shop, an' so I jes' kep' that fur 'em," — he nodded at a leather strap hanging on the rod, — "an' larnt 'em ter stay out o' hyar. But even they hev gin it up now."

"I hain't gin it up, though," said Micajah Green, still turning the clods with his foot. "I'll be held responsible by the court fur the escape, I reckon, ef the gran' jury remembers ter indict me fur it, ez negligence. An' ef I kin lay my hands on Rick Tyler yit I'll be mighty glad ter feel of him."

The blacksmith, without changing his attitude, looked hard at his visitor for a moment. Something rang false in the speech. He could not have said what it was, but his moral sense detected it, as his practiced ear might have discovered by the sound a flaw in the metal under his hammer.

"Ye ain't kem up the Big Smoky a-huntin' fur Rick Tyler," he said at length.

"Naw," admitted Micajah Green; "it's jes' 'bout some onsettled business o' the county. But ef I war ter meet up with Rick in the road I would n't pass him by."

He said this with a satirical half laugh, still turning the clods with his foot, the vivid white light illuminating his figure and his face beneath his straw hat. The next moment the sighing bellows was silent, and Gid Fletcher and his striker had the red-hot metal between them on the anvil, and were once more forging that intricate metallic melody, with its singing echoes, that seemed to endow the little log cabin with a pulsing heart, that flowed from its surcharged chamber out into the gray night, to the deeply purple mountains, to the crescent golden moon, to the first few stars pulsating as if in rhythm to the clinking of the hand-hammer and the clanking of the sledge, — forging this, and as its incident the durable skene which should enable Euralina and her parent to leave the Settlement shortly.

"I hopes ter git home 'fore daybreak, Gid," he said, desperately, standing in the door, and looking wistfully at the iron in process of transformation upon the anvil. He turned out again pres-

ently, and Micajah Green paused, leaning against the window, and looking doubtfully from time to time at the striker. This was an ungainly, heavy young mountaineer, with a shock of red hair, a thick neck, and unfinished features which seemed not to have been accounted worthy of more careful moulding. There was a look of humble pain in his face when the blacksmith angrily upbraided him. His perceptions were inefficient to accurately distribute blame; he was only receptive, poor fellow! and we all know that in every sense those who can only take, and cannot return, have little to hope from the world. He was evidently not worth fearing; and Micajah Green disregarded him as completely as the presence of the anvil.

"Talkin' 'bout Rick Tyler, did you uns go sarchin' that night — the dep'ty's party — ter the still they say old man Cayce runs?"

"Naw," — Gid Fletcher paused, his hammer uplifted, the red glow of the iron on his reflective face and eyes; the striker, both hands upholding the poised sledge, waited in the dusky background, — "naw. We met up with Pete Cayce, an' he 'lowed ez he hed n't seen nor hearn o' Rick Tyler."

"Ef I hed been along I'd hev sarched the still, too."

The blacksmith stared in amaze.

"Pete Cayce's say-so war all I wanted," he declared; "an' I hed the two hundred dollars ez I hed yearned, an' ye hed flunged away, a-hangin' on to it," he added.

"I hev a mind ter go thar now, whilst I be on the Big Smoky, an' talk ter the old man 'bout'n it," Green said meditatively. He had drawn out his clasp knife, and was whittling a piece of white oak which he had picked up from the ground. With the energy of his intention the slivers flew.

The blacksmith glanced in furtive surprise at his downcast face, but for a moment said nothing.

Then, "Hain't you-uns hearn how the Cayces turned out agin ye at the 'lection? Ef they did n't defeat ye, they made it an all-fired sight wuss. Ez fur ez I could hear, me an Tobe Grimes war the only men in the Big Smoky ez voted fur ye. I war plumb 'shamed o' it arterward. I hates ter be beat. I'm thinkin' they ain't a-hankerin' ter see ye down yander at the still."

The defeated candidate's face turned deeply scarlet pending this recital. But he said with an off-hand air, "I ain't a-keerin' fur that now; that's 'count o' an old grudge the Cayces hold agin me. All I want now is ter kem up with Rick Tyler, ef so be I kin, afore the gran' jury sits agin; an' I hev talked with ev'ybody on the mountings, mighty nigh, 'ceptin' it be the Cayces. Which fork o' the road is it ye take fur the still, — I furgit, — the lef' or the right?"

Gid Fletcher burst into a sudden laugh, almost as metallic, as inexpressive of any human emotion, as if it had issued from the anvil. His face flushed, not the reflection from the iron, which had cooled, but with his own angry red blood; his figure, visible in the sullen illumination of the dull forge fire, was tense and motionless.

"Ye never knew, 'Cajah Green!" he cried. "Ye don't take nare one o' the forks o' the road. Ye ain't a-goin' ter know, nuther, from me. I ain't a-hankerin' ter be fund dead in the road some mornin', with a big bullet in my skull-bone, an' nobody ter know how sech happened. Ef ye hev a mind ter spy out the Cayces fur the raiders, ye air on a powerful cold scent; thar ain't nobody on this mounting ez loves lead well enough ter tell whar old Groundhog holds forth. Them ez he wants ter know — knows 'thout bein' told. Ye ain't smart enough, 'Cajah Green, ter match yer meanness!"

It is difficult for a man, without the hope of deceiving, to maintain a deception, and it was with scant verisimilitude

that Micajah Green denied the detection of his clumsy ruse, and swore that he only wanted to come up with Rick Tyler. He went through the motions, however, while the blacksmith looked at him with uncovered teeth, and a demonstration that in a man might be described as a smile, but in a wildcat would be called a snarl. The fierce, surprised glare of the eyes added the complement of expression. Now and then he growled indignant interpolations: "Naw; ye 'lowed ez I'd tell ye, an' then somehow ye'd hev shifted it on me, an' them Cayces — five of 'em an' all thar kin — would hev riddled me with thar bullets till folks would n't hev knowed which war metal an' which war man."

Still Micajah Green maintained his feint of denial, and the blacksmith presently ceased to contradict.

It was Fletcher's privilege to entertain this visitor at the Settlement, and the behests of hospitality could hardly be subserved but by ignoring the disagreement that had arisen between them. Little, however, was said while the wagon axle and skene were in process of completion, and then adjusted to the vehicle by the light of a lantern. Jer'miah came over from the store, and presided after the manner of small boys, regarding each phase of the operation with an interest for which a questioner would have found no corresponding fullness of information, — a sort of spurious curiosity, satisfying the eye, but having no connection with the brain. Euralina, who was small for her sun-bonnet, stood a grotesque and top-heavy little figure in the forge door, — also a wide-eyed and impressed spectator. The blacksmith was a very good illustration of a rural Hercules, as he riveted his bolts, and lifted the body of the ponderous vehicle, and went lightly in and out of the forge. He did his work well and quickly too, for a mountaineer, and he had the artisan's satisfaction in his handicraft, as with his hammer still in his

hand, he watched the slow vehicle creak along the road between the cornfield and the woods, and disappear gradually from view. The wheels still sounded assertively on the air; the katydids' iteration rose in vibrant insistence; the long, vague, pervasive sighing of the woods added to the night its deep melancholy. The golden burnished blade of the new moon was half sheathed in invisibility behind a dark mountain's summit. The blacksmith's house was on the elevated slope beyond the forge, and as he turned on his porch and looked back he noted the one salient change in the landscape as seen from the higher level, — above the distant mountain summit the moon showed its glittering length, as if withdrawn from the scabbard. He glanced at it and shut the door.

Micajah Green had the best that the humble log cabin could afford, and no dearth of fair words as a relish to the primitive feast. It was only the next morning, when his foot was in the stirrup, that his host recurred to the theme of the evening before.

"Look a hyar, 'Cajah Green, you-uns jes' let old Groundhog Cayce be. Ye ain't a-goin' ter find out whar his still air a-workin', an' ef he war ter hear ez ye hed been 'quirin' 'round 'bout'n it 't would be ez much ez yer life air wuth."

Micajah Green renewed his hollow protestations, discredited as before, and the blacksmith, shading his eyes from the sun with his broad blackened right hand, watched him ride away. Even when he was out of sight Gid Fletcher stood for a time silently looking at the spot where horse and man had disappeared. Then he shook his head, and went into the forge.

"Zeke," he said to his humble striker, "ye air a fool, an' ye know it. But ye air a smart man ter that loon, fur the hell of it air he dunno he air a loon."

His warnings, however, had more effect than he realized. They served as

a check on Micajah Green's speech with the few men that he met, — all surly enough, however, to repel confidence, were there no other motive to withhold it. He saw in this another confirmation of the Cayces' enmity against him, and their activity in weakening his hold on the people. He began to think it hard that he should be thus at their mercy; that his office should be wrested from him; that they should impose unexampled indignities of defeat; that he should not dare to raise his hand against them, — nay, his voice, for even the reckless Gid Fletcher had cautions for so much as a word.

Some trifling errand which he had used for a pretext for his journey brought him several miles along the range, and when he was actually starting down the mountain, his vengeance still muzzled, his ingenuity at fault, his courage faltering, all the intention of his journey merged in its subterfuge, he found himself upon the road which led past the Cayces' house, and in many serpentine windings down the long, jagged slopes to the base. Noon tide was near. The shadows were short. He heard the bees droning. The far-away mountains were of an exquisite ethereal azure, discrediting the opaque turquoise blue of the sky. The dark wooded coves had a clear distinctness of tone and definiteness of detail, despite the distance. The harmonies of color that filled the landscape culminated in a crimson sumach growing hard by in a corner of a rail fence. The little house was still. The muffled tread of his horse's hoofs in the deep, dry sand did not rouse the sleeping hounds under the porch. The vines clambering to its roof were full of tiny yellow gourds; he could see through the gaps Dorinda's spinning-wheel against the wall. A hazy curl of smoke wreathed upward from the chimney with a deliberate grace in the sunshine. He smelled the warm fragrance of the apples in the orchard at the rear,

stretching along the mountain side. The corn that Dorinda had ploughed on the steep slope was high, and waved above the staked and ridged fence. There were wild blue morning-glories among it, the blossoms still open here and there under a sheltering canopy of blades; and there were trumpet flowers, too, boldly facing the blazing sun with a beauty as ardent. He looked up at this still picture more than once, as he paused for his horse to drink at the wayside trough, and then he rode on down the mountain, speculating on his baffled mission.

He hardly knew how far he had gone when he heard loud voices in angry altercation. He could not give immediate attention, for he was in a rocky section of the road, so full of bowlders and sliding gravel and outcropping ledges that it was easy to divine that the overseer had a lenient interpretation of the idea of repair. Once his horse fell upon his knees, and after pulling the animal up, with an oath of irritation, he came suddenly, turning sharply around a jutting crag, upon another rider and a recalcitrant steed. This rider was a child, carried on the shoulders of a girl of twelve or so, who had a peculiarly wiry and alert appearance, with long legs, a precipitate and bounding action, a tousled mane, the forelock hanging in her wild, excited eyes. He recognized at once the filly-like Miranda Jane, before either caught a glimpse of him, and he heard enough of her remonstrance to acquaint him with Jacob's tyranny in insisting that his unshod steed should keep straight up the rocky "big road," as he ambitiously called it, in lieu of turning aside in the sandy by-ways of a cow-path.

The expedient flashed through Micajah Green's mind in an instant. He drew up his horse. "I'll give ye a lift, bubby," he said; then, with a mighty effort at recollection, "Howdy, Mirandy Jane!" he cried, jubilantly. His

success in recalling the name affected him like an inspiration.

The girl had shied off, according to her custom, with a visible tremor, looking at him with big eyes and a quivering nostril, instantly accounting him a raider. As he called her name she stopped, and stared dubiously at him.

"How's granny," he asked familiarly, "an' D'rindy?"

"She's well," Miranda Jane returned, lumping them in the singular number.

Had he inquired for the men folks, she would have been alarmed. As it was, she began to be at ease. She could not remember him, it was true, but he was evidently a familiar of the family.

"Come, bubby," he said to Jacob, who had been peering over Miranda Jane's head, sharing her doubts, but sturdily repudiating her fears, "I'll gin ye a ride ter the trough."

Jacob held up his arms, he was swung to the pommel, and the *cortège* started, Miranda Jane nimbly following in the rear.

Such simple things Jacob said, elicited by the questions the craft of which he could not divine. Where had he been? He and Mirandy Jane had gone with the apples in the wagon, but the wagon had afterward been driven to the mill, and Mirandy Jane had been charged by D'rindy to "tote" him on the way home if he got tired, and Mirandy Jane wanted to tote him in the cow-path, 'mongst the briers. And where did he say he went with the apples? To the cave.

"To the cave!" exclaimed the quester, astonished.

"Over yander on the backbone," returned the guileless Jacob, reinforcing the information with a stubby forefinger, pointing toward the base of the mountain.

And here was the trough. And Miranda Jane and Jacob stood at the roadside to regretfully watch the big gray horse trot slowly away.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

THE tide flows up, the tide flows down :
The water brims the creek, and falls ;
A cottage, weather-stained and brown,
Lifts at the brink its time-worn walls.

Beneath the lowly window-sill
A little bank of blossoms gay
The wandering airs with fragrance fill,
Sweeten the night and charm the day.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down :
From the low window's humble square
A woman in a faded gown,
With care-dimmed eyes and tangled hair,

Looks out across the smiling space
Where golden stars and suns unfold ;
Blue larkspur, the pied pansy's face,
Nasturtium bells of scarlet bold, —

She sees them not, nor cares, nor knows.
A man's rough figure, noon and night
And morning, o'er the threshold goes, —
No sense has he for their delight.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down :
In that dull house a little maid
Lives lonely, under Fortune's frown,
A life unchildlike and afraid.

To her that tiny garden plot
Means heaven. She comes at eve to stand
'Mid mallow and forget-me-not
And marigolds on either hand.

They look at her with brilliant eyes,
Their scent is greeting and caress ;
They spread their rich and glowing dyes
Her saddened soul to cheer and bless.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down :
Within, how base the life, and poor !
Without, what wealth and beauty crown
The humble flowers beside the door !

Celia Thaxter.

DIME MUSEUMS.

FROM A NATURALIST'S POINT OF VIEW.

ON the morning after my arrival on American soil, in order to deliver the opening course of the Lowell lectures in Boston, I set out to investigate the city, which was unknown to me except through the mediumship of a map. Starting from the Brunswick, I naturally gravitated into Washington Street, and worked my way slowly along, feeling every now and then as if I were in Paris, and strolling along the Boulevards. So strong was the resemblance that I scarcely started when I met an apparition.

Surely, I must be in Paris!

Has Time's dial receded twenty-five years? Is the Second Empire still in all its glory?

For here, stalking majestically along the street, and scarcely condescending to look to the right or left, is one of the Cent Gardes, resplendent in light blue tunic, plumed helmet, and silver bullion. Not only one of the Cent Gardes, but the tallest specimen of that gigantic corps that I ever beheld, as without his helmet he must have been at least seven feet high. Still, there was one detail of his uniform which I did not recognize as belonging to that of the Cent Gardes. Crossing his breast were two white belts, such as the British soldier used to wear when King Pipeclay reigned. As he drew nearer, words became visible upon his cross-belts, gradually resolving themselves into the name and address of a DIME MUSEUM. The man was evidently a professional giant, acting as an advertisement. Not in the least knowing what a Dime Museum might be, and indeed having very hazy ideas as to a "dime," I took the liberty of asking the giant for an explanation. He was very affable, as is usually the way with giants,

and the result was that I went to the exhibition of which he was a distinguished ornament.

It may, perhaps, smack of presumption for an Englishman to write an account of Dime Museums in an American publication. But in the first place, The Atlantic is largely read in England; and in the next place, the average American knows nothing of Dime Museums except by name. No one can traverse the principal streets without passing a Dime Museum, hearing unseen musicians in the glittering portico, and seeing the resplendently pictorial decorations which surround the entrance to the wonders within. After dark a Dime Museum would lose its self-respect if its façade were not lighted with as many electric lamps as would illumine an ordinary street. Then, the daily newspapers contain advertisements of Dime Museums, the type being of the most obtrusively conspicuous character, and sometimes occupying an entire page.

In England your genuine Londoner never visits the Tower, or ascends the Monument, or climbs into the ball of St. Paul's Cathedral; the resident in Oxford never explores the interiors of the colleges; and in America the Bostonian never goes to Bunker's Hill. On the same principle, the Americans, as a rule, know nothing of Dime Museums except the outside. They have a dim idea that such places are not quite respectable, and that they are impositions on the credulity of the public.

Now Dime Museums are perfectly respectable. It is of course impossible to exclude the rough or "rowdy" element from any place of public entertainment. But if a man should annoy the audience or any of the performers, he

would receive a stern warning to amend his behavior; and if he should repeat the offense, he would find himself suddenly ejected into the street. As to imposition, there certainly is a good deal of exaggeration, both in the pictorial advertisements without and the florid eloquence of the lecturer within. Nevertheless, there is usually something worth seeing, if one has an intelligent eye.

A Dime Museum is divided into two portions, quite independent of each other. One is a semi-theatre, in which are exhibited the usual variety entertainments, while the other is devoted to natural curiosities. It is only of the latter that I write.

Along the sides of the room is a platform about four feet high, and upon it are ranged the curiosities on exhibition. At stated intervals the lecturer of the establishment goes round the room, and delivers an oration upon each in succession. In some museums these lectures alone are well worth the dime. The orator's flights of eulogistic fancy, tempered with soul-rending pathos, are sometimes worthy of Mr. Serjeant Buz-fuz in his best days, while the wealth of historical illustrations with which the orations are embellished could not have been excelled, or even equaled, by that distinguished barrister. It almost takes one's breath away to hear the Seven Wonders of the World, Archimedes, Helen of Troy, Milton, Shakespeare, Euclid, Solon, Cleopatra, Pythagoras, Kosciuszko, George Washington (of course), Alfred the Great, Abraham Lincoln, Grace Darling, and Joan of Arc all employed within a quarter of an hour as illustrative of the contents of a Dime Museum. But beneath all this froth there is always something substantial and worthy of a naturalist's attention.

To begin with human curiosities: ethnology is almost always well represented, and I have noted the various races of men that have been exhibited

in one Dime Museum within two months. There have been Zulus. These are not, as some of the journalists have wickedly insinuated, Irish immigrants, cunningly painted and made up like savages. They are genuine Zulus; and though we need not believe the lecturer's statement that they fought under Cetewayo at Isandhwalu, and displayed prodigies of valor in order to free their country from British rule (here George Washington and Lexington come in with great applause), there is no doubt that they would prove terrible enemies in battle. Looking at their leaps and bounds, and listening to their yells and whistles and the rattling of their assagais against their shields, no one can wonder that English cavalry horses were at first afraid to face them. Their skill and strength in throwing the assagai are astonishing. One of them drove five assagais into a circle only six inches in diameter. There seemed scarcely space for the last, but, with a triumphant shout, "this gentleman," as the lecturer called him, sent the weapon crashing among its predecessors.

There were Fijians, a man and a woman. Physically, this is one of the finest races of mankind, and the two were very good specimens of it. The man might have served as a model for a Hercules, so massive were the muscles of his arms and shoulders.

Slightly darker than Spaniards, the Fijians have, as a rule, aquiline noses, high foreheads, and well-cut features generally. The hair is the most remarkable characteristic of the race. Long, wavy, and stiff, it radiates from the head in all directions, so that the face seems quite small. In their own land the Fijians dye and torture their hair into an infinite variety of forms, even more eccentric than Parisian ladies' head-dresses in the reign of Louis XV. No man can dress his own hair, and there are only a few who are experienced in the art. Therefore, these examples

of the race are perforce obliged to allow their hair to grow as Nature made it, which is fortunate, from the naturalist's point of view.

It seems a pity that this fine race should perish, but it has been gradually dwindling away ever since the white man set his foot upon the island group of Viti, and before many years have elapsed the Fijians will have passed from the earth as completely as the Tasmanians. Before the white man visited them they were all cannibals, broken up into antagonistic tribes always at war with each other, so that no man held his life safe from one hour to another. Even in peace the details of their domestic life were such that no one would dare to print them. It is a benevolent dream to think that education can elevate any savage race to the level of the white man, and the Fijians must yield to the beneficently inexorable law which compels a lower race to give way to a higher. So, having this fact in my mind, I was very glad to see examples of this splendid but doomed race, and felt that I owed an obligation to the Dime Museum.

India was represented by a company of Nautch girls, whose long, straight hair, slight bodies, and delicate limbs afforded a bold contrast to the massive proportions of the Fijians.

As a sort of Indian offshoot, Ceylon sent representatives in a group of men, women, and children, whose placidly composed demeanor and power of sitting still and doing nothing appeared quite strange when opposed to the occasional laughter of the Fijians and the noisy restlessness of the Zulus. The Cingalese never laughed, but only smiled benignantly, exchanging a few low words at long intervals. One of them was quite a pretty little woman, with a childlike sweetness of aspect. She had a baby about two years old, — a most comical little boy, with his head closely shaven, except a tuft of black hair on the top.

Then there was the singularly interesting group of the Earthmen, a race of dwarfs inhabiting Central Africa, and so small that a full-grown man scarcely exceeds in height an ordinary English child six years of age. They are perfectly well formed, are yellow in color, have rather pleasing countenances, and their hair is close and woolly, like that of the Bosjesmans, whom they resemble in many respects.

Their pantomimic gestures were really wonderful. The chief among them, although of course he could not speak our language, gave a most vivid description of his journey to Europe. His first impressions of horses and carriages could not be mistaken for a moment, nor his picturing of railway traveling; the whistle and puffing of the engine, the rushing of trees past the windows, the plunge into a tunnel, and the stoppage at a station being told as clearly as if he had spoken the language of the audience. His best performance, however, was the description of the voyage. The unsteadiness of the deck, the whistle and shouts of the boatswain, and the singing of the sailors were reproduced with astonishing fidelity. Then he exhibited symptoms of uneasiness; staggered about the imaginary deck, clutching at imaginary ropes; and finally collapsed over a chest, in helpless apathy.

These tiny specimens of mankind are sufficiently interesting in themselves, but exhibitors can never be content without injuring by exaggeration the real value of their natural curiosities. I scarcely know whether indignation or amusement predominated, when I went to the Dime Museum in which the Earthmen were being exhibited. At the entrance was a very fair model of the empty white-ant hill, which serves as their usual habitation. Near it were two objects. One bore a label stating that it was the mantle by which the Earthmen disguise themselves when hunting the lion, while the other was described as

one of their weapons. Now the "mantle" was a "tappa," or bark-cloth robe, made in the South Sea Islands, and the "weapon" was part of a whale's rib.

Another example of an abnormal race was Krao, the little Burmese hairy girl, who was most absurdly advertised as the "Missing Link" between man and monkey.

As to the sensational accounts, and still more sensational lithographs and posters, which purport to describe her capture, parentage, and the habits of her kinsfolk, the reader is at liberty to believe as much as he likes. Still, Krao is interesting as a member of one of the hairy races that are found in several parts of the globe, especially in Asia; but there is nothing about her or them which shows any relationship to the monkey tribe. The only monkey-like characteristic which can be seized upon is that the hair of the fore-arm points upwards, and that of the upper-arm downwards.

Next may be taken examples of abnormal individuals, without any question of race. Of fat boys and women, living skeletons and bearded ladies, there is always a stock on hand. As to the last, they are generally liable to suspicion, as small-featured and heavily-bearded men have deceived the public by allowing their hair to grow, and making themselves up as women. But genuine specimens are not uncommon, and there was no doubt as to the individual whom I saw. I afterwards ascertained that she had been married for several years. Such ladies, unlike Rosalind and Celia, might very well swear by their beards, and be forsworn.

Next in order come those unfortunate individuals who have either been born without limbs, or have been accidentally bereft of them, and yet contrive to perform many tasks which are considered as the special province of the hands.

There are armless men and women who can write and even draw fairly with

the pen or pencil held in the mouth, while others can do the same with the toes. I do not look upon these persons as merely sights to amuse the curious, but as persons to be honored for their victory over untoward circumstances, which would have crushed those of less courage and perseverance.

At the Dime Museum to which our azure and silver giant belonged I saw a very remarkable young woman of twenty-two, or thereabouts. She had arms, but they were quite useless, and her hands were shriveled and turned inwards. So she had trained her feet and toes to do almost everything which can be accomplished by hands and fingers, and I only wish that I could write as well with my fingers as she did with her toes. I happened to be in the place during an intermission in the performances, and had an opportunity of watching her without appearing to do so.

Seated on a chair, she picked up a closed desk, opened it, and took out some writing-paper. Then she took a portable inkstand out of its compartment, held it with the toes of the left foot, and with those of the right unscrewed the top as rapidly as I could do with my fingers. Then, with the left foot, she took up a pen and placed it between the first and second toes of the right foot. She then tried the nib, dipped the pen in the ink, and began to write a letter. Not only could she write, but she could play the piano, with her feet! Toes cannot, of course, be made as long as fingers, however carefully they may be trained, and therefore their span of the keys is necessarily small. But Miss Sturgeon — for such is her name — played several airs, Silver Bells among them, with much taste.

While looking at this performance, I felt quite humiliated. Why have I allowed my toes to degenerate into mere vulgar instruments of locomotion, when they are capable of so much more? Their development as fingers does not pre-

clude their ordinary use, for I met Miss Sturgeon on her way to the Dime Museum, and she walked like any other young woman.

I am told that she is thoroughly well educated, is a graduate of one of the ladies' colleges, and receives pupils. But she can earn so much more by exhibiting her powers in public than by teaching that for the present she has chosen the former mode of living. To such persons the Dime Museum is a positive Providence.

Sometimes, instead of being mulcted of limbs, the abnormal individual is gifted with one limb, or more, in excess of the usual number. For example, a "Three-Legged Man" was exhibited during my stay in Boston, and was pictorially represented as possessing three symmetrical legs in a row, all the three being fashionably attired. Suspecting what the third leg might be, I went to see the man. As I had anticipated, he had a third leg, but it was useless, shriveled, and so small that it could be easily concealed. Physiologically considered, it is an interesting fact, but by no means an uncommon one, and I possess a work in which several similar cases are figured.

A much more striking example of abnormal humanity was the "Elastic-Skinned Man," a case which I believe to be unique. To all appearances, there was nothing to distinguish this rather good-looking man from any one whom you might encounter in the street. But his skin appeared to have no connection with the body, and to be as elastic as India rubber. He would pull his nose until it was seven or eight inches in length. He would seize the skin of his chest with both hands, draw it upwards, and veil his face with it. He would draw the skin of his knee forwards, twist it like a rope, and then tie it in a knot. This exhibition was not a very pleasing one, but, from a physiological point of view, it was most curious.

Another remarkable freak of nature

was seen in a girl of about twelve years of age whose knees were reversed, so that when she sat in a chair her toes could rest on her shoulders. She was perfectly formed in other respects. Ordinary walking was impossible, but she could scuttle over the ground and run upstairs with wonderful speed, going on all fours, after a fashion of her own.

Giants and dwarfs afford examples of the extremes of human dimensions. Chang, the Chinese giant, whom I knew well when he was a neighbor of mine, was lately at this Dime Museum, while "Major Nutt," the erst rival of General Tom Thumb, is permanently attached to it as keeper of a ticket office.

Abnormal animals may also be seen. An "Eight-Hoofed Horse" was advertised, and of course I went to see it, thinking that it might be a mere imposition. The proprietor kindly had it brought out of the stall for me, and I examined it carefully. It really had two hoofs on each foot, the inner hoof being rather smaller than the outer, and not quite reaching the ground.

To the physiologist this animal is of very great value. Perhaps the reader may not be aware that the horse of the present day is the last of a regularly ascending series of forms. The first horse which geologists have discovered was scarcely larger than a terrier dog, and had five toes on each foot. Then, throughout successive geological epochs, the animal became larger in size and the hoofs fewer in number, until the one-hoofed horse of the present day was developed. In this particular animal we have a singularly interesting instance of "throwing back" to an ancestry of almost incredibly remote date. This phenomenon of throwing back is familiar to the breeders of fancy rabbits. No matter how pure the breed of the parents may be, and how long their pedigrees, a young one will occasionally be born which is in all respects like the common brown rabbit of the fields.

Some animals become abnormal, not by the multiplication of existing organs, but by deprivation of normal characteristics. For example, a "Hen with a Human Face" was exhibited, and was pictorially represented as possessing a symmetrical female face, with human nose, lips, eyes, and forehead, and nicely parted hair. A single glance at the bird showed that its head and feet were unable to secrete horn, and that therefore it had neither beak nor claws. The total absence of the beak gave a curious aspect to the bird, and a very vivid imagination might trace a distant resemblance to the face of a battered Dutch doll.

Such imperfect birds are not uncommon; but as they cannot scratch up food for themselves, nor pick it up if found, they are as a rule killed as soon as hatched.

Physiology was relieved by optical and other illusions.

There was, for example, Dr. Lynn's "Thauma," which made such a sensation at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. There was also a very ingenious "Living Mermaid." The upper portion was enacted by a young girl, while the artificial tail was behind the scenes, worked by a hidden confederate, and reflected towards the audience by an arrangement of mirrors. Similar mirrors were employed in the "Talking Head," the "Three-Headed Nightingale," and cognate exhibitions. I was much amused to see the "Invisible Lady" of my early childhood resuscitated; and indeed this department of the Dime Museum very much reminded me of the extinct Adelaide Gallery and Polytechnic.

Fashion rules in Dime Museums as elsewhere. Two years ago there was a demand for white elephants. It soon died away, and I could find only two "stuffed skins" as relics; one was made of canvas, and the other was evidently the skin of a huge pig. Here would have been a splendid field for the late

Charles Waterton, who told the authorities of the British Museum that if they would give him the skins of two cows and a calf he would make a better elephant than any in their collection.

Just now there is a run upon tattooed men and women — I beg their pardon, "Princesses." The fashion was set a few years ago by a man who exhibited himself under the name of Captain Costentenus, and who was covered from head to foot with drawings of elephants, monkeys, cats, birds, snakes, and other living creatures, in blue, the intermediate spaces being variegated in red. He represented himself as being a Greek Albanian who was living in Chinese Tartary, and was thus tattooed as a punishment for rebellion against the Emperor! This ingenious story is illustrated by highly colored woodcuts, in which Costentenus is shown lying on his back, bound to a tree, while a South American maiden (in Chinese Tartary!) is kneeling gracefully beside him, and tattooing him with an arrow!

As I write, there are in Boston Dime Museums three tattooed persons, one man and two women. Judging from his decorations, the man seems to be patriotically pious. The front of his body is emblazoned with the Genius of America hovering over a spread eagle, while his arms and legs are covered with groups of American flags and similar designs. His entire back is occupied by a picture of the Crucifixion and the inscription "Mount Calvary"!

One of the women is a remarkable example of the tattooer's art. Patriotism is exemplified by spread eagles, the Genius of Liberty, and any number of American flags; sentiment is symbolized by sailors taking affectionate leave of the girls they are going to leave behind them; while art is perpetuated by Raphael's St. Michael, the Apollo Sauroctonus, and other well-known paintings and statues. Scarcely a square eighth of an inch of skin is unmarked, and the

result is that the tattooed portions look exactly as if they were clad in figured blue and red silk. Indeed, this woman appears much more fully clad than the conventional page of a theatre. She told me that the operation, which was performed with No. 12 needles fixed on handles, was exceedingly painful, especially near a bone. But she had no wish to magnify her sufferings for the sake of effect, and said that after a while the monotonous pricking induced drowsiness, and that she was half unconscious for a considerable portion of the time. She remarked that in America tattooing has one advantage, namely, that the mosquitoes will not touch the marked portions of the skin.

There are also exhibitors of out-of-the-way accomplishments. There is, for example, the "Champion Paper-Cutter

of America," who drapes his stall with ample lace-like curtains and wreaths cut out of white paper. There is the "Champion Whittler of America," who cuts long chains and a variety of elaborate designs out of solid wood, using only a penknife. There is a worker in filigree, who will take a coil of gilt wire, and with a small pair of round-nosed pliers will make you a bracelet, a brooch, a necklace, or other ornament to order, in a wonderfully short space of time.

All this, and much more, can be seen for a dime. You may go in when you like, and stay as long as you like. You are at liberty to ask questions, and if they be reasonable you will receive satisfactory answers. Those who want only amusement can find it, and those who wish for information can always obtain it.

J. G. Wood.

MODERN VANDALISM.

"THE feudal and monastic buildings of Europe, and still more the streets of her ancient cities, are vanishing like dreams; and it is difficult to imagine the mingled envy and contempt with which future generations will look back to us who still possessed such things, yet made no effort to preserve, and scarcely any to delineate, them."

Mr. Ruskin wrote this in 1870. During the fifteen years which have passed since then, despite much talk to the contrary, everything has been done to increase the odium which posterity is to throw upon us. In profession, we of to-day are all Crusaders, burning to defend the places made sacred by the picturesqueness or associations of the past. In deed, we are almost all Goths and Vandals, ruining them without mercy. While the men who are to come will judge us by our actions, we judge our-

selves by our words. Because the speech of a few is fair, we fancy that all must be right with the many. Because more is being said and written about art than ever has been before, we think that the feeling for it must be greater in like proportion. In a word, we mistake our sowing of good seed for the reaping of a fruitful harvest. Once in a while, however, we are reminded that all is not so well as it seems. In the United States, within the last ten years, art schools have been established by hundreds. But when it came to finding out what they accomplished, by an art competition instituted by Harper and Brothers, the result was shown to be just nothing. In England, benevolent men, strong in their own faith, think to refine the lower classes by the influence of art and by making their surroundings beautiful. But even as they put

up their mosaics in Whitechapel famous collections of paintings are allowed to be dispersed, and plans are prepared to destroy one of the most picturesque corners in London.

The fact is that the reverence for beauty, genuine enough with men like Mr. Ruskin, is superficial with the multitude, whose real worship is one of comfort. Whenever there is a struggle between the things of the past and those of the present, it is easy to predict which will survive; for in this case fitness is always measured by comfort. Perhaps, after all, when the buildings and cities in which people live are concerned, it is unreasonable to wish it to be otherwise. It may be, as Hawthorne says somewhere in the *Marble Faun*, in speaking of the gloom and chill and inconvenience of the stone palaces in Italian cities, that a dwelling-place should never be built to last longer than forty or fifty years. It is probably more important that a house should be healthy and clean and adapted to the physical well-being of men who are to spend their days in it than that it should give mental pleasure to those who merely look at it from without. Workingmen living in the ugly suburbs of London, or in the red brick monotony of Christian and Catharine streets in Philadelphia, which no man would go out of his way to look at, are doubtless better off than their fellows in Italian towns, though the latter may be settled in two or three large, damp rooms on the ground floor of old palaces which travelers come from afar to see. The few — a losing remnant in this case — overlook the wants of the people. Considering the subject dispassionately, we must admit that many of the changes which are fatal to mediæval beauty and quaintness are not wholly unnecessary or capricious. No one, while the memory of last summer's plague is still fresh, can deny, for example, that it is better to sacrifice the picturesqueness of some of the nar-

row, dirty streets of Naples than the health and lives of thousands of Neapolitans. The majority of business men in London do not question the wisdom of the removal of Temple Bar, which has made their going to and coming from the city seem so much easier. It must be added, however, that those whose occupations do not lead them cityward wonder what great good has been done by destroying an old landmark, declared to be an obstruction in the street, and then blocking up the way with a new, meaningless monument.

On the other hand, when this work of destruction does not add to the comfort of mankind, when nothing is gained and much is lost, it cannot be justified by the most impartial. Charitable as we may try to be in urging that the benefits brought about by modern progress should compensate somewhat for the dream-like vanishing of ancient cities, no excuse can be found for two deeds of vandalism now contemplated in London and Rome. Not long ago, the English papers announced that Staple's Inn, in the most ancient part of Holborn, had been sold, and that its old gables and green inclosure would disappear, to be replaced by a freight depot. This announcement had hardly been made when the Romans, as if to emulate the Londoners, and to show by other means than the mere sending of an expedition to Assab that they too are a great people, informed the reading public through their newspapers that the Santissimo Bambino, the pride of the Church of the Araceli, had been seen in its Christmas manger for the last time. For the greater part of that church, together with the monastery attached to it, already turned into barracks by the present government, must be pulled down in order to give space for the erection of a statue of Victor Emmanuel. That a new freight depot is a necessity in London is probably true, but that it is a necessity in that particular part of Hol-

born is much less certain. That another statue of Victor Emmanuel is an absolute need to Italians, however, even the most loyal among them could not without difficulty demonstrate. Staple's Inn, as it is, interferes with the comfort of no one. Indeed, its pretty shrubbery and great quiet add to that of fortunate individuals who have lodgings within its quadrangles. The Church of the Araceli, with its cold, carpetless stone floor and cushionless, rickety chairs, is, it must be admitted, not comfortable. But the monks to whom it belongs have abjured ease and luxury, and should not the laity who worship in it be glad to strengthen their prayers by the additional virtue of mortification of the flesh? There is positively no reason why these two buildings should be disturbed, but good ones why they should not. Both are closely associated with the past of the cities which so lightly accept their doom, and when they are gone it will seem as if we had also lost the many memories which cling to them. Two more of the few remaining links which connect the commonplace of the present age to what must ever be to us the romance of by-gone days will have been severed.

The Church of the Araceli, whose foundation dates back to the dark ages, is not very beautiful in itself. The long flight of marble steps which leads to its principal entrance is cracked and broken. The building is a great bare, unfinished pile of red brick. The front, which modern Italians would have improved according to their unlovely art standard had it not been for Overbeck, has no other decoration than an old fresco over the door, faded by the suns of many long afternoons into a square of mel-low gray. Within, the once fine pavement is as cracked and broken as the steps. Well-worn, dilapidated chairs are packed in the nave and in the aisles. Tawdry ornaments and artificial flowers in stiff, ungraceful masses are on the

altars. Here is a shrine surrounded with fearful and wonderful daubs, representing miracles wrought by prayers offered up before it; and here an altar hung with little silver hearts. A few *restored* frescos by Pinturicchio, one attributed to Luca Signorelli, a sadly injured relief by Donatello,—these are the art treasures of the Araceli. Altogether it has but small attraction for the art student, or for the tourist, who seldom goes out of his way to see it, except perhaps at Christmas time, when the Santissimo Bambino lies in its manger, or on some bright morning, when he hopes to find the monk-dentists at work at the side entrance, where in the hours before noon they wait upon their patients. Yet there is no other church in the city which, if studied aright, can tell as much as it does of Rome's great and stormy past, "all of which," one might almost say, "it saw, part of which it was." The history of the Church of San Clemente may teach more of early Christians; that of San Giovanni Laterano more of mediæval Popes. But the records of the Araceli begin in the days when Christians were not. To recall the story of the hill on which it stands, of its old marble steps and worn pavement, of its altars and chapels, and even of its name, is to be carried back to the very beginning of Roman history, and then led onwards through long centuries when ancient Romans performed deeds of valor, and their mediæval successors showed themselves now the most brutal, now the most gentle, of men, to the last days of papal Rome, when a people, once so mighty, deteriorated into a community of monks and priests.

It was on the hill Saturnius, also called Capitolium, on a high point of which the Araceli now stands, that Romulus built his fortress; thus making it the centre of his kingdom, the very heart of the strong life of his people. It was the scene of all the principal

events that took place in the City of the Seven Hills before the Christian era, from the time when the fair, frail Tarpeia, for love of gold, betrayed her fellow citizens, and opened the gates to the Sabines, down to the day when Augustus, who would know whether there could be a greater man than he, was shown by the Cumæan Sibyl the Divine Infant in his mother's arms. And as the proud Emperor gazed, there came from heaven a voice, saying, "*Hæc est Ara Cœli*:" and thus the vision of a pagan gave its name to a Christian church. Even when the statue of Victor Emmanuel shall look down from this eminence, once occupied by the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, or the *Arx*, — archaeologists have not yet decided which, — the hill will still remain to remind us of its past greatness. It is, therefore, the many legends and associations belonging to the church itself which to-day, as we look our last upon it, appeal to us most strongly.

They begin as soon as we have put our foot upon the lowest of its high flight of steps; for these are a record of the plague, a deadlier foe than Goth or Saracen, which in the fourteenth century spread death and despair through the fair land of Italy. In Rome, when the evil was at its height, special prayers were offered that it might be abated, and the precious picture of the Madonna painted by Saint Luke was brought from its shrine in the Araceli, and borne in solemn procession through the streets. Then the faithful came and, according to their means, gave alms to the Madonna who had heard their supplications. With this money, and out of marble brought from the Temple of Quirinus, Lorenzo Simeone Andreozzi built the stairway with its hundred and twenty-four steps, up which the monks, used to them as they are, sometimes find it difficult to toil. When we have climbed to the top, — alone, per-

haps, or else through the crowd which gathers here during Christmas week, — have looked up at the bare façade with its Gothic windows, and have lifted the old leather curtain and passed into the quiet interior, the memories of other days thicken about us. Here, during the Middle Ages, the Roman Senate, whose church the Araceli was, often met in grave debate. Here, too, after the death of Boniface IX., the Savelli fortified themselves against the Orsini, and for three days this sanctuary, as not seldom happened to others, became a stronghold. At another time, Stefano Porcano, fired with a burning desire for freedom, and even while Alfonso of Aragon protected the Campagna for the papal party, came here to appeal to the people to assert their rights and fling off the sacerdotal sway that left them none; but in vain. The conquerors from the battle of Lepanto brought hither the gold they had captured from the Turks, and adorned with it the ceiling of the church, which still bears witness to their victory. Within these walls, centuries later, and in an age we can better understand, the English Gibbon sat, and, as the candles flickered on the altar and the monks chanted vespers, conceived the idea of the work which was afterwards to make him famous. Where, indeed, could he have better realized the fall of which he was to write? As he looked down the long nave he could see the many columns brought from the temples and palaces of pagan Rome — one telling by its inscription that it once stood in the palace of the Cæsars, on the near Palatine — to be set up in a church where priests would by word of mouth revile the paganism and luxury of the old world, which in their lives and religious ceremonial they would imitate. Then, turning to the left transept, his eyes must have fallen on the circular shrine containing the altar built over the tomb of Saint Helena, marking as it were

the principal era — that in which Rome really became Christian — in the decline which was henceforward to occupy his thoughts. And as, vespers ended, he wandered through the aisles, he must have seen on the tombs over which he walked the flattened figures of the Crusaders buried there, which finished the story begun by antique column and early Christian shrine, and told how Romans had finally fallen away from their early ideals, and forgotten their country for the church.

But within the Araceli one reads the history not only of the decay of the old civilization, but of the growth of the new culture, and of the terrible feuds and tyrannies, alleviated but too seldom by deeds of loving humanity. During many years this church was the favorite burying-place of Romans, and in passing from tomb to tomb we are reminded, here of nobles, whose bitter enmities made the streets of Rome a bloody battle-ground; here of gentle saints, whose charity helped, in those troubled times, to make the lives of the poor and fallen bearable; and here, again, of the paganism which, despite priest and Pope, or perhaps because of them, lingered long in Christian Rome; or else of the revived interest in ancient art and literature, whereby a change was wrought for all Europe as great as that by which Rome became nominally Christian. In one chapel, gaudy with green and brown marble decorations, much gilding, and many paper flowers, and in two old mosaic-adorned tombs, lie the bodies of Luca and Pandulphus, famous members of the Savelli family, to whom it belonged, — a family now extinct, but which until the seventeenth century ranked as one of the noblest in Rome. In following the progress and struggles and vicissitudes of one of the great houses of Rome, the history of all is learned. The career of the Savelli — now repulsing their fellow nobles from their fortress in the Theatre of Mar-

cellus, and now being slain in the streets for refusing to cry "Viva!" for successful rivals; at one time fighting the Popes, seizing the Capitoline Palace, and sacking the Vatican, at the next being crowned with the papal tiara or the cardinal's hat — differs in no essential point from that of their allies, the Colonna, or of their foes, the Orsini and Conti.

The chapel of Santa Croce, which contains the dead of the Ponziani family, shows the reverse of the medal. The legend related in connection with it needs no explanation or comment. When Vanozza Ponziani died, her body was brought and laid out in this chapel. Her life had been spent in charity, and now in death those whom she had befriended came to look upon her for the last time. With the crowd was her sister-in-law, who, destined to have a church built in her honor as Santa Francesca Romana, then humbly called herself the poor woman of the Trastevere. As Francesca sat by the coffin she fell into an ecstasy, and with a smile of joy she called out, "Quando? Quando?" The men and women watching with her heard the cry, and when they looked, lo! her body was raised up above the ground. Then her confessor approached, and bade her go forth and visit the sick. At his bidding, but with her soul still rapt in heavenly contemplation, she left the church, and went her way to perform her usual works of mercy.

With the tomb of Cardinal d'Acquasparta we turn a leaf in the history we are reading. He is the same sung of with small praise by Dante in his *Paradiso*, and it is as one condemned by the poet that he is now better known than as the General of the Franciscan order. Hence his name must ever suggest the song which heralded the dawn of the day of Italy's, and through her the world's, awakening, — a day upon which the sun of intellectual freedom

has not yet set. Not far from this cardinal's monument is a slab put up in memory of Felix de Fredis, two centuries later, which shows that the light of dawn had in his time grown to noon-tide brightness. For on it is recorded that it was he who found the Laocoön on the Esquiline Hill; the service which he thus rendered to art being by his contemporaries counted far more praiseworthy than the saintliness of Santa Francesca or the charity of Vanozza Ponziani.

After this the Church of the Aracœli has nothing to tell but the many miracles of the Santissimo Bambino, a wooden figure of the Holy Infant, believed to have been painted by Saint Luke. But this too is typical of the state of Rome, of which, after the sixteenth century, not much need be said save that it was the home of the Popes. The Santissimo Bambino is the most valuable possession of the Franciscans of the Aracœli, not because of the jewels with which it is covered from head to feet, but because of its wonderful miraculous gifts. In the good old papal days of faith, when any one was sick, this Bambino was sent for; and as the monks carried it through the streets, in its own carriage, every one fell upon their knees until it had passed. Now it happened that a Roman lady longed to own this divine physician, and so she had a wooden puppet made just like it, and then she went to bed and feigned serious illness. At once the good monks brought the Bambino from the Aracœli to her room, leaving it alone with her, as was then the custom. As soon as they had gone she hastily stripped it, and dressed her puppet in its clothes. Then she hid the Bambino, and when they returned she gave them its counterfeit; and they, without discovering the substitution, went back to their monastery with it. But that night, as they lay asleep, every bell in church and cloister was set to ringing, and at all the doors

there came a loud knocking. Uneasy, and fearing the noise to be the work of the devil, they ran from their cells to the great convent door, and there they found the true Bambino, cold and shivering and naked.

This is the Bambino which at Christmas is borne through the church by the monks and laid at the feet of the Virgin and Saint Joseph in the manger, which then is set up in one of the chapels. Many years ago Saint Francis, filled with divine love, and with the consent of Honorius III., then Pope, represented in the church of the little town of Grecia, near Assisi, the manger of Bethlehem, with the Holy Family and the shepherds. In his deep joy at his good work, he knelt all night by it, now praying, now weeping, from the fullness of his heart. The monks of the Aracœli are Franciscans, and they keep up the pious practice instituted by their founder. For a week after Christmas Day the manger is shown to the faithful, while at certain hours of the afternoon boys and girls on a platform opposite preach pretty little sermons about the Child Christ; but only peasants and monks in great numbers and an occasional tourist come to listen. So it is that its glory has gone from the Aracœli, and the church which once rang with the clash of armor, or resounded with the impassioned appeal of patriots, is now given over to peasants and children. But even the manger has been seen and the sermons have been heard for the last time. The old columns must be again moved, perhaps to support another roof. Savelli and Ponziani, cardinals and laymen, must be disturbed in the tombs where they have lain for ages. The legend of Augustus will hereafter be told only in books, and perhaps by the bare brick façade, if that, too, is not destroyed. When the monastery and the principal part of the church have gone, and Victor Emmanuel, in bronze or marble, looks down from his height over the

Roman Forum, who can say that the world is the better for the change?

"I went astray in Holborn," Hawthorne writes in his *English Note-Book*, "through an arched entrance, over which was 'Staple Inn,' and here likewise seemed to be offices; but in a court opening inwards from this there was a surrounding seclusion of quiet dwelling-houses, with beautiful green shrubbery and grass-plots in the court, and a great many sunflowers in full bloom. The windows were open; it was a lovely summer afternoon, and I have a sense that bees were humming in the court, though this may have been suggested by my fancy, because the sound would have been so well suited to the scene. A boy was reading at one of the windows. There was not a quieter spot in England than this, and it was very strange to have drifted into it so suddenly out of the bustle and rumble of Holborn, and to lose all this repose as suddenly on passing through the arch of the outer court. In all the hundreds of years since London was built, it has not been able to sweep its roaring tide over that little island of quiet." But the tide has at length reached it, and those who would save Staple's Inn are as powerless as Canute to stay its progress. The fate of the old English inn, like that of the Italian church, is sealed. This quietness of which Hawthorne speaks is the principal characteristic and charm of all the inns of court and chancery. Nothing could be more restful than to leave the Strand, when the noise and traffic of the day is at its height, for the little garden in the Inner Temple, where all that can be heard is the splashing of the fountain to which Ruth Pinch listened, and where on the benches are perhaps one or two silent women, an old man sleeping while a cat lies curled up in his lap, and another with head bent over a tattered yellow brief. It is the same in

Clifford's Inn, where, towards twilight, a large, uncanny black cat takes possession of the quadrangle, in which the only sign of human life is the jingling of an old piano in a room above; or in Grey's Inn, where, on summer afternoons, children run and race over the green, and a few young men play tennis between the flower-beds on the terrace. But of all these quiet places Staple's Inn is by far the quietest.

Whoever may have walked along busy Holborn, where there are so many shops and shoppers and a never-ending procession of hansoms and omnibuses, must remember, as a curious contrast to the new buildings by which it is surrounded, the old, quaintly gabled, pinnaled house which stands on the right-hand side in going towards the city, and just behind Holborn Bars. It is such an irregular, rambling pile, as it follows the curve in the street, and there is so little method in its gables and windows, that it gives the effect of a number of small, friendly houses, each one trying to prop up its neighbor, which but for this timely help would totter over from sheer old age and decrepitude. The upper stories project so boldly over the shops on the ground floor that the latter seem to be retreating, as if in shame for having set up their plebeian stores in such eminently aristocratic quarters. In the centre is the low-arched doorway through which Hawthorne entered, and which leads into the greater court or quadrangle of the inn. Here one might fancy one's self in some sleepy, old-fashioned town, instead of in modern, wide-awake London. The houses on its four sides are dingy, and wear a settled, respectable look, as if they had done with the cares and vulgar worries of every-day life. The loiterer standing there cannot hear the noise of the street without, but, instead, the twittering of a few sparrows, which in the stunted, smoky trees "play at country," as Dickens says. But op-

posite is another low, dark archway, on the other side of which is a smaller quadrangle, where the birds can carry on their play with less violence to their tiny understandings. For there are soft grass-plots and bright flower-beds, and one or two broad-leaved fig-trees, and a terrace with a balustrade, making a garden which might belong appropriately to an Italian palace, but which it is strange to find in the heart of London town. But when we look from the terrace back at the hall, with a little lantern in its roof, a clock in its tower, and a luxuriant Virginia creeper over its gray walls, and at the houses on the other sides of the court, which, though comparatively new, are blackened into apparent age by London soot, the place no longer seems like Italy, but like a bit of Canterbury or one of the picturesque English cathedral towns. It is always bright there, even on a gray day, with a sense of air and space which one does not get in crowded Holborn or narrow Chancery Lane. But when, overhead, there is blue sky instead of fog, and the flowers are in bloom, and the leaves on the vine are beginning to redden, then Staple's Inn truly deserves its reputation as "the fayrest Inne of Chauncerie in this Universitie."

Before Henry V.'s time Staple's Inn was an exchange for wool merchants, or staplers. But during his reign it was made an inn of chancery, the merchants having previously gone elsewhere. Then, by a grant some years later, when Henry VIII. was king, it was given to Grey's Inn, to which it has ever since been a dependency. Here students, too young to enter the inn of court at once, came to make their preparatory studies for a certain number of years. Since the inns of chancery occupied a subordinate position, they are naturally kept somewhat in the background in the records of those "noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the kingdom," as Ben Jonson calls the inns of

court. It is, for example, in their accounts of the Christmas revels in the Temple or in Lincoln's Inn that the old gossiping chroniclers are most glowing. We hear less of the loungers about Staple's Inn than of the gay gallants and fair ladies who in Pepys' time made the green at Grey's Inn, always famous "for walks," the fashionable promenade on Sundays. However, one or two names associated with Staple's Inn give it that human interest which after all is a greater charm than mere picturesqueness. If we linger on the terrace, or in the dingy court, a few familiar figures will come forth from the past to greet us. First of all is one, large, uncouth, and shabby, at whom we might laugh did he not awe us into respect. There is an expression of deep trouble, but of determination as well, on his face, as he goes his way into the house and shuts himself up in a little room, where we know he will remain until he has written a story to be called *Rasselas*, by which he can earn money enough to pay his mother's funeral expenses and the debts, small in themselves but heavy for him, which the good lady left him for her legacy. "I, too, am an old struggler," Dr. Johnson used often to say, in the words of a poor woman who once begged from him on this plea. Staple's Inn was the scene of one of the bitterest of his many bitter struggles with poverty,—an evil worse than fifty demons in the house, according to the Jewish philosopher. And hence, in its quadrangles, he and his sorrow, and the story he evolved from it, have ever been remembered, just as Ben Jonson, trowel in one hand and Horace in the other, has been in Lincoln's Inn, or as Chaucer, belaboring the unfortunate Franciscan, in the Temple.

It was here that Stevens, in Isaac Reed's chambers, corrected the proof-sheets of his edition of Shakespeare; and here, too, that Dickens established

the chief characters of his last story, Edwin Drood. What more fitting corner could he have found in all London for the home of the angular sentimentalist, Mr. Grewgious, or for an asylum for proud, sensitive Neville Landless? As they, followed by pretty Rosa and Helena, honest, friendly Mr. Crisparkle and nervous, opium-eating Jasper, in turn pass by, they seem scarcely more unreal than the broad, homely figure who led the way for this procession of shadows. But now we must bid them all farewell. For who can suppose that Dr. Johnson, or Grewgious, or Stevens, will ever come back to their old home, when it has been turned into a freight depot, where all day long men will be hurrying hither and thither, and carts will be loaded and unloaded? They would be as out

of place in it as Chaucer and his lordynges in the tall, straight brick inn which stands where were once the low gables and balustraded galleries of the Tabard. Staple's Inn will henceforth be the haunt of merchants, to whom it will practically belong, even as it did in the days before Richard II. removed the wool merchants to Westminster.

A few Romans, it is said, will do all they can to save the Church of the Ara-cœli. But, hitherto, their opposition to the municipal powers, in similar cases, has been so unsuccessful that little is to be expected from it in the present instance. Meanwhile, it is very likely that all of Mr. Ruskin's lament may truthfully be reëchoed, and that scarcely any effort will be made to delineate these two ancient buildings before they also have vanished like dreams.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

A MARSH ISLAND.

XIX.

EARLY the next morning Doris and her father set forth on their long drive to the outer shore. It would have been hard to say which of them was most pleased with the prospect of this expedition. Doris had looked unwontedly gratified, and even relieved, when she accepted the invitation, as they sat together at breakfast, and indeed was ready some time before there was any need of it, and stood waiting in the yard with almost childish impatience. Israel Owen was in a most placid and serene mood, but tried to take the unusual pleasure as indifferently as possible, and consulted his wife with gratifying deference as to the best bargain that might be made for some hay. He was going to hold a solemn business conference with the overseer and manager of a

large estate on the neighboring seacoast.

Mrs. Owen was mildly excited, and called loudly after her husband, when he was fairly out of the yard, not to make an out-and-out present of his hay-mow to those who would never thank him for it; then she returned to the kitchen, and became stolid and silent. Temperance Kipp was also silent for a time, but increasingly energetic, and kept hurrying from room to room, driving before her an alarmed flock of resourceless flies. She complained of this unseasonable escort, and bewailed the fact once or twice that when fall flies hived into the house in that fashion they were always a sign of changing weather. "I urged the 'Square not to ride way over there in the open wagon," she mentioned reproachfully, "and all he had to say was that he wanted the sun on him. I

hope 't-won't come on a cold rain this afternoon." But the mistress of the house preserved a scornful indifference, as if she had resolved never to make another futile protest against waywardness and folly.

There was a great deal to be done that day, but neither of the elder women had offered the slightest opposition to Doris's taking a holiday, or seemed offended by her absence. Indeed, it was an evident relief for the time being, and the current of affairs presently flowed with its usual tranquillity. Temperance would have liked to put more of her thoughts into speech, but Martha Owen judiciously continued to hold her peace and conceal whatever excitement she may have felt.

"Seems to me it feels like old times," Temperance ventured, as she bent over the ironing-board. "There, I should really miss doin' up Mr. Dale's shirts, if he was to go away. They do polish so handsome. This one's a-beginnin' to crack out a little. Everything he buys is good quality, and it's the best economy, certain. I wonder if he's goin' to get back before afternoon?"

Meanwhile, Doris was growing more and more pleased with the day's enterprise. To be sure, there were clouds in the sky, but they afforded a subject for discussion rather than alarm, and the weather suited exactly. The young girl looked pale at first, but the light wind and warm sunshine soon brought a flicker of bright color into her cheeks, where her father quickly saw it and rejoiced. "They've tormented her about to pieces, amongst them," he assured himself, and struck at a bee, which had alighted on the horse's neck, with his clumsy, long-lashed whip. "Let them work, I say. Young folks will be young folks;" and presently, where the Sussex road branched off, he determinedly passed it by, though the other highway made their journey two or three

miles longer. "I thought I'd just look in to see how Asher's folks are gettin' on," he explained. "We might as well make a good day of it, and go one road and come the other. Don't you say so, Doris?"

Doris smiled assent. "What a long while it is since we have been over this way, father!" she said.

"The country does look handsome, for this time of the year," the farmer announced. "I believe I feel just like having a play-time myself. It makes me think of when you used to go ridin' about with me, when you were a little girl. I recollect one time I thought I could n't get along without you. Why, you used to want to be set up on the horse's back and ride forwards an' back in the furrows, when I was ploughing; and one spell you used to get right on to the plough, and roll off sometimes, too," and they both laughed at this reminiscence.

Doris remembered that she had been with her father less than usual the last few months, and felt very sorry. She would not forget his pleasure in that way again. He must have missed her more than she had suspected; but he was in unusually good spirits that morning.

"Seems to me you're dressed up pretty smart to go travelin' with a rusty old farmer like me. I believe I should ha' put on my best co't," said Israel; and they laughed together again, and looked at one another affectionately.

"I like you best as you are," the girl answered shyly. "I should think we felt strange:" but she did not meet her father's eyes again; they were both too conscious of each other's thought.

Many a man and woman gave the travelers a pleasant greeting, as they jogged along. They stopped before other doors than Asher's, and told the news and heard it with equal satisfaction. One observant neighbor took a

shrewd look at Doris, and gave an opinion that she was looking a little peaked; at which Mr. Owen was startled, and stole a glance at his daughter, who eagerly insisted that she was very well. The father had a somewhat uncanny gift for understanding secrets that were not told him; especially those concealed with the care which is complete betrayal to such intuition. He seemed possessed to-day by an unusual spirit of observation, and presently, after neither had spoken for a few minutes, Doris found him directing significant glances at her hands, which were clasped together, holding the pair of unused gloves which her mother had suggested at the last moment before they left home.

"Seems to me some o' the rest of 'em might do the apple-parin'," he said, half to himself. "You'll spile your pretty fingers, Doris."

"Why, father!" exclaimed the girl, appealingly; and Israel Owen was much disturbed by the alarm and surprised awakening of her tone.

"T wa'n't wise," he reflected, and struck at the horse's ear again. "I don't know what my wits are about to-day;" and then he laughed aloud, as unconcernedly as possible, and said, "Blamed if I don't hit him next time!" as if the eluding bee were really his chief object of thought. The father and daughter had been seldom troubled by such self-consciousness. The even flow of their home-life had lately been fretted by unaccustomed currents, and it was impossible to keep a straight course. But Doris smiled when the whip-lash proved itself invincible, and the horse, bewildered by such unusual strokes, darted along the road. The bee had done old Major no harm by lighting so persistently on his already thickened coat, but its presence served the driver an excellent turn.

"I declare, I do feel glad to be out-of-door to-day," said the farmer, quite himself again. "I've been under cover

seeing to the fruit, and so on, and I begun to feel sort of hustled. You brought along something besides this little cape o' yours, did n't you, sister? We're likely to have it cooler down to the shore. I declare, this is a sightly place!" and he stopped the horse at the top of a hill, under a great maple-tree, while a flock of the early fallen leaves came racing toward them along the ground, like a crowd of children at play. "There, you get a plain view here, if you do anywhere; the country lays itself out like a map. See the shipping down Westmarket way. The masts are in thick as bean-poles, all ready to take a lot of poor fellows out an' sink 'em," the old landsman grumbled, as he looked toward the white town clustered about a distant harbor side.

"I never noticed before what a little ways it is from home right across. It can't be half so far as it is by the nearest road," said Doris, as they went on again. "See, father, you get across our marsh, and then row over to the great white beach, and cross the sand heaps to the back river, and go up over the quarry hills and right down into Westmarket!"

"I have followed that road many a time, when I was younger," answered Mr. Owen, turning to look back at the lowlands. "I used to think 't was a good deal farther than need be, too, when I was travelin' back and forwards from the harbor, courtin' your mother. The folks at home thought I was n't old enough to know my own mind, and did n't favor us no great;" and Israel Owen smiled with an unforgotten sense of triumph, while Doris grew sober again. It had been very comfortable to forget herself for a few minutes.

"Somehow, everything looks pleasant to-day," she said. "Perhaps you'll get through in time to go to Westmarket. I want to do some shopping, and mother always likes to hear from there."

"The days aren't so long as they have been," said the farmer sagely. "We'll see what we can do, Doris," and presently they were in the lower country again.

It was a famous day for crows: from one field after another a flight of them took heavily to their wings, and, as if unwillingly, mounted to the higher air. They cawed loudly, and appeared to have business of a public nature on hand. Some were migrating, and others were contemptuously rebuking these wanderers and making their arrangements to winter in their familiar woods: it was all a great chatter and clatter and commotion. The affairs of human beings were but trivial in comparison. Helpless creatures, who crept to and fro on the face of the earth, and were drawn about by captive animals of lesser intellect, were not worth noticing, and the great black birds sailed magnificently down the sky, with the fresh breeze cool in their beaks and the sunlight shining on their sombre wings. Whatever might be said of their morals, they were masters of the air, and could fly, while men could not. Doris watched them with childlike pleasure; the home people had always laughed at her fancy for the crows ever since she could remember.

The end of the journey was reached; the business talk was promptly begun, and, finding that the owners of the great house had gone away to town, Doris left the wagon, and went strolling toward the shore. The noise of the sea sounded louder and nearer than usual, as if a storm were coming or the tide just turning; the gray snow-birds were fluttering and calling one another in the thickets, as she went by. It was not the first time that she had driven to this place with her father. He had sold hay here for many years, and the Marsh Island was one of the reservoirs upon which the luxurious housekeeping depended for its supplies. The people themselves

sometimes came over to the farm, and there was a pleasant bond of interest and respect between the two families. Mrs. Owen had fretted and planned about Doris's appearance, but the girl herself was glad when she saw the great house deserted and in winter order, though she looked at it with a new curiosity and eagerness which she could hardly have explained.

The horse had been fastened and the two men had disappeared before Doris was fairly across the lawn, and she was glad enough. She liked the freedom of her solitary ramble, and presently went round to the side of the house next the sea, and seated herself on the broad balustrade, among the frost-bitten vines that had shaded and adorned the wide piazza all summer. Below, on a terrace, the hardier flowers were still blooming, and she wondered that any home could seem more enticing than this. It had almost an appealing look to her, with its deserted garden and so noble an outlook and surrounding. She never had felt so close a sympathy with this more involved and complex mode of existence. This all belonged in a way to Mr. Dale, and was familiar to him; it was the sort of life he had always lived, and she was familiar with Mr. Dale.

A quick flush showed itself for a moment on her cheek, as she spoke his name in her thoughts. She looked along the house front, and rose to peep wistfully in at the heart-shaped hole of the nearest window shutter; but this was not the most satisfactory thing in the world, and she turned to break a blossoming tendrill of the late morning-glories that had sheltered themselves under the cornice. Then she went down the steps that were littered with fallen leaves, and along the path that led to the cliffs and the sea. The great hemlocks and pines had conquered their territory, and stood strong and vigorous among the ledges; the barberry bushes were bright with fruit, and the song

sparrows played at summer sports and kept a famous holiday. Doris stopped in the tennis court to hear them sing, and looked round delightedly at the quaint place, with its high walls of the rough stone of the hill on three sides, and the fading hollyhocks that had stood discreetly back out of the way of the players all summer. The grass was smooth and as green as ever; a tall poplar that stood on the ledge above had been dropping down some of its yellow leaves, and the warm sunshine was filling every corner of the windless pleasure-ground. Nothing had ever spoken so plainly to this girl of the pursuit of amusement which belongs to many lives. She thought with almost contempt of the idle ways of rich people, having been brought face to face with a sterner fashion of things; and then a more generous sense of the added care and responsibility of such householding as this made her go on her way bewildered and yet contented. Just beyond Doris found a seat for herself on the brown pine needles, beside a great green juniper, where she could look down over the rocks and see the white waves come tumbling in from the open sea. One might say of her that she had been confronted with a materialization of her vague ambitions and hopes, and that these shapes of luxury and worldly consequence were by no means without power. The crows kept up a desperate argument with each other overhead, and for the first time in her life Doris thought them too clamorous and obtrusive, as they balanced themselves clumsily on the high branches of the pine-trees. What should she do, — or rather, what was going to be done with her? Her life was not familiar and easily lived any more, poor Doris! She shrank from the great blue sea as if it were her own future of surprise and uncertainty; the friendly country-side of her childhood all lay behind her. She felt as if she were on the verge of a greater sea, which

might prove either wonderful happiness or bitter misery; and confused and dismayed by her loyalty to both her lovers, she hid her face in her hands. If she only knew what to do! Yet it was too plain that she must and could do nothing. Poor Dan! — and she rose quickly to her feet, frightened at the first sober thought of him. Nothing should make her hurt his feelings again; there was a great gulf between her and the realization of such silly dreams of splendor. Dan was part of herself, and closer than she knew to all her pleasure. An odd, choking tenderness possessed her at the remembrance of his words the last time they had been together. No matter if there were somebody by to hear, the very next time she saw Dan she would tell him how it happened that she came home in the boat with Mr. Dale Sunday morning. Dan would be sure to come round; he never had been so bad-tempered before, and his fits of anger, ever since she could remember, had been quick to come and quick to go. Dan's honest cheerfulness, his generosity, his merry laughter, were much more familiar than this late uncharacteristic behavior. The situation already seemed less tragical, and by the time her father came to look for her Doris was quite herself again.

Mr. Owen had evidently made a good bargain without any painful preliminaries or opposition, for he was in excellent spirits, and exchanged time-honored jokes with his patron on the propriety of hauling the hay in wet weather, to make it weigh more. The guardian of the place looked at Doris with undisguised admiration, and at parting presented her with a noble bunch of hot-house grapes.

"He makes a sight of money there," said the farmer, as they drove away toward Westmarket. "He's a single man, too," and crafty Israel stole a sly look at his daughter to see if she were displeased, whereupon she laughed aloud,

in spite of herself, her hopes and fears, and even her grave responsibilities. All the way to Westmarket they talked with great freedom and satisfaction, and each apparently forgot the constraint that had bound them earlier in the day. They visited a cousin in the town, and enjoyed better than usual the brief association with a more bustling life than was known within the farm limits. Doris's father inclined toward lavish generosity when they were in the shops together, and seemed as pleased as a boy with the holiday. There was a new schooner lying at one of the wharves near the street, and he stopped the horse to take a good look at the pretty craft, with her clean white sails and unused rigging. There were men busy aloft, and hurrying to and fro on the deck. "Seems to me they're in a great drive," said the farmer. "She won't look so smart when they git her back here, if ever. Doris, another year I should n't wonder if you and me and mother went to New York, or somewheres off. She's always desirin' to travel, mother is, and I don't know but 't would keep the barnacles off of us. Young Dale was saying the other day that whenever I'd come he'd show me all round everywhere, and make me enjoy myself the best he could. What do you say now?" and without waiting for an answer to his enthusiastic proposal, the good man started his horse quickly up the street, as if that were the first stage of such an eminent journey.

XX.

Supper was an unusually grave occasion that evening, and somehow everybody was made to feel responsible for the general infelicity. Mr. Owen alone made gallant attempts to be cheerful and talkative, but his wife did not come to the table at all, being pretentiously busy in the outer kitchen, and still in that

frame of mind which did not invite friendly intercourse. The artist had been far afield all the afternoon, but, contrary to his usual habit, he put away his sketches without displaying them, and came down from the studio after dark, looking quite frost-bitten. The weather had grown very bleak and cold toward night, and the farmer several times bewailed the effect of a possible black frost upon his ungathered fruit. There was, altogether, a disheartening suggestion of approaching winter, and even the door of the outer kitchen, which Mrs. Owen kept throwing open in a willful, aggressive way, admitted a provoking draught of chilly air.

If Doris were chief offender of the family peace, her companions could not find it hard to be forgiving: she never had been more appealing in her gentleness and power of attraction. The bit of morning-glory vine still clung to her belt; the leaves were hardly wilted, and the lamp-light brought out a faint fleck of color on one of the crumpled blossoms. She felt a strange sense of security, as if she had come to a quiet place in the current which had so lately swept her along and beaten her to and fro. This evening was like a peaceful reach of still water; indeed, her thoughts kept wandering back to the quiet August night when she had waited for the hay-makers at the landing-place, before the first sign had been given of any misunderstanding between Dan and herself. The soft air, the faint color of the western sky, the sweet notes of the thrushes, — she remembered everything with a glow of pleasure, and smiled more than once unconsciously. The slight change and restfulness of the holiday had done her good, and Dick thought she had not looked so serene and untroubled for many an evening before. Her father gave a pleased glance at Doris from time to time, after he had wisely relapsed into silence. He ate his supper with an excellent appetite; but Dale felt himself

upon the brink of a crisis, and pushed back his chair presently without a word, and went into the clock-room. Temperance made great eyes at the half-opened door, and shook her head as if in mournful foreboding; while Israel Owen gave a reproachful look in his wife's direction, as if to say accusingly that she had been destroying the household peace and harmony in his absence. In this disagreeable moment of suspense and uncertainty Temperance took a candle from the high mantelpiece, and disappeared down the cellar stairs; raising a hymn as she went, as if to protect her from evil spirits on her way. The farmer and Doris looked at each other with amused sympathy; there was something so absurdly unnecessary and incongruous in the outburst of psalmody. Temperance must have had the boldness of a pirate, but it was impossible for two of her audience not to accept the diversion with gratitude.

The light from the kitchen shone bright into the clock-room, where there was only a newly kindled fire on the hearth of the Franklin stove, and Dick summoned his host to join him in a comforting evening smoke. It was a serious loss that they could no longer keep each other company on the side-door step, and their conversation had become more conventional since they had been shut within four walls. The farmer was always sympathetic in his moods, and tilted himself backward in his chair now, while they both looked toward the kitchen; it may have been that one was as glad as the other when Doris flitted before the doorway. "Where's Jim Fales?" they heard her say; and a surly voice from the outer kitchen made a mysterious reply. If the listeners had only known it, Dan Lester's most ardent champion at present was the mistress of the Marsh Island. She was indignant with everybody, but most of all with Doris, and she said to herself, with ever-increasing decision, that the poor fellow

should have his rights. There were no half-way measures with Martha Owen.

"You should come on and make us a visit in the winter," Israel Owen was saying to his guest. "I tell you we keep amazin' warm and comfortable here, to what some folks can."

"Warm!" exclaimed Mrs. Owen, who looked in disapprovingly at that moment. "I should think you had been burning up the chopping-block now. I'm all of a roast." Dick did not know why, but he had never had such a consciousness of being a foreigner as that night; he was like a cinder in the family eye, and it winked and winked, in the hope of dismissing him. He even felt like an interloper suddenly discovered at the meeting of a secret society. They were all linked together by their prejudices and interests, after all, these friendly Owens, and would no more lend themselves for his idle observation and picture-making, being intent upon their own more important concerns. He, Dick Dale, was out of place; but where was his place? What had been the use of him, and what would be his fate? A man who has been led and encouraged by fortune to complacently avail himself of all sorts of rights and favors is suddenly brought face to face with his duties: what then? Dick, who had always thought a great deal of what he meant to do, was forced to contemplate with great dismay the things he had not done. Fortune had unkindly deserted him, and left him in deep water, after a preliminary most inadequate swimming lesson. He was sensitive to such convicting moods and misgivings, and suffered deeply when the demands of life and reproaches of conscience showed him his shortcomings. He had not aimed at reaching one goal,—there had seemed rather to be a succession of goals; and happily at this point there dawned upon his mind a suspicion that all these were simply stations on his great highway, and perhaps he was going in the right

direction, after all. That very day a letter had come from Bradish, announcing that he and a few comrades would join Dick at the Marsh Island for a week. There was yet time for such a pilgrimage. They could catch the last tints of the autumn foliage, and no doubt on such marshes there was the best of gunning. In the time of coots, therefore, and of ducks and snipe, they might be expected. Of course the cheerful farmer would stow them away somewhere, and they would not steal Dale's material; they would only look him over, and have a jolly week together. Dick had already answered such inflammatory proposals; he had sent Jim Fales away, on his own responsibility, to the nearest post-office with the letter. To-morrow he would dismantle the spinning-room studio, and the next day he would go back to town; and so this good time would be over with. No doubt the fellows would make it an excuse for a supper when he put in an appearance, and a sickening dislike to the aimless, silly routine of existence possessed this young man whom almost everybody envied and admired. Then Dick lifted his head, and, with his eyes a little dazzled by looking at the glowing coals of the fire, took a good view of the old-fashioned room. The farmer was dozing in the high-backed rocking-chair at his side. Temperance and Doris had joined them, and were talking together in low tones by the lamp. Oh, that beautiful Doris! The truth was that he felt powerless to keep the reins of his self-control; it was all nonsense to pretend to himself that he must think about it more, and go away from her to make sure. He belonged here as much as anywhere, and he could not make a fool of himself any longer. The shape of her head was something exquisite; the sound of her voice thrilled him through and through, and he grew unbearably impatient. No more meditation and philosophy and vague plans for him, with such a woman

as this, such a love as theirs might be! No; he would stay until Doris said she would give herself to him, and then they would go out into the wide world together. Here she would be undeveloped on every side save that of the affections, but he could give her the sort of life for which nature had made her fit. One thing had been proved to him by his short absence: that he longed to see her again, and longed to put her in her rightful place, among the books and pictures and silks, among the thoughtful, beauty-loving, and progressive people with whom his own life had been associated. He did not know that Doris herself had been thinking of many things that very day, as she sat on the step of the great house, with the sound of the sea in her ears. He would not have been willing to believe that her serenity to-night came from her decision, instinctive as it was, and almost unrecognized, that she did not belong to the existence or the surroundings so familiar to him, — that there was an unlikeness which never could be bridged over between her and himself.

But some unsilenced monitor kept soberly telling Dick Dale to wait, something kept holding him back; a lack of trust in his own sincerity stung this flower of passion at its heart, and it was already beginning to fade. He had spent a miserable day, poor Dick, as must any man who fears that his love may prove his fall. As for the man who through his love had hoped to rise, he also had been wretched. Doris, the woman around whom so much revolved, on whom so much depended, seemed calm enough; but who knows what knowledge of being a pivot, what fixity and steadfastness, were almost dulling her sense of responsibility! She felt her heart beat heavily at every sound from without the house. It was impossible that Dan should not come that night; she had such a sense of his presence that at one moment she was impelled to go out un-

der the willow boughs and find him there waiting in the darkness, wishing only for her, and dreading to come in to meet her where the others would watch them curiously. But how late it was growing! What could be keeping him! At last, in her excitement and suspense, she rose, as if the room were too hot, and went to the side-doorway. Indeed, there was a step close by, and Doris started back. "Oh, Jim Fales, is that you?" she said sharply, a moment afterward, and went on to the kitchen, where her mother sat in surly silence, mending the family stockings, which service she never allowed any one else to perform, and always did herself as if it were a penance.

Jim Fales came blundering in with an air of great consequence, and threw his hat on the floor, beside the chair which he drew before the kitchen stove. "Got some news now, I guess," he announced, looking at Martha Owen, who did not vouchsafe the slightest notice of him. "I heard as I come along that Dan Lester's been and shipped for the Banks. They was short o' hands for that new schooner that's just rigged and ready, and he up and said he wanted to go a v'y'ge. If I wa'n't promised here I do' know but I'd gone along too," and Jim looked round, slightly dismayed by the silence of his audience. Temperance was standing in the doorway behind him, casting glances at Doris, who looked shocked and white. "I see Dan myself, as I come along," said Jim, as if he had kept the best of his news to the last. Mrs. Owen had condescended to lay her stocking down. "He had been home to say good-by to the old lady, I expect. Don't know how he settled with her; she always has been so against his follerin' the sea, they said. P'r'aps he was here earlier?" asked the lad suddenly, with a crestfallen countenance. It would be a dreadful blow if he were telling an old story, after all.

"No," said Temperance briskly; and

everybody was grateful to her for not being stricken with speechlessness, — "no, we've seen nothing of him hereabouts. When d' you hear they was going to sail?"

"Quick's they can git away; some said 't was to-morrow mornin' at day-break," — and Doris turned her face toward the window. "Oh, Dan, Dan!" she thought, as if calling his name in such an agony of pity and remorse would be enough to bring him back again.

"The hoss was peltin' right along, I tell you," pursued Jim Fales. "'Where ye goin'?' says I, and he kind of hauled up and went slow for a minute. 'That you?' says he, and I says Yes; and he waited, kind of, and then says he, 'How's all the folks?' and I told him we was smart, and asked him when he calc'lated Bangs's schooner was goin' to sail; and he says to-morrow, early. They wanted to get her off by daybreak, if 't was so they could. He was goin' right over then; he'd promised to do a little job for the cap'n before they went to sea. 'T was only a minute he stopped, and then drove right along. Gorry! I wished I'd asked him who he was goin' to let keep his hoss. I'd rather have that colt than any I see go by. 'T ain't none o' your Canady lunkheads, that colt ain't!"

But nobody responded to Jim's enthusiasm. Dick Dale followed the farmer to the kitchen, after a minute's reflection and an unworthy feeling of elation and of triumph over his rival. "Dear, dear!" said Mr. Owen ruefully, as if to Dick alone. "Hot haste makes a long road back. Well, 't is a great pity. I would n't have believed Dan could be such a fool. He's master of a good trade to help him out, and he's got good prospects ashore, but he's of a mind to throw 'em to the four winds, — that's plain."

Martha Owen looked at nobody, and drudged away at her stocking. Dale

knew that he was unwelcome. He meekly went back to the clock-room, and listened with a sense of personal responsibility to the murmur of voices which began directly after Jim Fales's heavy boots had been dropped behind the stove, and he had gone softly up the back stairs to bed. Jim must be up early in the morning, in these cider-making days. There was something absurd in the lack of disguise as to the state of affairs. In a city household there would have been a thin icing of general conversation over the dangerous depths of such a misfortune, but here the stranger was not considered, and indeed was made to feel his evident agency in bringing about the disaster. "I don't care who hears me," said his hostess once, in a raised voice, which came as straight to Dick's ears as if there had been no others on the way: "Dan ought n't to have been drove away from his rights. He's just come into a handsome property in the West, and nobody knows whether there'll be a straw of it left when he gets back, if ever he does;" and at this point somebody—Dick thought it might be Doris herself—came nearer, and shut the kitchen door.

Dick was thoroughly uncomfortable. He was ashamed to quietly disappear, and hide himself in his bed at that early hour. He took one of his own books from the table, and tried to read; but the situation was too startling a combination of tragedy and comedy. It was something, however, to preserve the appearance of a devotion to literature when Temperance reappeared. She looked at him as if he were a blameless but mistaken baby, who had played with matches and beggared its family. When Mr. Richard Dale tried to behave as if nothing had happened, and, looking at his own sketch of the young soldier which hung on the wall before him, ventured at last to say that the younger Israel must have been a fine fellow and a terrible loss, Temperance clicked her

knitting-needles vindictively, and made no reply.

"It is a glorious thing to die for one's country," Dale added pensively; and this brought his companion to an expression of her opinion. "That's what everybody s'posed they must remark," she snapped; "but I called it a darned shame, and I always shall:" whereupon Dick took up his book again to conceal his not uncomfortable revulsion of feeling. He wished, and yet he feared, to see Doris again that night; but she did not appear, and after lingering a while this unhappy stranger and foreigner took a candle and departed. The old clock ticked in a more leisurely fashion than ever that night, as if to keep a check upon the excited household. It had measured off sadder hours than these many times over. Life should not be spoiled by haste or waste; to-morrow would be a new day. Some younger timekeepers might be saying, Hurry, hurry! but this was one that said, Wait, wait!

XXI.

Doris never had known so long a night. Her poor eyes were worn out with tears, for she accused herself a hundred times of being wholly to blame. She had not meant to be faithless or provoking, and yet she had brought down such calamity upon everybody. She tried to think over Dan's grievances as he had evidently seen them, but she failed to convict herself of any real fault. She liked Mr. Dale; she enjoyed the pleasantness and novelty of the new interests his coming had brought. She had dreamed a little, as girls will, of her future if she should love him. There had been times when she did not shrink from the new atmosphere that had surrounded the young artist and herself, and the remembrance of one moment under the beech-tree would always keep a tender place for him in her heart.

But she knew now once for all that she never could belong to anybody but Dan, and Dan was angry with her; he was putting his dear life in peril all for a foolish mistake. The girl was long at her prayers in the cold little chamber. She shivered and cried. She feared, as she never had feared anything before, that this handsome, reckless fellow would be drowned, if he went to sea. She remembered his sad old mother, and grew every hour more alarmed and hopeless. At last she thought of a plan, — or to her it was like the bidding of an angel: she would go herself to Westmarket in the morning, and find Dan Lester, and beg him to stay at home.

The moonlight was clear and bright, and many times Doris looked out of her narrow window to see if there were any signs of dawn. She must get to the schooner by daylight, if she were to be in time. They would be likely to sail at high water from that wharf, for the harbor was shallow near by. She counted the hours, and laid her plan with the intensity of one out of her reason; though once, when from very weariness the exigency of it faded away, it seemed to poor Doris as if the punishment for her fault and foolishness were out of all proportion to its deserts. And if Dan were so unreasonable and jealous the worst was his own. The next minute a sense of his great love, a love that had always been growing, and of his bitter disappointment made her cry with pity for him and for herself. How could they live through so many wretched, silent weeks apart! Perhaps these fishermen, like many others, would never be heard from after they left port; for many a schooner, Doris knew, had been ploughed under by the great prow of a steamship, its little light gone out through carelessness, and the sleeping men drowned in the sea and lost, as if it were a bad dream of danger mingled with their dreams of home.

It was still night when Doris left her comfortless bed, and stepping carefully about the room, so that she would wake nobody, dressed herself in her warmest clothes. Her heart was breaking with fear and shame together. She had determined at last not to wake her father or Jim, to beg them to go with her to Westmarket; neither would she wait even to drive along the highway, as if this were any other errand. The remembrance of the shorter distance across the marshes to the town filled her mind wholly. It was already four o'clock; she had heard the great timekeeper count it out slowly, and there was not a minute to lose. Enough time had been wasted already in fruitless self-reproaches and bewailings, and the relief of action under so great sense of disaster was a blessing in itself. A little later the girl was fairly out-of-doors, — outside the silent house, outside all protection and precedent also, as if she had been launched off the face of this familiar earth, and must find her way un welcomed and unheralded through space.

The frost had fallen, and glistened white along the trodden pathway that led up through the dooryard. The window of the spinning-room caught the moonlight, and flashed in her face as she passed by; and Doris turned once and looked at the old house, as if she were asking forgiveness, and wondering if life would ever be the same to her after this dreadful night. She thought of her soldier brother, and wondered, too, if he had not sometimes been brave alone at night, like this, and so would keep her company in love and pity. Oh, there were so many reasons why she must get to Dan in time! Everybody would guess his reason for going; everybody would talk of it, and laugh, and watch her until he came back, and blame her forever, for his poor mother's sake, if he were lost. In time of war and peril women had done such things as this, but Doris could not think of

herself as heroic. She only repented the sins for which she must be blamed if she did not get to Westmarket before the schooner sailed. Out of her quiet life and simple thoughts, troubled with sorrow and pain of the keenest sort, she hurried away into the night. After one great shiver she did not feel cold again, but hurried, hurried, over the crisp gray grass, down across the long, clean-swept field, where the moon, sinking low in the sky, hindered her with a trailing shadow that seemed to delay her more and more.

There was a high tide of treacherous-looking water, and when she came to the brink of it she stopped an instant, as if hesitating. The creek was wide here, and it never had looked half so far across; but Doris went carefully along the shore until she came to an old boat, which had been on many an errand, but never in all its life had carried a young girl alone on a night like this. Before long she was afloat. The boat leaked and went heavily; the oars that she had pulled from their familiar hiding-place were short and heavy, and splintering at their handles. But Doris rowed as if this were a race, and looked often over her shoulder, until at last she heard the dry sedges of the farther shore rustle and bend, and she could step on dry land and be on her way again.

The dawn was glimmering in the east; the moon was almost down; the whole country lay dead and still, as if it would not live again with the morning. Beyond the marshes which Doris must cross there were great drifts of bleached white sand, as if the ghosts of the night had transformed the world to their color, and it had hardly regained its own again. It was a dead fragment of the world, at any rate, — a field where little grew that needed more than rain and air. Doris kept her eyes fixed on the sand dunes, and they appeared to recede as she advanced, mocking her like

a mirage, and at last coming close when she thought they were still far away. At length her feet stumbled in the white, shifting, slipping heaps, and she toiled and crept upon them, so slowly, so disappointingly; for they seemed to be planted there as a barrier, raised by enchantment. Alas! this night was all enchantment. Where was the sunshiny yesterday, when she had been secure and peaceful, and almost happy, when one compared those hours with these?

The sky was clear in the east, and fast growing brighter; but each way Doris looked, there was only this desert waste of sand, white as bone, deep and bewildering, and the coarse grass and hungry heather clung to the higher heaps of it here and there. It was like a picture of the misery and emptiness of the girl's future, if her lover went away to sea. For the first time she grew afraid, and her strength left her suddenly, while she looked ahead to where, across more sand and more water and a long slope of upland pastures, the spires of Westmarket were already catching the color of the sunrise. Beside her were some old apple-trees that the shifting dunes had waged war against and defeated. They were discouraged and forlorn in their desolation, like the fig tree that was cursed. Doris looked pityingly at their dead leaves and mossy tangle of branches; and at that moment a withered, pathetic mockery of fruit fell on the sand at her feet. It was like a conscious gift from these outlawed growths; it somehow gave her a bit of sympathy. Did they indeed know the bitterness of loneliness and the withdrawal of everything that makes life comfortable and dear? They had been walled in and condemned to death, the poor trees, though away in the world people were making merry fearlessly under the same great empty sky.

As the light grew clearer little tracks of birds and small wild creatures could be seen on the drifted sand. Once

Doris surprised a fox that was stealing along through the hollows of the dunes. He was hardly startled; he only changed his course a little, and went gliding down toward the marshes, with his brush trailing after him. Doris felt as if she were a wild creature, too. She tried to remind herself of other days than this, to keep her wits together. She wondered once, if she should faint and fall here, how long it would be before any one would come and find her, or if they had missed her yet; her mother and Temperance would be sure to wake her early on this unhappy morning. She thought of herself as if she were still at home in her warm bed under the blue and white counterpane. She dreaded the sound of heavy footsteps in the entry outside. They might leave her to herself that one day, until Mr. Dale and Jim, and even her father, were out of the house. And all the while she was flitting on, on, over the white desert, with a chill autumn sky above her, with a fox and the wondering birds of the air for company.

When she gained the shore of the last inlet, all seemed lost! She had not thought how she could cross there; and she stopped still and looked about her, hoping in vain to see a boat. It was too late to retrace her steps, and go round by the neck of land that joined the sand wastes to some marshes and the mainland; and she sat down, and covered her face with her hands. The tears would come, because she was so tired and so desperate; she had not thought of crying before, but now it was a great comfort. "O God, help me!" said poor Doris, over and over again, and for one moment Dick Dale's eyes looked into hers again, with that same dazzle. If he were only here, he would help her, — anything would be better than this. He was so gentle! But her thoughts went roving away again to her own dear Dan. How many things she had learned of Mr. Dale

which she could do for him by and by! Dan would like to have the house pleasant. Dan had a pretty taste, and his mother had always said that his fingers were as quick as a woman's. She should always be sorry that he had not seen Mr. Dale's pictures; he would have liked them better than anybody. Oh, if she were only at home! She never could go all the way back, and they would hunt for her soon, and grow frightened when she could not be found. How could she face them all when she got home? By that time Dan would be out of the harbor. How could he be so angry! — and Doris wished she could die there, and never open her eyes again upon this miserable world.

As the sun rose, a weather-beaten boat, with two boys for crew, came down the river. They were enjoying a stolen pleasure, and it was not surprising to them that in a time of such excitement and tremendous consequence a strange young woman, with a white, scared face, should call to them from the farther shore and ask to be set across. Their cheerful voices and red cheeks and their air of mystery and adventure did Doris good, and she put them on the track of the fox with their clumsy gun, and wished them a fine day's sport. They looked at her furtively as they tugged the old boat through the water; they watched her quickly climb the low hill that rose between them and the town.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning at last, — just the day to begin a voyage. The blue sea sparkled, and dazzled the eyes that looked eastward from the high ground, from whence one could overlook the village roofs and chimneys, with the line of masts between them and the narrow harbor beyond. At one place and another there were white sails hoisted, and a fleet of fishing-smacks were making ready to go out with the tide. As the wives and mothers of the fishermen were astir early in the little town, some of them tearful enough already, they

might have seen a slender figure making its way to the shore. They did not know what a fear-stricken, heavy heart was passing by their windows, or how much need of comfort the young stranger had that morning. Would she be too late, after all? Was Dan beyond her reach even now? The schooners would drift quickly away from their moorings, the sails unfurl themselves to the fresh westerly breeze. Unless she could hurry along the harbor side and put off in a dory, there was no chance left, and a vision of the mocking faces of the sailors, and even of Dan's displeasure, made Doris hesitate for one dismayed instant; then she hurried on again. The street looked endlessly long; she felt as if she were in a nightmare, and a dreadful dullness made her go more and more slowly. At last she came near the wharf; round the next corner she could see —

"Doris! Here, *Doris!*" and for a minute the girl looked bewildered, and the light faded in her eyes. Somebody was coming across the street, also to make his way down the lane that led to the water-side. Could it be Dan himself, in his every-day clothes? There never was a stranger sight; and yet this was truly Dan, not gone to sea at all. Were they there, where nobody was watching them, instead of at the harbor, where people could flout at such a scene?

"Oh, Dan," said the girl faintly, "please take me home as quick as you can. I thought you — Jim Fales said you were going to the George's Banks. I did n't mean to make you feel bad" —

"Take right hold of my arm," said Dan. "Come, we'd better go home, Doris," as if she had been a child. "I love the ground you step on, darlin'. How did you get over here this time o' day? I" — But Dan faltered, and could say no more. He thought it would never do for him to cry there in the street, even if Doris were dragged and wet, and looked so pinched and cold; even,

as he knew a little later, if she had come across the marshes, Heaven only knew how, for his unworthy sake.

XXII.

When the lovers drove into the farmhouse yard, they were greeted with mingled expressions of relief and astonishment. Dan was instantly received as a member of the family, for it was unmistakable that the young folks had in some way or other "made it up between them." "I must say you have led us a pretty dance," Mrs. Owen said, with a cheerful, bantering air, to her daughter. "We never missed you till just now. I thought likely you was sleeping late, after driving so far yesterday. Now, Dan, I hope Doris and your mother together have persuaded you out o' such schoolboy nonsense as goin' fishin'?" There could be detected a slight impatience with the girl, who was believed to have stolen away so early in the morning to join forces with her lover's mother. Mrs. Owen herself would never have stooped to such a thing, but this was no time to make a bad impression upon so prosperous and evidently victorious a son-in-law. She had been too fearful of losing him the night before.

Doris stole upstairs, grateful and bewildered, but longing only to be quiet for a while. She felt as if she had left the familiar room years ago instead of a few hours, all life was so changed. The sweet warmth of the sun was pouring in at the window; some late flies buzzed at the panes, as if they wished to escape and share the freedom of the bright October day. Doris heard her lover's voice now and then. It seemed like a Sunday morning out-of-doors. Her thoughts went backward with wonder and delight, finding in every memory some proof and assurance that she and Dan were born to love each other. Their happiness had suddenly burst into

bloom; but for all that, the flower's roots had been growing unseen in the darkness, and even the misunderstanding, of the past.

Later, with an air of unusual hilarity, Temperance went out to meet Jim Fales, as he came loitering home from the pasture and a prolonged experience of salting sheep. "Jim Fales," she inquired, with mysterious deference, "I s'pose you don't know of a wanderin' minister of the Orthodox persuasion anywhere about?"

"Lor', yes," said Jim promptly, equal to a joke, but puzzling his brains for the meaning of this. "Got occasion for one right away, Temperance? Who've you picked out since I've been gone?" while at that moment his eyes fell upon Israel Owen and Dan Lester, who were leaning over the garden fence together in friendly intercourse.

Temperance gave an emphatic nod, as her colleague opened his eyes very wide and whistled a wild note; then she turned back toward the house, wearing her most circumspect expression. Her great checked apron fluttered and bulged in the breeze; she seemed to be looking down intently at some white geese feathers that had caught in the dry grass stalks, and were floating lightly like tiny flags of truce. One of the cats came running to meet her. Mrs. Owen was standing in the kitchen doorway, very amiable and friendly, it was plain to see, and offering no apparent objections to a good talk. Young Fales directed his footsteps toward the barn door, where he had observed the wheels of Lester's buggy, and there he passed a season of wonder and enjoyment. The vehicle bore traces of having been driven at uncommon speed, and the horse, a swift young creature, was drooping his head, and still breathing faster than usual. "Here's some of that blamed red mud that comes from most over to West-market," meditated the curious lad.

"He's given up goin' fishin', that's plain enough;" and Jim wandered into the kitchen, brimful of sincere interest and good-will, only to be promptly dismissed by Martha Owen, and blamed for hanging round at that time in the morning, when there was everything to be done. "Ain't he goin' to sea?" asked the lad, with uncalled-for sympathy in his tone, and the two women smiled at each other.

"I guess he was only talkin' about it," volunteered Temperance, evidently much amused; but Mrs. Owen gravely explained that Dan's mother was set against it from the first, and Dan himself gave up the notion when he came to find out what kind of a crew they'd shipped.

The triumphant lover stayed to dinner, and that was a day of high festival at the farm, although there were few outward signs of the satisfaction and rejoicing. After a short absence Dan returned with his mother, both dressed in their best, and there was much hand-shaking among the men and a few kisses and tears to show the women's approval. Nobody spoke directly of the great event,—perhaps the Marsh Island's vocabulary did not contain any form of speech for such deep thoughts; but the little group talked together about Dan's Western prospects, as if they were one family already in very truth. Mr. Dale was not slow to offer his congratulations. He tried to forget that there had been the slightest cloud of discomfort over the sky; he imagined that he found it very charming at the studio, and that it seemed more like the first part of his residence on the island than the last. Dick was very sympathetic: he could not help being glad that everybody else was so happy, and there was a certain sort of relief in finding that there was no serious decision to be made, after all, and that he had been mistaken in his consciousness of an uncommon responsibility and need of action. He could not

bear the thought of Doris's narrow future; perhaps, if the truth were told, he was more concerned for her sake than for his own. And yet —

At supper-time Dick expressed much sorrow to his entertainers because he could not linger a week later. He should like to carry away a sketch or two of the cider-making, having just passed the press at their neighbor Bennet's, and joined the friendly company that surrounded it. He was deeply touched when Mr. Owen turned to him, with an affectionate look, and said, "I must say I hate to part with you, my lad."

"I expect he'll be a great man one of these days," added Mrs. Owen politely. "You must always make it your home here, if you come this way, Mr. Dale. You must n't get to feelin' above us." After this it seemed to Dick as if the sooner he were gone the better.

That afternoon, as he was putting his sketches together in the spinning-room, he thought a good deal about Doris. He had not seen her since the day before, but he had won a confession of her morning journey from the wistful old father, who alternated complete delight with compassion for even the happy young people themselves. "They don't know life as I know it. But I've calculated for a considerable spell on havin' Dan take holt of the farm. He could n't help weepin', Dan could n't, — an' I don't know 's I blame him, — when he was tellin' how Doris come after him. He made me promise that I nor nobody else should n't ever hint a word about it to her."

Dick nodded. There was no use in saying that he believed the beautiful girl capable of any heroism and masterly scope of achievement, as he knew her equality to all refinements and tenderness. He was bitterly ashamed of his deliberations. He wished more than ever that a strong tide might have assailed him and swept him off the shore where mistaken reason or any aspect of worldli-

ness had given insecure foothold. Doris had seemed younger than her years, and had painted herself upon his consciousness in pale colors and faint though always perfectly defined outlines. But his old knowledge of her seemed now as the enthusiasm and eagerness of a first sketch does to the dignity and fine assertion of a finished picture. One could say easily that Doris and Dan Lester were destined for each other, and console one's self by thinking there was never any chance to win. Alas for those who let the golden moment pass, — who let the gate of opportunity be shut in their faces, while they wait before it trying to muster favoring conditions, or argument and authority, like an army with banners to escort them through.

Farmer Owen thought that Dick looked a good deal older than when he came, as he shook hands with the young man and said good-by. "There, it always seemed more like having a girl about than a man," said the mistress of the Marsh Island, as she watched the wagon, already almost out of sight far down the road. "I expect we shall miss him considerable, he was so pleasant. I believe he took to Doris more 'n he 'd let on. I should n't wonder if he sent her somethin' real handsome for a wedding present."

"He won't never set the river afire," said Temperance, whose countenance wore a most regretful and sentimental expression. "He wants to have all the town ladders out to git him over a grain o' sand."

"I tell you he's got good grit, now!" exclaimed Mr. Owen fiercely; "there's more to him than you think for. He ain't got a brow an' eye so like pore Israel's all for nothin'. He promised he 'd write an' tell me when he 'd been an' voted to this next election, too," added the farmer, who was a conscientious politician. "No wonder the country's been gain' to the dogs, when such folks don't

think it's wuth their while to take holt." But as the little company separated each could have told the other that Dick's going away reminded them of a far sadder day, not many years before.

XXIII.

"Good-morning, my melancholy Jaques!" said Mr. Bradish, a day or two afterward, looking up from his easel at a friend who had strayed into the studio as if he had left it only an hour or two before. "Are you sure there was no malaria in your paradise?"

Bradish was a sedate-looking young gentleman, with a roundish head, and short black hair, and pathetic brown eyes. He almost never laughed, he rarely even smiled, but he was always called the prince of good fellows by his comrades. There is a well-known chemical process, called the action of presence, where a certain substance produces a radical change in others, but remains unaffected itself. Bradish could make everybody else laugh and take a cheerful view of life. You smiled at the mere sight of him, as if he were some great comedian. At that moment his financial affairs had reached an unprecedented crisis, and he rejoiced to see his best ally at hand, though he painted busily, and apparently paid Dick no further attention for some minutes.

"You might have given a poor beggar a chance," he asserted presently. "I have had frightful luck all summer."

"That sketch does n't look like it," said Dick, coming nearer, and stepping to and fro to get a better light. "That's better than ever, Bradish,—a first-rate blow-away sky. What's going on? I feel like a hermit dropped down into the middle of the theatre. I came near waiting half the afternoon out here on the sidewalk, to let the crowd get by."

"Welcome home, my love," said Bradish, in a delightful tone of voice. "You must give away those clothes, you know."

"Another aunt of mine frowned upon them," responded Dale meditatively, as he went sauntering about the room. "But wait until I show you my sketches. Ah, here's the box from the farm, now! When did it get here? You would have just lost your head completely. It really was a lovely old place. I used to wish for you with all my heart."

"I thought so."

"Oh, never mind nonsense," and Dick's voice had a strange eagerness. Jim Fales had reckoned on the perils of travel when he drove the nails, and the comrades worked together diligently to loosen them. Dick had not anticipated the little shock, almost like pain, that the sight of his pictures would give him. Life at the farm seemed already very far away. Here was the first sketch of the birch-tree, the willows, and the wide outlook across the green marshes. It was odd that this should have come uppermost, and he held it off and looked at it without a word, while Bradish admired the pretty landscape with eager friendliness.

"This was only the first," said Dale. "I feel like Rip Van Winkle. Look them over, if you like, and say the worst you can. I've had a good solid bit of life, at any rate. It was a good thing to get a look at such a permanent institution as that farm and its inhabitants. I felt all the time like an accident, an ephemeral sort of existence; but I believe we are all a sort of two-stalked vegetable, with a power of locomotion that ought not to be too severely taxed."

Bradish groaned. "I hoped you would forsake your philosophy, when I found you had really taken to painting," he said, and gave his attention to the contents of the flat box. "You rich fellows are always lucky," he added ruefully, a little later, after his enthusiasm had cooled enough to allow his thoughts

to express themselves. "The avarice of you in keeping such a mine to yourself was despicable, but there'll be a convention of us there next summer. Of course you even fell in love with the daughter?"

"No," said Dick slowly, — "no. But I wish I had, Bradish, if you want the simple truth."

"I should be wishing I had n't," answered Bradish, with great gravity. "Cry a little, Dale; it will do you good."

Yet Dick, who was always ready to be amused at his friend's jokes, did not even smile. If there were any difference, existence was a more serious thing now he was back in town than it had been at the Sussex farm. Whether the warmth of his feeling for Doris Owen was equal or not to changing the iron of his character into steel, he was dimly conscious that for each revelation of truth or beauty Heaven demands tribute and better service than before. He had at least gained a new respect for his own life and its possible value.

One day in midwinter Doris went away by herself for a long walk over the crusted snow. She climbed the hill, and looked out across the marshes. They seemed larger than in summer, and there were black cracks in the ice, like scars. She wished that it were spring again, and thought eagerly of all the work she meant to do; being, indeed, happier as a wife than she had ever been as a maiden, and just beginning the very best of her days. The night before, a shower of rain had frozen as it fell, and the world was all sparkling and glistening, as if it were a great arctic holiday. The sky was a clear, dazzling blue, and the

air was still and cold. Doris Lester thought of Mr. Dale, and with a quick sympathy imagined how much he would like to see this fantastic, ice-bound country. She could see through and through his feeling for her now, but she knew that he had not gone away and forgotten her; and half wistfully she gave a glance at the smaller island where she had found him asleep on the Sunday morning.

Dan and her father had gone away early in the day to visit a distant piece of woodland, and just as she reached the house they drove into the yard.

"I expected you'd have to go out to see the trees, Doris," said the elder man, smiling. "Don't they look handsome? I wished you was with us up in the country where there's more growth; but I declare, it's as pretty a place here as 't is anywhere."

"I tell you we're just going to make the old farm hum next summer," said Lester, as he stepped out of the high-backed sleigh; but his companion did not follow him at once. "I've got a New York paper in my pocket," Israel Owen told the little audience. "Young Mr. Dale sent it to me, and he marked a place that tells about his pictures being exhibited with the rest of the folks', and that they all come round his like a swarm of bees. There's a long piece about 'em."

Mrs. Owen was listening eagerly. "Now, Doris!" she said. "Don't you wish you was there, a-queenin' it?" But Doris and Dan gave each other a happy look that was answer enough. They could not imagine anything better than life was that very day on their own Marsh Island.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

DAWN AND DUSK.

I.

SLENDER strips of crimson sky
Near the dim horizon lie,
Shot across with golden bars
Reaching to the fading stars;
Soft the balmy west wind blows
Wide the portals of the rose;
Smell of dewy pine and fir,
Lisping leaves and vines astir;
On the borders of the dark
Gayly sings the meadow-lark,
Bidding all the birds assemble, —
Hark, the welkin seems to tremble!
Suddenly the sunny gleams
Break the poppy-fettered dreams, —
 Dreams of Pan, with two feet cloven,
Piping to the nymph and faun,
 Who, with wreaths of ivy woven,
Nimbly dance to greet the dawn.

II.

Shifting shadows indistinct,
Leaves and branches crossed and linked,
Cling like children, and embrace,
Frightened at the moon's pale face.
In the gloomy wood begins
Noise of insect violins;
Swarms of fireflies flash their lamps
In their atmospheric camps,
And the sad-voiced whip-poor-will
Echoes back from hill to hill,
Liquid clear above the crickets
Chirping in the thorny thickets.
Weary eyelids, eyes that weep,
Wait the magic touch of sleep;
 While the dew, in silence falling,
Fills the air with scent of musk,
 And this lonely night-bird, calling,
Drops a note down through the dusk.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

SIX MONTHS AT ASTRAKHAN.

Just below the city of Tsaritsyn the Volga seems to rebound suddenly from the precipitous cliff of its right bank; for thenceforward, diverging in a southeasterly direction, it goes wandering on in a course at once new and capricious. No longer the broad, swelling current that laves the busy mart of Sarátov, still less the majestic flood one sees mingling with the Oka at Nizhni-Nóvgorod, it now presents itself to the eye with a false width of channel, dotted everywhere with islets, sand dunes, and *bugri*. Winding their way through these obstructions in strange, zigzag lines, themselves inclosing spirals of a navigable course often perilously narrow, the waters traverse a country bare and desolate beyond description. Now and then a tall promontory breaks the monotony of the river banks; at times some high-perched, parasite-like village, mud-colored as its environment, creeps into sight. Only treeless steppes, extending to the horizon, fill up the panorama, and thus the eye ranges on, resting for moments, perhaps, upon some solitary peasant's wagon, a Calmuck horseman, or a cluster of *khibitkas*, but ever oppressed by the barren amplitude of the landscape and the ubiquity of sand.

Oases are, indeed, welcomed in deserts like these! One scene comes back to me vividly as I witnessed it on a bright morning in the early autumn of 1883. Our steamer was descending the lower reaches of the Volga, when all at once cries were heard from the upper deck. There was scarcely time to look up before a dozen voices shouted, "The Cathedral, the Cathedral!" But the cry died away, and another rose, fuller and stronger: "The City, the City!" In the rush which followed, a throng of peasants, scrambling and fighting, in their sheepskins, now and then losing their

fur caps in the good-humored horseplay, easily won first place. Some Persians were just as eager for the ascent, but showed far more deliberation; and their dignity was imitated by the only Tatar on board, a priest, who had to grasp his flowing robes and tighten them around him as he went up. Next came a few Armenians, not distinguishable from native Russians; a group of wild-looking *burlaki*, the boatmen and song-makers of the Volga; and last two Mongols, of ferocious appearance, leading their Calmuck spouses to the highest point of vantage. It was a motley crowd, yet all gazed with the same affectionate interest on the outlines that had just come within range of vision, quite ten miles away over the plain. A slender pillar seemed to mark the spot where the gates of Asia once stood, choked with the wealth of Iran and of Ind, but where to-day, over the ruins of Tatar thrones and the sway of Mongol empires, shine the golden cupolas dominating the green-tipped mosques of Astrakhan.

My own journey to the "metropolis of the Caspian" was due primarily to a journalistic mission requiring my presence in Transcaspian territory; in the second place, to a pressing invitation extended to me by a resident of Astrakhan, whose acquaintance I had formed in St. Petersburg. Political changes unexpectedly relieved me of the journalistic mission, and I met with such hearty hospitality, as well as so many objects of interest, that I ended by devoting the whole of the six months at my disposal to Astrakhan and its environs. The circumstances of my arrival impressed me strongly; indeed, I had a reception that foreshadowed, in quality if not in kind, all the good-natured rivalry in paying me attentions for which I afterwards came to be so grateful. Most

people, I suppose, fail to realize their nearness to the "storied East" in the Russian faces of the crowd always on the lookout for strangers at the Astrakhan quay. But for me, at any rate, the ethnological interest of the place quickly revealed itself. No sooner had the gangway fallen than a throng of bare-legged Persian porters rushed up fighting for my luggage, a dozen Tatar droshky drivers coming forward at the same moment to secure possession of my body.

My first visit, preliminary annoyances surmounted, was paid to the Kreml. The citadel at Astrakhan is encircled by a high, white-stone wall, still structurally intact, but crumbling in places, owing to age: in the masonry they show the marks of blows dealt in 1670 by Sténka Rázin and his victorious Cosacks. The naturally conspicuous object of the Kreml is the cathedral, a massive, squarely built piece of Russo-Byzantine architecture, that ends in five cupolas, and has a tower from which, historical works aver, the metropolitan of Astrakhan was once flung headlong. The traditional atmosphere of the place is still full of the exploits of such popular heroes as Rázin and Pugachev, but in all attempts to glean reliable facts concerning the "martyr bishop" and the alleged manner of his taking off I signally failed. The square of the cathedral, to-day quiet as an English churchyard, seems, at any rate, no fit place for sacrilegious bloodshed: a worn dial records the sunny hours of daylight; there is a slight rustle of feet at matins and vespers, when a few worshipers come with the priest and his assistant. Yet this is merely the ecclesiastical side of the Kreml. When you lean over the southwest face of the wall, the sounds of a busy, toiling life float up from below, — sounds in which multitudinous street cries mingle with the shouts of boatmen, in which the plashing of steamers' paddles and the rattling of

chains fill up pauses in the clangorous hammering that comes from the graving-docks. On the quay lie immense piles of merchandise: piece by piece, strange, half-naked figures are transferring it to the holds or decks of vessels that in a few hours will be on their way to ports of the Upper Volga or of the Caspian Sea. Barges are meanwhile discharging the piscine treasures of which they have been in quest: six men often stagger ashore beneath the load of a single sturgeon; indeed, their burdens, viewed at a distance, look much more like slaughtered cows than dead fish. And behind all, in the background of the picture, is the famed Bridge of Commerce, the meeting-place of a dozen nationalities of merchants, venders, pedestrians, and mendicants.

The old Russian city consists of three parts: the Kreml, or citadel, devoted to defense; the "white town," given over to business; and the "quarters," utilized for residential purposes. The citadel at Astrakhan would protect badly from even a Mongolian attack; is to-day, in fact, a mere historical relic. The white town, on the other hand, might be manned so as to hold the troops of the Tsar at bay. Its buildings are wholly of stone and brick; some of them have been built as massively as fortresses. The finest are the public schools; the least attractive, the Ecclesiastical Seminary and the governor's official residence, the former of which wears the aspect of a provincial barracks. Of really abnormal dimensions are the warehouses. Some of them have doors quite large enough to do service as city gates; the locks used are, as a rule, of Brobdingnagian size and the rudest workmanship, — just such specimens as Kuznets, the mighty blacksmith of Russian mythology, himself might have produced, in the earliest days of the national industries. The shops are chiefly remarkable for the brilliancy of their sign-boards. One flight of native imagination which

I remember — the inexhaustible delight of the carriage dealer to whom it belonged — was the representation of a droshky resting on clouds, and surrounded by a wealth of gorgeous auroral coloring. Another feature of the retail trade in Astrakhan mystified me not a little. A pedestrian not over-careful of his course turns suddenly into streets in which most of the business is done underground. Here the shops have a flooring of bare earth, and the descent to them is disagreeably abrupt. The wares are of all heterogeneous kinds that never meet the eye in Western Europe; the vender may be a Bokhariot, a Turcoman from Khiva, or an Aryan fire-worshiper converted to the service of Mammon; the sounds of buying and selling are loud and weird; there is much rolling of eyes and gesticulation; a chaffering goes on quite Oriental in its length. The whole scene, in fact, with its setting of picturesque dresses, seems like a page taken bodily out of the Arabian Nights. Nor is this obtrusion of the foreign element at all confined to one part of the town. The Tatar cart utilized to the airing of a whole family; the Khirgiz horseman or carrier returning to winter quarters; the Calmuck fisherman purchasing tackle and stores; the Persian oscillating between shop and mosque; the gay Georgian or Mingrelian on his way to the capital; the rarer Grusinian, Chuvach, and Cheremiss, — all these help to form the every-day street sights of Astrakhan. The periodical fairs afford a wider ethnological vista still, it being not uncommon for them to represent twenty distinct races and families of speech.

The house in which I was a guest belonged to Vassily Nikoláievich,¹ and stood in the Street of the Cossacks, a quiet thoroughfare, within easy distance of the river and the open steppe. Devoid of architectural beauty and built

wholly of wood, it was nevertheless unusually spacious and convenient, permitting a degree of comfort and luxury not at all common to one-story buildings in the outskirts of Russian towns. Access to its inevitable side entrance was gained through a small door in the great folding gates of a courtyard, in which stood, in addition to the domicile itself, a wood-shed, bath-house, kitchen, coach-house, and a few other out-buildings. Passing through the court, the visitor ascended steps to a sort of veranda, thence entering the house by two doors, the outer of which was massive and bore ornament in the shape of a huge iron ring, the inner one being covered with felt. The apartments thus protected, mainly against frost, I found furnished in a superior style. Being waxed, in Russian fashion, the floors were without carpets; the walls were ornamented with paintings representing scenes from Russian history; in the reception and dining rooms tropical plants were displayed, after the fashion common to drawing-rooms in St. Petersburg.

Vassily Nikoláievich spared neither money nor pains in adding to the comfort of his dwelling. That he abundantly deserved domestic enjoyment was the verdict of all who knew the story of his life. His youth had been spent at a military academy in the provinces; his early manhood was given to the consolidation of Russian rule in the Caucasus. Tired of army service, he took charge of a fishing station on an island in the Caspian, there passing the first years of his married life. But Astrakhan was destined to be his home, for it was here, by simple perseverance and force of character, that he subsequently became one of the most successful business men along the whole line of the Lower Volga. While saying thus much I am far from wishing it to be understood that I present Vassily Nikoláievich as a type of the merchant class in Russia. To do

¹ I ought to state that the personalities alone are real in this narrative, the names being used merely for convenience of description.

this would be to do a serious injustice. I believe him to be naturally incapable of the pettinesses of sordid callings. I met few men free as he was from the cant of cosmopolitanism so frequently displayed in the east of Europe; and yet withal my host was singularly alive — account being taken of his education and surroundings — to the political and intellectual movements of the time. He was particularly fond of science, and would discuss theories and discoveries with great intelligence. Happy as Vassily Nikoláievich was in all his family relationships, there was nevertheless something half tragic in his existence; for he had a love of travel destined never to be gratified, and a fondness for languages and literatures from which continually increasing business cares effectually shut him out. And if his passion for political study wasted itself, in the absence of subjects nearer home, on movements going on in the west of Europe, America was his political ideal, — his “happy isles beyond the sea.”

The man's patience was inexhaustible. Childlike in his ways, that hid to the unwary a plentiful reserve of dignity and manliness; frank and outspoken when there were no feelings to be wounded, he won all by his genial manner and unaffected simplicity. His success in business I have mentioned, yet he had a trust in human nature almost unlimited. He used to say that people are oftener bad for want of faith in them than good because of distrust. But it was as a father that Vassily Nikoláievich excelled. His paternal affections had an Oriental warmth, unrestrained by conventionalities; his interest in the welfare and pleasures of his family showed itself in impulsive and unexpected ways. My host, who was about forty years of age, was six feet in height, and of robust physique. He had a commanding, intellectual presence, with a personality so difficult to forget that even as I write he seems before me,

his brown hair parted from his open forehead, his patriarchal beard flowing far below his chin, his broad features lit by a cheerful smile, his blue eyes sparkling with intelligence.

When Vassily Nikoláievich married, there was much speculation amongst local gossips as to the manner in which his dark-complexioned wife would settle down to household duties; for Eudoxia Petróvna had gone to the altar young, pretty, and proud of her social successes. The lady showed herself fully equal to the new situation. Twenty years of wedded life, while they had not robbed her of a certain grace of manner, an unmistakable liveliness of disposition, had built upon her earlier fame as a belle a solid and enduring reputation for administrative ability in the maternal and domestic relationships. Though not a woman of culture, she had a plentiful fund of good sense, took a practical view of the problems of life, and strengthened her judgments much oftener by force of character than by plausibleness of reasoning or satisfactoriness of logic. A faithful observer of the formalisms of the Greek Church, and an opponent just as pronounced of all new dogmas in politics; the declared enemy of marriages based solely upon sentiment, the warm friend of utilitarian ambitions; full of proverbial maxims, each one of which had been exemplified in her own career, Eudoxia Petróvna represented a school of thought which counts many more truants than teachers in the young Russia of to-day, and which challenged little sympathy even in her own immediate surroundings. But she was an affectionate wife and mother; the family bonds were strong and close; and the household was not divided against itself.

One bustling morning, whereon the domestics had risen early, my host drew me out with him for a stroll along the quay. We chatted in the crowd until the midday steamer came in sight, when

I saw Vassily Nikoláievich make certain mysterious passes with a handkerchief, and noticed a fluttering answer to the signal from mid-stream. As soon as the paddle-wheels had come to a standstill within two paces of us, my companion bounded over the gangway, and promptly in his great beard was buried the face of a tall, slender young lady, who had seized Vassily Nikoláievich round the neck and kissed him on both cheeks. Then, leading her ashore, as a lover might lead his sweetheart, my host addressed me with, "Edmund Ivánovich,¹ I have the honor to present my daughter, Sophie Vassilievna."

The new-comer had journeyed more than a thousand versts to spend her vacation at home. Looking at eighteen younger by at least three years, she had all the sprightly buoyancy and ease of manner that characterize feminine society in the Russian capital. Her features were strikingly oval; the smallness of the nose and mouth gave the face an almost infantile expression, but the forehead was lofty; in merry moments the brown-black eyes scintillated with light and motion; the countenance, normally pale, flushed faintly under excitement. Sophie Vassilievna had teeth of peculiar whiteness, and laughed with a clear, silvery laugh that to a lover must have sounded like music. A child in manners, she was a woman in experience, with a strange history and an education only to be paralleled in the country of her birth. Her earliest memories were of the storms of an inland ocean; her earliest friends were the kith and kin of those Mongol toilers of the sea whose khibitkas dot almost every shore and islet of the Caspian. At the age of ten she was entrusted to the care of an intelligent Russian family in Astrakhan, and there,

three years later, she again found herself under the paternal roof. On the completion of her studies at the local gymnasium, she proceeded to St. Petersburg, and had, at the time of my meeting with her, already spent three years at the "Higher Courses for Women" in the capital.

I found Sophie Vassilievna well acquainted with general literature and history. She could converse with fluency in French and German, and had a critical knowledge of her own tongue, fortified by the smattering of ecclesiastical Slavonic usually entailed by the theological course in Russian schools. With modern science, particularly chemistry and astronomy, she was surprisingly familiar. Sociology was her favorite study. Spencer she knew at first hand. The doctrines of Darwin had reached her by a route singularly circuitous. It was Pissarev who, in opposing his "natural school" to the æsthetic system of the great art critic, Bielínsky, produced a body of ethical science, mainly based on the Darwinian revelations, which is to-day the groundwork of almost all free thought in Russian educational establishments. Of native writers, one for whose compositions she had great partiality was the novelist Dostoiévsky, — an author who, with a masterly power of analyzing motives, painted the sufferings of the poor, and, himself paralyzed, delighted to inflict morbid creations upon his readers. Sophie Vassilievna had also adopted some of the ideas of the famous economist and exile Chernishévsky,² whose socialistic romance, *What's To Be Done?* exerted, even long after its publication, an enormous influence upon the Russian youth of both sexes. Some of these apparently digressive facts I mention in order to present a type as

of "imperial clemency" permitted him to return to Europe. He is still the prisoner of the Russian government, and lives at Astrakhan surrounded by spies and police agents. The account of my personal relations and interview with him appeared in the *Daily News* of December 22, 1883.

¹ Edmund, the son of John. My name Russianized.

² This remarkable man, with nerves hopelessly shattered by nineteen years' exile in a distant province of Siberia, is still held to be dangerous to the Russian state. In the autumn of last year an act

well as an individual; for this young Russian, with a personality thoroughly her own, had been moulded by influences that sway a whole class. Communicative, fond of change, eminently impractical, easily moved to enthusiasm or indignation, idealistic in her views of life, receptive of new ideas and openly cynical in her rejection of many old ones, interested in human nature for its own sake, with a strong intolerance of oppression in all its forms, Sophie Vassilievna seemed to suffer from the same nobleness of impulse and meanness of opportunity as those which afflict her sisters of the new generation of Russian women.

In these surroundings, then, it was easy and pleasant to settle down to the interest of my sojourn in Astrakhan. Throughout the autumn I had out-door exercise in abundance. Cold weather does not fairly begin in the southeastern governments until the month of December, but the evenings are sharp and frosty long before the appearance of snow. At Astrakhan — on nearly the same parallel of latitude as La Rochelle — they have an atmospheric charm that sometimes verges on the phenomenal. As the sun descends, a broad band of purple, with an upper fringe of red, rises slowly in the east, until it has attained an elevation of about twenty-five degrees above the horizon; it then fades and disappears. Afterwards the west is rosy for a brief space, the vivid color dying with remarkable quickness. But the vault is never dark, even in the absence of the moon; all night there is a brilliant blue overhead, in which the stars burn with a soft planetary lustre, scarcely twinkling. The town has few lights of its own, and thus the contrast between the earth deep in shade and the luminous sky hovering over it formed a spectacular effect to me novel and striking.

Some of my evenings were devoted to boating excursions, undertaken for

the most part in the society of from thirty to forty young people, whose favorite summer resort was a picturesque suburb, separated from Astrakhan by water. Here the party dined by torch-light, and ended its entertainment with an open-air supper, rarely returning to the Tatar Bridge before midnight. My own interest in these gatherings centred in the vocal exercises which they invariably called forth. Afloat on the river, I caught many an old song, melody, or couplet that has no record in contemporary Russian literature, but lives along the Lower Volga literally in the mouths of the people. Most of these fragments were composed in honor of this historic stream, and seem to belong to the earliest period of the folk-song in Russia; a few contain traces of the hero-worship called into being by the exploits of Sténka Rázin and Pugachev. Nearly all use the caressing word *matushka*,¹ the Volga being thus apostrophized as "dear little mother." One popular snatch of this kind — song it can scarcely be called — has the simplicity of an improvisation, and may be heard in all parts of the Russian Empire. Even the Arkhangel peasant knows the words and tune of Down on the Volga, our Dear Mother. Another unrhymed composition frequently sung at Astrakhan begins, —

O Volga, Volga, mother dear,
Thy current broadly floweth past
Through meadows and through meadows green, —
Through meadows and through flow'rets blue.

Introductions in this style often lead up to a love story, and so from the flowerets the singer gradually reaches the juncture, —

Oh, wed not, wed not, maiden fair, —
Oh, wed not, maiden young!

Nor is the personification one of words only. The river is actually addressed. The Volga songs are, so to speak, sung out upon the waters.

As the season deepened in-door life

¹ Diminutive of *mat*, mother.

began to claim attention. In the Street of the Cossacks it had a smooth, equable, half-listless flow, refreshing to both eye and ear. I was accustomed to spend several of the hours of daylight in my friend's well-supplied library, where I regularly saw the *Golos*, the *Novosti*, and other St. Petersburg newspapers. It was like peeping into Western Europe for a few brief moments, and then suddenly realizing its utter antithesis of all one's surroundings. Vassily Nikoláievich joined me in the afternoon. The evening we devoted to social recreation. At my host's hospitable "side-board" I met all kinds of guests. Merchants came, fishery proprietors, doctors, army officers, schoolmasters, clerks, pupils, governesses. Nor was there any lack of entertainment. When the interest lagged in conversation, story-telling, or chess, — in which the Astrakhaners are experts, — a "literary evening," as we pompously called it, would be extemporized. Vassily Nikoláievich was expected to open the ball with a reading out of *The Annals of the Fatherland*,¹ generally one of the inimitable satires from the editorial pen of Prince Saltykov. Sophie Vassilievna would follow with a scene from Pushkin, or, tired of "declamation," as it is styled in Russia, she would seat herself at the piano, and sing, in a clear, tremulous voice, her favorite lyric from Lermontov: —

Bright wanderers, heavenly clouds are ye,
That spurn the flow'ring steppe and flee
And pass, as I, all southward bent
From that dear North to banishment !

Who chases you ? Decree of fate ?
Dissembled envy, open hate ?
Some crime's remorse, a conscience wrung,
Or blatant friendship's poisoned tongue ?

Ah, no ! a fruitless soil ye flee.
To you, the ever cold and free,
Not passion and not pain is sent, —
Ye have no home, no banishment.

Platosha Vassilievna, my host's youngest daughter, a black-eyed, rosy-cheeked

¹ *Otéchestvennyĭ Zapiski*, the leading liberal review of Russia, recently suppressed.

girl of ten, was also pleased to contribute to these evening entertainments. She excelled in the old Russian dance. Attired in picturesque Slav costume, — wearing the tall head-dress with its diamond spangle, and the pearl necklaces hung one over the other, — she went through the simple lines of her part, not only without music, but with a rhythmical accuracy and gracefulness of movement that I have never seen equaled in any of the tawdry ballets of Western Europe. Perhaps the gestures of the arms or the roguish persuasiveness of the eye had something to do with the effect of the performance. As for me, I never witnessed it without feeling that the dance is of the East, Eastern ; that for advanced civilizations its real meaning has been lost.

One somewhat singular custom I noticed at some of these social assemblies. When women come together in Astrakhan, a large plate of dried melon-seeds is placed upon the table, or handed round to each guest ; the cracking and consumption of the proffered edible being regarded as the indispensable condition of any conversation that can be called at all enjoyable. True, the husk is removed only after great labor, while the result in nutriment is exceedingly small ; yet there is a certain utility in the operation, since it is believed to prevent yawning and *ennui*. An even greater service may be ascribed to the habit, if it be true as well as proverbial in Russia that "fools are born during the awkward pauses in conversation."

When priests came to argue with him, as they very rarely did, Vassily Nikoláievich hesitated not to disclose the agnostic cast of his religious beliefs. When they came to ask contributions, as they very often did, my host gave liberally and unhesitatingly. In all substantial respects he discharged his duty to the church. He, too, ate rice with Eudoxia Petróvna on the sorrowful anniversary of the death of their first-

born, and like her was regular in his attendance at divine service. Nor was ceremonial neglected by his household. Lamps were lighted before the holy images on the eve of every church festival; the bath was simultaneously resorted to, in order that no mundane taint might nullify the services of the morrow. Vassily Nikoláievich even tolerated the occasional presence of a holy icon, known far and near for its miraculous powers. It generally came in the early morning, that its effect upon the worshipers might not be interfered with by the gross vapors of food. A hum of voices from the street would announce its arrival, and then, on the doors being flung open, four men would stagger in, bearing the icon on their shoulders, closely followed by the priest, his assistant, and half a dozen juvenile choristers. The image I saw on these occasions was chiefly remarkable for the large and luminous eyes of the "Mother of God," and the wondering ones of the "Divine Babe." The icon was usually placed against one of the walls of the apartment, the members of the family standing round in a half-circle. The holy man, aided from time to time by his subordinate, recited the service in ecclesiastical Slavonic, swinging the censer to and fro as he did so; the boys chanted in high alto, and the clerk responded in a deep bass, "The Lord have mercy upon us!" The priest pronounced the benediction, and the service was at an end.

That the spectacular element is always strong in these ministrations to the orthodox may perhaps account for the saying that in Russia it is only one step from the church to the theatre. At Astrakhan they take that step with great frequency. Passionately fond of play-going, the inhabitants boast loudly of their brand-new theatre, built wholly of stone and lit by electricity; furnished, as well, in a style that would not be considered niggardly in the capital itself. In these days the best companies are

secured for the Lower Volga. The people of Astrakhan are thus proud to think that their theatrical tastes are consulted, quite regardless of cost. I cannot speak of their play-house as being exclusively devoted to amusement. Merchants may be seen in it doing market business between acts, officials holding receptions and signing documents in their private boxes. The *foyer* at times wears the aspect of a stock exchange. On the other hand, the audience misses no word or gesture, once the curtain has been rung up. This is particularly noticeable during the performance of Russian plays, which in the provinces, at any rate, still hold their own against Western productions. The mass of the Russian people care little for the foreign theatre, however well it may have been "adapted;" the thoroughly native comedies of Gogol and Ostrovsky are everywhere welcomed with unbounded and never-tiring enthusiasm. They appeal strongly to the people, reflecting often enough the coarsenesses as well as the idyls of provincial life. One of the stage customs that die hard in Russia is the step dance, a series of uncouth motions, during which the performer, assuming a half-sitting attitude, throws his legs alternately forward with great violence and rapidity. In Ostrovsky's *Poverty* is not Vice the spectacle is presented of two men — benefacted and benefactor — kissing each other literally from head to foot.

The table habits of Astrakhan also have elements of novelty for foreigners. It must be premised that in Russia there is a form of abstemiousness natural to the people, and another which has been foisted upon them by the Greek Church. Which of these is the more meritorious in a religious sense it is not for me to decide, but I do know that it requires a very robust orthodoxy to fast by the card amidst the rigors of an Astrakhan winter. The Slav breakfast on the Neva is rarely anything more than a

glass of weak tea hot from the samovar. In Astrakhan they add a piece of Tatar cake, a thin tegument of baked dough sprinkled with poppy seeds, with a relish, on occasions of unusual hunger, in the shape of *rak*, a sort of fluvial lobster. The dinner that follows rarely includes either beef or mutton, even when its cost has fallen, as it frequently does, to two cents per pound. Piscine luxuries practically unattainable in Western Europe are so cheap in Astrakhan as to form the staple nutriment of the poorest families. While the artisan of South London is exploring the New Cut in search of a tolerable side of beef at less than 1s. 4d. a pound, the Astrakhan boatman is getting his pound of sterlet for four cents. It is the *matushka*, the dear little mother, that does all this. She not only feeds her countless progeny in the Caspian, but furnishes them with quiet shelving banks in which they may spawn undisturbed. There is a poetic and a material side to the fishing industries. I must therefore note that the Russians cook and eat the heads of all fish deemed worthy to be sent to table. Once I saw a diner thrust his fork into the eye of a sturgeon and whip the lustreless optic into his mouth, saying as he did so, in response to my look of consternation, "Why, that's the choicest part!" I liked better caviare, the minced sterlet patties served in soup, or the luscious fish pie with the crust baked brown.

Loaf-bread I scarcely expected to find at Astrakhan, since the only nutriment of this kind eaten in the northern governments takes the form of rolls; the *kalach*, a genuinely native product, standing first in popular favor. Yet along the Lower Volga *kalach* is a well-known generic term applied to loaves of bread baked in the West European manner, the real *kalach*, as sung by the old Russian poets, being practically unknown.

Potatoes are seldom eaten in Astrakhan, even by the poorer classes. The inhabitants reject hares as articles of food, rarely use butter, are fond of Tatar cheese, and regard Calmuck tea, prepared with salt and grease, as a luxury. Fruit is cheap and abundant. Watermelons are sold at half a cent each during the summer months. Grapes, from which "Astrakhan wine" is made, cost from two to three cents a pound. In fine, the expenses of living are less at Astrakhan than in any other part of European Russia,—phenomenally small when compared with the cost of subsistence in the west of Europe. A shopkeeper, fairly representative of the middle classes, assured me that the expenditure of his family for a year, excluding outlay on rent and wearing apparel, had never exceeded 400 rubles; that is to say, \$200.

One morning Vassily Nikoláievich brought me a dainty little envelope, addressed in an original manner and secured with an enormous seal. It proved to be a simple invitation to dinner, but it led to my spending a week with an Armenian family, amidst purely Armenian surroundings, on the outskirts of Astrakhan. This novel experience showed me that Armenians are as susceptible to influences of environment as are most races on the same level of culture. Of the tenacity with which they are said to cling to race customs and prejudices I saw very little. At Astrakhan they have been almost thoroughly Russianized in language, dress, and manners. To attribute to them in European Russia the exclusive racial spirit of M. Elisée Reclus's description¹ would be to do them injustice. There is, on the contrary, the closest intimacy between the Armenian colony and the native population. Common interests in trade have done much to foster this solidarity. The Armenians display great business enter-

¹ "Dans presque toutes les contrées qu'ils habitent les Arméniens se tiennent soigneusement à

l'écart des hommes d'autre race et d'autre langue." (Géographie Universelle.)

prise, stand in high commercial repute along the Volga, and send to the university cities of Russia young men and young women whose zeal for learning and success in study are the envy of the native scholars. I cannot say that I met any of those Armenian women whom M. Reclus describes as "compelled to keep their mouths shut at least until the birth of their first child."¹ The women of this race whom I knew at Astrakhan were just as vivacious, just as ready to resent undue interference with their personal liberty, as their neighbors of Slav blood. When uneducated and untraveled they play many pranks with rouge, until at last the cheek wears a permanent blush of dark vermillion, not attractive, but rather revolting, to the spectator. Philologists claim Armenian for the Indo-European family of languages, but the Armenian face is not Aryan in any sense. It has an aquiline nose, slightly *épaté*, bright eyes, and a high forehead, with a complexion mingling the Italian olive and the Anglo-Saxon red. In feature the Armenian is a Jew idealized. Were I a painter, and in quest of an ideal Christ, it is my fancy that I should seek my model amongst the descendants of Haik.

Soon after my visit to the Armenian colony, Yan drove me in a tarantass to the uttermost part of the sloboda, where Astrakhan habitations first degenerate, and then disappear into the open steppe. Yan was the Tatar coachman of Vassily Nikoláievich, and on this day he had considerably planned a tour through the quarters of his fellow Mahommedans, for the special benefit of myself. Our first halting-place was the Tatar school, at the door of which the master met me with a warm greeting. He invited me to follow him, and I did so with difficulty, the passage being long and dark. Such was the slowness of

my approach that on emerging into the light I found the school in full swing again; that is to say, an apartment in which boys and pedagogue, to the number of nearly fifty persons, were seated on the bare ground,—the former reciting from the Koran, the latter enforcing attention to the lesson with a light rod. The schoolmaster at once engaged me in conversation. He talked for half an hour, and with such demoralizing effect upon his pupils that, on my retreat through the labyrinth, they followed me with a rush, shouting, laughing, and jostling. One of them told me it was customary for scholars to take a holiday whenever visitors came. In the open air I could examine them more closely. Young people suffering less than they from intellectual cramming I never met. The boys were certainly well fed. They were also well dressed. They had asymmetrical features, long lashes, and lustrous black eyes.

As we set out again, a Tatar woman, somewhat advanced in years, beckoned to us from the road, and Yan held parley with her from the tarantass. Across her forehead she wore a band of gold coins; her hair, hanging in long tresses, was heavy with silver money, much of it ancient and badly shaped. It was finally arranged that Yan and I should accompany her home. On the road she recounted at bewildering length the names of the relatives from whom the separate pieces of her head-dress and hair ornaments had descended; nor was the story of these heirlooms complete when, after a long route through streets, courtyards, and passages, we at last stood at the door of her dwelling. Here the woman's first act was to introduce us to her husband, a man of substantial proportions, tall, affable, wearing the Tatar skull-cap and surtout; the latter a long overcoat of slender material, a compromise between the Russian *sarafan* and the more nomadic attire of Central Asia. Otherwise built in Russian fash-

¹ "La femme, astreinte en silence du moins jusqu'à la naissance de son premier enfant." (Géographie Universelle.)

ion, the domicile had little more than a single apartment, which seemed to be used for both sitting and sleeping purposes. More than half of the floor space was taken up by a raised platform, covered with rich quilting. At one end of this a young Tatar woman was embroidering a silk cap; at the other, somewhat in the shade, a boy sat swinging to and fro a baby asleep in a square cradle, suspended from the roof by silken ropes. The room was tolerably well furnished. A cupboard stood against the wall, stocked with China tea ware. A clock, of Paris manufacture, hung near. To the sides of the apartment were affixed numerous slips of paper, containing passages from the Koran, in Arabic. The elder woman read, or rather sang, in a monotonous voice, portions of holy writ, for the edification of Yan and myself. She was proceeding to regale us with profane narratives, when the young embroiderer interjected an observation that at once precipitated an altercation. What relation existed between the two women I know not. It was clear that their quarrel had us for its subject, so we withdrew.

I had much for which to thank Yan. Another of his services was to bring me into contact with the leaders of a Khirgiz caravan, about to leave Astrakhan for Persia. There being no obstacle in the way, I decided to accompany the party as far as a Calmuck encampment, ten miles distant. Setting out in the early morning, — myself mounted, for safety, on the smallest of the camels, — we reached the Mongols long before noon. I found about thirty khibitkas scattered over five or six acres of ground. The occupants all came out to inspect me, and, as many of them could speak Russian, friendly relations were soon established between us. The nomads had just donned their sheepskins for the winter; below these, like a dressing-gown, hung a loose garment, bright with its fantastic patchwork of

red and yellow, — the only genuinely native vestment that the Mongols wear. Boots, on the other hand, the Calmucks have borrowed from the Russians; their cap is cousin-german to the fur turban of the Khirgiz. Unpicturesque as it may be thought, Calmuck attire is tolerable when compared with the Calmuck countenance. Stranger than all is it that the high cheek bone and oblique eye are at their highest and obliquest in the female face. Of two Mongols, male and female, I might meet, the uglier was sure to be the woman. There is, nevertheless, no danger of facial indications becoming a test of sex amongst the Calmucks: this has been deftly averted by the feminine habit of wearing leaden earrings, and of keeping the hair in long silken bags pendent to the waist.

At the time of my arrival in the encampment, some of the women were plaiting rushes into mats. This is the earliest stage in the art of Mongol house-building. The khibitka is round in shape, with a diameter never less than ten feet, and has a sloping roof, in which a central opening is left for the escape of smoke. The framework of the dwelling is of wooden poles; against and upon these rush mats are laid, the whole being protected by a covering of felt or camel's skin. Within khibitkas thus constructed a considerable degree of domestic comfort may be enjoyed. In more than one of them I saw carpets, rugs, and furniture much more suitable, I could not help thinking, for a city drawing-room than for a shifting home on the steppe. Smoke is the bane of the khibitka; much more being emitted from the central fireplace than can be quickly got rid of through the opening in the roof. Hence, no doubt, the frequency of sore eyes amongst the Calmucks. Yet a race keener of vision does not exist.

In one tent the female occupants consulted my wishes in regard to a dancing performance. On my assenting, they

brought a boy, who, after much parleying, was induced to give a specimen of his skill. A Mongolian hag supplied the music, — a quick, barbaric melody, half sung, half played with the hands on an imaginary instrument. The dance itself was both erotic and martial in character. There were alternate advances and retreats, threatenings of the arm and stampings of the ground; then milder gestures, beckonings, enticing waves of the hand; but, on a turn in the music, delirious movements of the whole body, in which the performer seemed too overcome by passion to preserve his equilibrium. The lad did actually stagger and fall, and that put an end to the dance.

I sought diligently for specimens of Calmuck literature, but failed to find any in all the thirty *khibitkas*. On religious ground my success was not much greater. I was not, for example, permitted to look into the mechanism of the praying-machines, the priest being absent, "on parish duty." This Calmuck ecclesiastic, with his flowing scarlet robe that sweeps the ground and his haughty superciliousness of manner, is at once the exponent and the arbiter of the Buddhism of the steppe. It is, perhaps, as much owing to his influence as to the wandering habits and gross credulity of the race that beliefs and legends have been grafted upon the old faith which have no justification in the teachings of Sakaya Muni.

This visit to the Calmuck encampment practically brought my six months' sojourn in Astrakhan to a close, for on my return Vassily Nikoláievich met me with letters and news; the one conveying intelligence of startling events in the capital, the other summoning me to St. Petersburg. The river-way being closed by ice, I had to prepare for a journey along the post road for four hundred versts, as far as Tsarítsyn, where the Volga railway system begins. In two days all things were ready, — my small impedimenta well packed, myself wrapped in Russian furs. The morning was piercingly cold, yet many came to see me off. Nothing could be heartier than the good-by of this kind-hearted, hospitable family. It was a parting at the *troika* side characteristically Russian. "*Zheláyu vam vsevo kharóshavo!*" (I wish you every good) said Vassily Nikoláievich. "*Búdyťe zdoróv!*" (May you be healthy) ejaculated Eudoxia Petróvna. "*Dóbry put!*" (A good road to you) was the thoughtful utterance of Sophie Vassilievna. Last, little Platoshka Vassilievna called after me: "Edmund Ivánovich, don't forget us!" Then, when the hand-shaking had been gone through again and again, the driver gave a low whistle; the horses started forward and the *troika* bells jingled merrily, and in a brief space Vassily Nikoláievich and the Street of the Cossacks had wholly disappeared from sight.

Edmund Noble.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XVII.

LADY MARKLAND had recovered in a great degree from the shock of her husband's death. It had been, as Mrs. Warrender said, a shock rather than a

sorrow. There is no such reconciler of those who have been severed, no such softener of the wounds which people closely connected in life often give one another, as death. A long illness ending so has often the effect of blotting out

altogether the wrongs and bitternesses of many troubled years. The unkind husband becomes once more a hero, the child who has stung its parents to the quick a young and tender saint, by that blessed process. When death comes in a moment the effect is more startling if not so lasting. The horror, the pity, the intolerable pang of sympathy, with which we realize what the sudden end must have been to him who met it, without time to think, without time to repent, without a moment to prepare himself for that incalculable change, affects every mind, even that of the merest spectator; how much more that of one whom the victim had left a few hours before with a careless word, perhaps an insult, perhaps a jest! What changes of mood, what revelations, what sudden adaptation to the supreme necessity, may come with the blow, the spectator, even if he be nearest and dearest to the sufferer, cannot know. He knows only what was and is, and his soul is overwhelmed with pity. In that moment those who have been most deeply injured forgive and forget. They remember the time when all was well, — the sweet childhood, the blooming youth, the first love, the halcyon days before trouble came. Lady Markland had felt this universal influence. But when she showed her husband's portrait to Mrs. Warrender, it was not so much with a renewal of love as with a subduing hush of pity that her mind was filled. This for a time veiled even the relief of her deliverance from what had seemed a hopeless lot, which was never altogether to be ignored, but which gradually grew upon her, yet still with great gravity and pain. She was free from a bondage which had become intolerable to her, which day by day she had felt herself less able to bear; but this gain was at his cost. To gain anything at the cost of another is painful to a generous mind; but that it should be at such a price, — the price not only of an-

other's life, but of a life to which it had seemed almost impossible that there could be any harmonious completion or extension! For what could he do in another world, in a world of spirits? He had been all fleshly; nothing in him that was not of the earth.

In the majority of cases it is hard enough to understand how a spirit, formed apparently for nothing but the uses of earth, should be able to adapt itself in a moment to those occupations and interests which are congenial to another state of existence; but with young Lord Markland this was peculiarly the case. He had seemed to care for nothing except things which he could not carry with him into the unseen. Had other capacities, other desires, developed in a moment with the new life? This is a question which no one can answer, and his wife could only think of him as he had been. There seemed nothing but suffering, deprivation, for him, in such a change. The wind, when it blew wildly of nights, seemed to her like the moan of a wandering spirit trying vainly to get back to the world which it understood, to the pleasures of which it was capable. And had she attained relief and freedom by such a sacrifice exacted from another? When comforters bade her believe that he had gone to a better place, that it was her loss but his gain, — which may be, for aught we know, true in every case, not only in those of the saints whose natural home is heaven, — her heart rose against them, and contradicted them, though she said nothing. It was — alas that it should be so! — her gain. She dared not, even to herself, deny that; but how could it be his? He was a man who had no thought but of the beggarly elements of life, no aspiration beyond its present enjoyments; and it was by this dreadful overturn in his existence, this taking from him of everything he cared for, that she had been made free! Such a thought as this is more terrible than sorrow, it is

sadder than death. It left her for a long time very grave, full of something which was almost remorse, as if she had done it; wondering whether God himself could make up to poor Geoffrey, who had never thought of Him, for the loss of everything which he had ever thought of or cared for. She could not confide this trouble to any spiritual guide,—and indeed she was not a woman to whom a spiritual guide was possible. Her problems, her difficulties, remained in her own breast, where she worked them out as she could, or, perhaps, in process of time, forgot them, which, in the darkness of human understanding, was probably the better way.

But in one respect he had been just, nay, generous, to his wife. He had left the burdened estates, the no-money, the guardianship of her child, entirely to her. His old uncle, indeed, was associated with her in the guardianship; but this was merely nominal, for old John Markland was very indifferent, more interested in his own comforts than in all the children in the world, and had no mind to interfere. She found herself thus not only a free woman, but with what was equal to a new profession upon her shoulders,—the care of her boy's fortune and of considerable estates, at the moment in as low a condition and as badly managed as it was possible for estates to be. It was not the fault of Mr. Longstaffe, who had all the business of the county in his hands, and who had tried in vain to save from encumbrance the property which Lord Markland had weighed down almost beyond redemption. Mr. Longstaffe, indeed, when he heard of the fatal accident to his client, had been unable to refrain from a quick burst of self-congratulation as to the advantages of a long minority before he composed his countenance to the distress and pity which were becoming on such an occasion. When the funeral was over, indeed, he permitted himself to say piously that, though such

an end was very shocking, it was an intervention of Providence for the property, which could not have stood another year of Lord Markland's goings-on. He was a little dubious of Lady Markland's wisdom in taking the burden of the business upon her own shoulders; but on the whole he respected her and her motives, and gave her all the help in his power.

And Lady Markland let no grass grow under her feet. She began proceedings at once, with an energy which nobody had expected from her. The horses were sold and the establishment reduced without delay. The two other houses, both expensive,—the villa in the Isle of Wight, the shooting-box in the Highlands,—which had been necessary to Lord Markland's pursuits, were let as soon as it was possible to secure tenants. And Geoff and his mother began, in one wing of the big house at Markland, a life not much different from their past life, except in so far that it was free from interruption and anxiety. The pang of loss in such a case does not last; and Lady Markland entered with all the zest of an active-minded and intelligent woman into the work from which she had been debarred all her previous life. No man, perhaps,—seeing that men can always find serious occupation when they choose to do so,—can throw himself into unexpected work with the same delight as a woman does, to whom it is salvation from many lesser miseries, as well as an advantage in itself. She had known nothing hitherto, except that everything was going badly, and that she was helpless to interfere, to arrest the ruin which stared them in the face. And now to feel that she might stop that ruin, might even make up for all the losses of the past, and place her son in the position his father had lost, was a secret happiness beyond description, and gave new life and exhilaration to all her thoughts.

This change, however, occasioned oth-

er changes, which marked the alteration from the old life to the new with difficulties and embarrassments which were inevitable. One of these, and the most important, has been already indicated. It concerned Geoff. The change in Geoff's existence was great. Into the morning-room, where his mother and he had constantly sat together, where he had his lessons, where all the corners were full of his toys, where his little life had been spent from morning till night in such a close and absorbing companionship as can only exist between a parent and an only child, there suddenly intruded things and thoughts with which Geoff had little to do. First came a large writing-table, occupying the centre of the room, with all sorts of drawers full of papers, and so many letters and notes and account-books that Geoff looked at them with astonishment, mingled with awe and admiration. "Did you write all these?" he said to his mother, touching with a finger a pile of letters. He was proud of the achievement, without remembering that he had himself sat very forlorn all the morning, in the light of the great bow-window, with his lesson books, and had asked a great many questions, without more response than a smile and a "Presently, dear," from the mother who was generally so ready to meet and reply to everything he said. Geoff kept his place in the window, as he had always done, and after Lady Markland had got through her work there would be an attempt at the lessons, which heretofore had been the pleasant occupation of the whole morning, — a delightful dialogue, in which the mind of the teacher was as much stimulated as that of the pupil, since Geoff conducted his own education by means of a multitude of questions, to which it was not always very easy to reply. Under the new *régime*, however, this long process was not possible, and the lessons had to be said in a summary manner which did not at all suit Geoff's

ways of thinking. He did not complain, but he was puzzled, turning it over in his mind with slow but progressive understanding. The big writing-table seemed typical to Geoff. It threw a deep shadow behind it, making the thick, light-colored, much-worn carpet, on which he had trotted all his life, dark and gloomy, like the robber's cave he had often found so much difficulty in inventing in the lightness of the room. He had a robbers' cave to his desire now in the dark, dark hole between the two lines of drawers; but it was dearly bought.

Geoff, however, without being as yet quite clear in his mind as to his grievance, had instinctively taken what means were in his power to make up for it. There was that robbers' cave, for one thing, which had many dramatic possibilities. And he was a boy who took a great interest in his fellow-creatures, and liked to listen to everything that was said, especially when it was of a personal character. He was delighted to be there, notwithstanding the strange silence to which he was condemned, when Dickinson, the bailiff, came in to make his report and to receive his orders. Geoff took the greatest interest in Dickinson's long-winded stories about what was wanted in the village, the cottages that were tumbling to pieces, the things that must be done for the farmers: and Lady Markland was at first amused and delighted to see how her boy entered into everything, and even made a gentle boast that Geoff understood better than she did. It was only when Mr. Longstaffe and her clergyman simultaneously snubbed her that this foolish woman came to herself. Mr. Longstaffe said, in his brusque way, that he thought Master Geoff — he begged his pardon, little Lord Markland — would be better at his lessons; while Mr. Scarsdale put on a very grave air, and remarked that he feared Dickinson might have things to tell his mistress which

were not fit for a little boy's ears. This last rebuke had disconcerted the young mother sadly, and cost her some tears; for she was as innocent as Geoff, and the idea that there were in the village things to tell her that were unfit for the child's ears threw her into daily terror, not only for him, but for herself.

This was one of the things that made it apparent that a new rule was necessary. Her business grew day by day, as she began to understand it better, and the lessons fell more and more into the background. Geoff was the soul of loyalty, and did not complain. He developed a quite new faculty of silence, as he sat at his table in the window, now and then stealing a glance at her to see if he might hazard a question. That little figure, seated against the light, was all that Lady Markland had to cheer her, as she set out upon this new and stony path of life. He represented everything that made her task possible and her burden grateful to her. Without him within her sight, what, she asked herself, would existence be to her? She asked herself this question when it first began to be suggested by her friends that Geoff should be sent to school. It is one special feature in the change and downfall that happens to a woman when she becomes a widow that all her friends find themselves at liberty to advise her. However bad or useless her husband may be, so long as he lives she is safe from this exercise of friendship; but when he is dead, all mouths are opened. Mr. Scarsdale paid her a visit solemnly, in order to deliver his soul in this respect. "I came on purpose," he said, as if that was an additional virtue, "to speak to you, dear Lady Markland, very seriously about Geoff." And whether it was by his own impulse, or because he was written to on the subject, and inspired by zealous friends nearer home, old Mr. Markland wrote to his dear niece in the same strain, assuring her that it would be far the best thing to

send Geoff to school. To school! Her little delicate boy, not nine till Christmas, who had never been out of his mother's care! Lady Markland suffered a great deal from these attacks, and she tried hard, by getting up early, by sitting up late, to find time for Geoff, as of old; but Geoff himself had fallen into the new ways, and the lessons languished. What was she to do?

And then it was that the alternative of a tutor was suggested to her. A tutor! That did not seem so terrible. She confided her troubles to Warrender, who had fallen into the way of riding over to Markland two or three times a week, of checking Dickinson's accounts for her, looking up little bits of law as between landlord and tenant, and doing his best to make himself necessary; not with any deep-laid plan, but only because to be near her, and serve, was becoming more and more the desire of his life. Warrender was not fond of Geoff. It is possible, indeed, that his spirits rose with a sense of relief at the suggestion of sending that inevitable third in all their interviews away; but he was at that stage when the wish of a person beloved is strong enough in a young mind to make all endurance possible, and to justify the turning upside down of heaven and earth. He had therefore replied boldly that there would be nothing more easy than to find a tutor; that he himself would go to town, and make inquiries; and that she need contemplate the other and dreadful alternative no more. Lady Markland was more grateful to Theo than words could say, and she told all her friends, with a serene countenance, that she had made up her mind to the tutor. It is a great thing to have made up one's mind. It gave a satisfaction and calm to her spirits that nothing else could have done. Indeed, she was so satisfied that she avoided the subject thereafter, and said nothing more to Warrender, who had constituted himself her agent, and took great care not

to question him about what he had been doing in London, when she heard that he had been there. For after all, to come to a determination is the great thing. The practical part may be put in operation at any moment. What is really necessary is to make up one's mind.

Something of the same feeling moved Warrender when he returned from that expedition to London which has been already recorded. Dick Cavendish's suggestion had been to him a suggestion from heaven. But when he returned home, and as he began to think, there were a great many secondary matters to be taken into account. He began to realize the interest that would be taken by the entire county in a matter which did not concern them in the very least. He realized the astonished look of his mother, and felt already his ear transfixed by Minnie's persistent "Why?" Theo saw all these hindrances by degrees. He said to himself, indignantly, that it was nobody's business but his own, and that he hoped he was able to judge for himself. But such reflections do not make an end of a difficulty; they only show more distinctly a consciousness of it. And thus it was that he put off making to Lady Markland the proposal he intended to make, just as she, on her side, put off asking him whether he had done anything in the matter. In the mean time, while the summer lasted, there were many reasons and excuses for putting off from day to day.

XVIII.

The moment, however, was approaching when Warrender had to declare for himself what he was going to do. It is true that he had given indications of previous intention which had put his family on their guard. He had said to Cavendish and to others that it was doubtful whether he should return to Oxford, — words which had made the la-

dies look at each other, which had drawn a sharp exclamation from Minnie, but which even she had consented to say nothing of until his resolution was more evident. It might be but a caprice of the moment, one of the hasty expressions which Theo was not unaccustomed to launch at his little audience, making them stare and exclaim, but which were never meant to come to anything. Most likely this was the case now. And the preparations went on as usual without anything further said. Mrs. Warrender had curbed her own impatience; she had yielded to his wishes and remained at the Warren, with a sympathy for his sudden fascination and for the object of it which no one else shared; but she looked not without longing for the time when he should return to his studies, — when there should no longer be any duty to keep her to the Warren, nothing to make self-denial necessary. The thought of the free air outside this little green island of retreat almost intoxicated her by times, as the autumn days stole on, and October came red and glowing, with sharp winds but golden sunsets which tinged the woods. By this time, Chatty, too, began to have sensations unusual to her, — such as must thrill through the boat upon the shore when the little waves run up and kiss its sides, wooing it to the water, for which it was made. Chatty had been almost as much a piece of still life as the boat, but the baptism of the spray had been flung in her face, and dreams of triumphant winds and dazzling waves outside had crept into her cave. Minnie was conscious of no longings, but she knew that it was time to prepare Theo's linen, to see that everything was marked, so that he might have a chance at least of getting his things back from the wash. And Chatty had knitted him half a dozen pairs of silk socks, — some in stripes of black and white, some violet, like a cardinal's, — suitable for his mourning. No one, however, men-

tioned the subject until the beginning of October, when, as they sat at luncheon one day, it was suddenly introduced by Miss Warrender without timidity or recollection that there was any doubt about it. "When does term begin, Theo?" his sister asked, in the midst of the usual conversation. The other ladies, who were more quick to sympathize with Theo's feelings, held their breath; but Minnie put her question quite simply, as if she expected him (as she did) to say "the 15th" or "the 17th," as the case might be.

Theo paused a moment, and cast a glance round them all. Then he answered in a voice which seemed louder than usual because it was somewhat defiant. "I don't know," he said slowly; "and if you want the truth, I don't care."

"Theo!" cried Minnie, with a little scream. Chatty, who had been contemplating at her ease, when this conversation began, the bubbles rising in a glass of aerated water which she was holding up to the light, set it down very quickly, and gave him an appealing look across the table. Mrs. Warrender looked at him, too, pretending, poor lady, not to understand. "But, my dear," she said, "we must get everything ready; so it is very necessary to know."

"There is nothing to be got ready, so far as I am aware," he replied, with a flush on his face, and the look of a man who is making a stand against his opponents. "I am not going up this term, if that is what you mean."

Then all three looked at him with different degrees of remonstrance, protest, or appeal. Mrs. Warrender was much too sensible of incapacity to prevail to risk any controversy. And even Minnie was so confounded by the certainty of his tone that, except another resounding "Theo!" the sound of which was enough to have made any man pause in an evil career, she too, for the moment, found nothing to say.

"My dear, don't you think that's a great pity?" his mother said very mildly, but with a countenance which said much more.

"I don't wish to discuss the question," he said. "I thought I had told you before. I don't mean to be disagreeable, mother; but don't you think that in my own case I should know best?"

"Theo!" cried Minnie for the third time, "you are more than disagreeable; you are ridiculous. How should you know best, — a boy like you? You think you can do what you like because poor papa is dead, and we are nothing but women. Oh, it is very ungenerous and undutiful to my mother: but it is ridiculous, too."

"My mother can speak for herself," said the young man. "I don't owe any explanations to you."

"You will have to give explanations to every one, whether you owe them or not!" cried Minnie. "I know what people think and how they talk. There is always supposed to be some reason for it when a young man does n't go back to his college. They think he has got into disgrace; they think it is some bad scrape. We shall have to make up excuses and explanations."

"They may think what they please, so far as I am concerned," he replied.

"But, my dear, she is right, though that does not matter very much," said Mrs. Warrender. "There will be a great many inquiries; and explanations will have to be given. That is not the most important, Theo. Did n't you tell me that if you lost this term you could not go in, as you call it, for honors? I thought you had told me so."

"Honors!" he said contemptuously. "What do honors mean? I found out the folly of that years ago. They are a sort of trademark, very good for business purposes. Bronson has sense on his side when he goes in for honors. They are good for the college to keep up its

reputation as a teaching machine; and they are good for a schoolmaster in the same way. But what advantage would all the honors of the University be to me!" he added, with a laugh of scorn. "There's an agricultural college somewhere. There would be some meaning in it if I took honors there."

"You have a strange idea of your own position, Theo," said Mrs. Warrender, roused to indignation. "You are not a farmer, but a country gentleman."

"Of the very smallest," he said, — "a little squire. If I were a good farmer and knew my trade, I should be of more use in the world."

"A country gentleman," cried Minnie, who had kept silence with difficulty, and now seized the first opportunity to break in, "is just the very finest thing a man can be. Why, what are half the nobility compared to us? There are all sorts of people in the nobility, — people who have been in trade, brewers and bankers and all sorts; even authors, and those kind of people. But I have always heard that an English country gentleman who has been in the same position for hundreds of years — Why, Theo, there is not such a position in the world! We are the bulwark of the country. We are the support of the constitution. Where would the Queen be, or the Church, or anything, without the gentry? Why, Theo, an English country gentleman!" —

She paused from mere want of breath. On such a subject Miss Warrender felt that words should never have failed; and she devoutly believed everything she said.

"If he's so grand as that," said Theo, with a laugh, "what do you suppose is the consequence to him of a little more Latin and Greek?"

Minnie would have said with all sincerity, Nothing at all; but she paused, remembering that there were prejudices on this subject. "You might as well say, 'What's the use of shoes and stockings,'"

she said, "or of nice, well-made clothes, such as a gentleman ought to wear? (By the bye, Mr. Cavendish, though I did not care so much for him this time as the last, had his clothes very well made.) Education is just like well-made things," she added, with a sense that she had made, if not an epigram, something very like it, — a phrase to be remembered and quoted as summing up the discussion.

"If that's all," said Warrender, "I've got enough for that." The reference to Cavendish, and the epigram, had cleared the atmosphere and given a lighter tone to the family controversy, and the young man felt that he had got over the crisis better than he hoped. He waved his hand to Minnie amicably as he rose from the table. "I thank thee, Jew," he said, with a lighter tone and laugh than were at all usual with him, as he went away.

The ladies sat silent, listening to his steps as he went through the hall, pausing to get his hat; and no one spoke till he suddenly appeared again, crossing the lawn towards the gate that led into the village. Then there was a simultaneous long breath of fulfilled expectation, not to be called a sigh.

"Ah!" said Minnie, "I thought so. He always goes that way."

"It is the way that leads to all the places Theo would be likely to go to."

"You mean it leads to Markland, mamma. Oh, I know very well what Theo means. He thinks he is very deep, but I see through him; and so would you, if you were to think. I never thought him so clever as you all did: but that he should let that woman twist him round her little finger, and give up everything for her! — I could not have supposed he would be so silly as that."

Mrs. Warrender made no reply except a brief reproof to her daughter for speaking of Lady Markland as "that woman." Perhaps she was herself a little vexed with Lady Markland, though she was aware it was unjust. But she was not

vexed with Theo. She followed his foolishness (for to be sure it was foolishness, poor boy!) with a warmth of sympathy such as very rarely animates a mother in such circumstances. In her growing anxiety about him, in the commotion of mind with which she had watched the rising passion in his, there had been something which seemed to Mrs. Warrender like a new vicarious life. She had been, as it were, the spectator of the drama from the day when, to her great surprise, Theo had insisted, almost compelled her to offer her services and society to the young widow. His vehemence then, and a look in his eyes with which she was noways acquainted, but of which, as a woman capable of similar emotion, she divined the meaning, had awakened her, with a curious upspringing of her whole being, to the study of this new thing, to see what was going to come of it, and how it would develop. She had never known in her own person what passion was; she had never been the object of it, nor had she felt that wild and all-absorbing influence; but she recognized it when she saw it in her son, with the keenest thrill of sympathetic feeling. She watched him with a kind of envy, a kind of admiration, a wondering enthusiasm, which absorbed her almost as much as his love absorbed him. She who had been surrounded by dullness all her life, mild affections, stagnant minds, an easy, humdrum attachment which had all the external features of indifference,—it brought a curious elation to her mind to see that her boy was capable of this flaming and glowing passion. This had curbed her impatience to leave the Warren as nothing else could have done, and made her willing to wait and watch, to withstand the pressure of the long, monotonous days, and content herself with the dead quiet of her life. She had not known even anxiety in the past. That of itself was a vivifying influence now.

A little later Mrs. Warrender drove

into Highcombe with Chatty, an expedition which she had made several times of late, as often as the horses could be spared. The house in Highcombe, which was her own, which she was to live in with the girls if Theo married, or anything happened, was being put in order, and this was a gentle interest. Fortunately, upon this afternoon Minnie was occupied in the parish. It was her "day:" and nothing in heaven or earth was ever permitted to interfere with Minnie's "day." The other two were pleased to be alone together, though they never said so, but kept up even between themselves the little fiction of saying, What a pity Minnie could not come! Chatty sympathized with her mother more than Minnie had ever done, and was very glad in her heart to ask a question or two about what was happening and what Theo could mean, to which Mrs. Warrender answered with much greater ease and fullness than if her elder daughter had been present to give her opinion. Chatty asked with bated breath whether there was not something wicked and terrible in the thought that Lady Markland, a woman who was married, and who had been consoled in her affliction by the clergyman and all her friends, reminding her that her husband was not lost but gone before, and that she would meet him again,—that she should be loved and wooed by another man. Chatty grew red with shame as she asked the question. It seemed to her an insult to any woman. "As if our ties were for this world only!" she said.

Mrs. Warrender in her reply waived the theological question altogether, and shook her head, and declared that it was not the thought that Lady Markland was a widow or that she was Theo's senior which troubled her. "But she will never think of him," said the mother. "Oh, Chatty, my heart is sorry for my poor boy. He is throwing away his love and the best of his life. She will never think of him. She is full of her own

affairs and of her child. She will take all that Theo gives her, and never make him any return."

"Then, mamma, would you wish"—cried Chatty, astonished.

"I wish anything that would make him happy," her mother said. "It is a great thing to be happy." She said this more to herself than to her daughter; and to be sure, it was a most unguarded admission for a woman to make to a young person.

"Does being happy always mean"—Here Chatty paused, with the sudden flame of a blush almost scorching her cheeks. She had turned her head in the opposite direction, as if looking at something among the trees; and perhaps this was why Mrs. Warrender did not hear what she said. Always love—Chatty did not say. Various events had suggested this question, which she was very glad her mother did not hear.

XIX.

Warrender went off very quickly upon his long walk. He could not but feel, notwithstanding his little bravado of indifference, that it was a very important decision, which he had made irrevocable by thus publishing it. For some time it had been a certainty in his mind; but nothing seems a certainty until it has been said, and now that it had been said, the thought that he had absolutely delivered himself over into the nameless crowd, that he had renounced all further thought of distinction in the only way he knew of for acquiring it, was somewhat awful to him. The unimaginable difference which exists between a man within whose reach a first class is still dangling and he who has no hope but to be "gulfed" is little comprehensible by the unacademic mind; but it is one not to be contemplated without a shudder. When he thought of what he was resigning, when he thought of what

he must resort to, the blood seemed to boil in Theo's veins and to ring in his ears. To be a passman; to descend among the crowd; to consort with those who had "pulled through," perhaps with difficulty, who had gone through all sorts of dull workings and struggles, and to whom their books were mere necessary instruments of torture, to be got done with as soon as possible,—these were things terrible to contemplate. And in the silence of his own soul, it was difficult to console himself with those theories about the trademark, and the merely professional use of academic distinction. It was all true enough, and yet it was not true. Even now he thought of his tutor with a pang; not the tutor at college, who had dropped him for Bronson, but the genial old tutor at school, who had hoped such great things for him. He said, "Poor old Boreas!" to himself, sympathizing in the disappointment with which the news would be received. Warrender a passman! Warrender "gulfed"! Nobody would believe it. This gave him many pangs as he set out upon his walk. He had sacrificed his early glories to the fastidious fancy of youth; but he had never really intended to be distanced by Bronson, to fall out of the ranks at the end.

Softer thoughts began to steal over him as he pursued his way, as he began to draw near the neighborhood of Markland. Halfway between the houses was a little wood, through which the road passed, and which was like a vestibule to the smiling place where her throne and empire was. To other eyes it was no more smiling than the other side, but as soon as Theo became conscious, in the distance, of the bare height, all denuded of trees, on which Markland stood, the landscape seemed to change for him. There was sunshine in it which was nowhere else, more quiet skies and warmer light. He threw down the burden of his thoughts among the autumn leaves

that strewed the brook in that bit of woodland, and, on the other side, remembered with an elation that went to his head that he had this sacrifice, though she might never know it, to lay at her feet; the flower of his life, the garland of honor, the violet crown, all to scatter on her path. He would rather she should put her foot on them than that they should decorate his brows, — even if she never knew.

With these thoughts, he sped along the country road, which no longer was so green and so warm with sunshine as before. Markland looked cold in its bareness against the distant sky, all flushed with flying clouds; the young saplings about bent before the wind, as if they supplicated for shelter and a little warmth, and the old tottering cedar behind the house looked as if the next blast would bring it down with a crash. There had been a great deal of planting going on, but this only added to the straggling lines of weak-kneed, uncomfortable younglings, which fluttered their handful of leaves, and shivered in every wind that blew. Lady Markland no longer sat on the terrace. She received her familiar visitor where only intimate friends were allowed to come, in the morning-room, to which its new distinction gave something of the barrenness and rigidity of a room of business. The big writing-table filled up the centre, and nothing remained of its old aspect except Geoff's little settlement within the round of the window; a low table for his few lesson books, where less lawful publications, in the shape of stories, were but too apt to appear, and a low, but virtuously hard chair, on which he was supposed to sit, and — work; but there was not much work done, as everybody knew.

Lady Markland did not rise to receive her visitor. She had a book in her right hand, which she did not even disturb herself to put down. It was her left hand which she held out to Warrender,

with a smile: and this sign of a friendship which had gone beyond all ceremony made his heart overflow. By an unusual chance, Geoff was not there, staring with his little sharp eyes, and this made everything sweeter. He had her to himself at last.

"Do I disturb you? Are you busy?" he said.

"Not at all. At least, if I am busy, it is nothing that requires immediate attention. I am a little stupid about those drainages, and what is the landlord's part. I wonder if you know any better? You must have the same sort of things to do?"

"I am ashamed to say I don't, now; but I'll get it all up," he said, eagerly, — "that must be perfectly easy, — and give you the result."

"You will cram me, in short," said Lady Markland, with a smile. "You ought to be somebody's private secretary. How well you would do it! That was all right about the lease. Mr. Longstaffe was very much astonished that I should know so much. I did not tell him it was you."

"It was not I!" cried Warrender. "I had only the facts, and you supplied the understanding. I suppose that is to be my trade, too; it will be something to think that you have trained me for it."

"That we have studied together," she said, "with most of the ignorance on my side, and most of the knowledge on yours. Oh, I am not too humble. I allow that I sometimes see my way out of a difficulty, with a jump, before you have reasoned it out. That sort of thing is conceded to a woman. I am 'not without intelligence,' Mr. Longstaffe himself says. But what do you mean to imply by that tone of regret — you suppose it is to be your trade?"

"I don't mean anything, — to make you ask, perhaps. I have no doubt I mean that finding out what was the exact pound of flesh the farmers could demand, and how much on our side we

could exact, did not seem very lofty work : until I remembered that you were doing it, too."

"My doing it makes no difference," said Lady Markland. "You ought to know better than to make me those little compliments. But for all that, it is a fine trade. Looking after the land is the best of trades. Everything must have begun with it, and it will go on forever. And the pleasure of thinking one can improve and hand it over richer and better for the expenditure of a little brains upon it, — as well as other condiments," she said, with a laugh. "Guano, you will say, is of more use perhaps, than the brains."

She carried off a little enthusiasm, which had lit up her eyes, with this laugh at the end.

"I don't think so," said Warrender. "Did you suppose I meant a compliment? but to see you giving yourself up to this, you, who — and to remember that I had been perhaps grumbling, thinking of the Schools, and other such paltry honors."

"Oh, not paltry, — not paltry at all ; very, very much the reverse. I am sure no one interested in you can think so."

"I think so myself," he said. "I must tell you my experiences on that subject." And with this he told her all his little story about the devotion of the Dons ; about their discovery of his pursuits, and the slackening of their approbation ; and about how Bronson (a very good fellow, and quite aware of their real meaning) had taken his place. Lady Markland was duly interested, amused, and indignant ; interested enough to be quite sincere in her expressions of sympathy, and yet independent enough to smile a little at the conflict between wounded feeling and philosophy on Warrender's part.

"But," she added, with a woman's liking for a practicable medium, "you might have postponed your deeper reading till you had done what was neces-

sary, and so pleased both them and yourself."

"I thought one could not serve two masters," said Theo ; "and that is why I encourage myself, by your example, to take to the land and its duties, and give the other poor little bubble of reputation up."

"Don't talk of my example," she said. "I am not disinterested. I am making no choice. What I am doing is for the only object I have in life, the only thing I have in the world."

He did not ask any question, but he fixed her with intent, inquiring eyes.

"You need not look as if you had any doubt what it was. It is Geoff, of course. I don't care very much for anything else. But to hand back his inheritance unburdened, to make a man of my poor little Geoff" — Her bright eyes moistened with quick-springing tears. She smiled, and her face looked to Theo like the face of an angel ; though he was impatient of the motive, he adored the result. And then she gave her head a little shake, as if to throw off this undue emotion. "I need not talk any high-flown nonsense about such a simple duty, need I?" she said, once more with a soft laugh. Instead of making the most of her pathetic position, she would always ignore the claims she had upon sympathy. Her simple duty, — that was all.

"We must not discuss that question," he said ; "for if I were to say what I thought — And this brings me to what I wanted to talk to you about, Lady Markland. Geoff" —

She looked at him, with a sudden catching of her breath. She had no expectation of a sudden invasion of the practical into the vague satisfaction of the pause which kept Geoff still by his mother's side. And yet she knew that it was her duty to listen, to accept any reasonable suggestion that might be made.

"There was that question, — between

a school and a tutor," he said. "I have been thinking a great deal about it. We settled, you remember, that to send him away to school would be too much; not good for himself, as he is delicate: and for you it would be hard. You would miss him dreadfully."

"Miss him!" she said. As if these common words could express the vacancy, the blank solitude, into which her life without Geoff would settle down!

"But it seems to me now that there is another side to the question," he continued, with what seemed to Lady Markland a pitiless persistency. "A tutor here would be too much in your way. You would not like to let him live by himself altogether. His presence would be a constant embarrassment. You could not have him with you, nor could you, for Geoff's sake, keep him quite at a distance."

She held out her hands to stop this too clear exposition. "Don't!" she cried. "Do you think I have not considered all that? You only make me see the difficulties more and more clearly, and I see them so clearly already. But what am I to do?"

"Dear Lady Markland," he said, rising from his chair, "I want to propose something to you." The young man had grown so pale, yet by moments flushed so suddenly, and had altogether such an air of agitation and passionate earnestness, that a certain alarm flashed into her mind. The word had an ominous sound. Could he be thinking — was it possible — She felt a hot flush of shame and a cold shiver of horror and fear at the thought, which after all was not a thought, but only a sharp pang of fright, which went through her like an arrow. He saw that she looked nervously at him, but that was easily explained by what had gone before.

"It is this," he said. "It is quite simple; it will cost nobody anything, and give a great deal of pleasure to me. I want you to let me be Geoff's tutor.

Wait a moment before you answer. It will be no trouble. I have absolutely nothing to do. My father left all his affairs in complete order; all my farms are let, everything is going on smoothly. And you must remember our little bit of a place is very different from all you have to think of. No, I don't want to thrust myself upon you. I will ride over, or drive over, or walk over every day. The distance is nothing; it will do me all the good in the world. And honors or no honors, I have plenty of scholarship for Geoff. Ah, don't refuse me; it will be such a pleasure. I have set my heart on being tutor to Geoff."

She had listened to him with a great many endeavors to break in. She stopped him at last almost by force, putting out her hand and taking his when he came to a little pause for breath. "Mr. Warrender," she said, almost as breathless as he, tears in her eyes, her voice almost choked, "how can I thank you for the thought! God bless you for the thought. Oh, how good, how kind, how full of feeling! I hope if you are ever in trouble you will have as good a friend as you have been to me."

"If you will be my friend, Lady Markland" —

"That I will," she cried, "all my life; yet never be able to make up to you for this." She had put out both her hands, which he held trembling, but dared not stoop to kiss lest he should betray himself. After a moment, half laughing, half sobbing, she bade him sit down again beside her. "You are very, very good," she said; "but there are a few things to be talked over. First, you are going back to Oxford in a week or two."

"I am not going up this term; that is settled already."

"Not going up! But I thought you must go up. You have not taken your degree."

"Oh, that is not till next year," he said, lightly, confident in her ignorance of details. "There is no reason why I

should hurry; and, in fact, I had made up my mind some time since, so there is no difficulty so far as that goes."

She looked at him with keen scrutiny; her mind in a moment flashing over the whole course of their conversation like a light over a landscape, yet seeing it imperfectly, as a landscape under a sudden flash can only be seen, with a perception of its chief features, but nothing more. This young man had been tenderly kind all through. Since the moment when he came into this very room to tell her of her husband's accident he had never forsaken her. She had not thought that such chivalrous kindness existed in the world: but she was yet young enough and inexperienced enough to believe in it and in its complete disinterestedness; for what return could she ever make for all he had done? And now, was this a crowning service, an offer of brotherly kindness which was almost sublime, or — what was it? She looked at him as if she would see into his soul. "Oh," she said, "I know your generosity. I feel as if I could not trust you when you say it does n't matter. How could I ever forgive myself if you were injuring your own prospects for Geoff! — if it was for Geoff."

For Geoff! Warrender laughed aloud, almost roughly, in a way which half offended her. Could anybody suppose for a moment that for that ugly, precocious little boy — "You need not distress yourself on that account, Lady Markland," he said. "It is not for Geoff, — I had made up my mind on that question long ago, — but by way of occupying my idle time. And if you think me good enough" —

"Oh, good enough!" she cried. But she was too much alarmed and startled to make any definite reply. Almost for the first time she became conscious that Theo was neither a boy nor a visionary young hero of the Sir Galahad kind, but a man like other men. The further discovery which awaited her, that she her-

self was not a dignified recluse from life, a queen mother ruling the affairs of her son's kingdom for him and not for herself, but in other people's eyes, at least, a young woman, still open to other thoughts, was still far from Lady Markland's mind.

XX.

"You will give me my answer after you have thought it all over."

"Certainly you shall have an answer: and in the mean time my thanks; or if there is any word more grateful than thanks, — more than words can say" —

He turned to look back as he closed the little gate for foot passengers at the end of the bare road which was called the avenue, and took off his hat as she waved her hand to him. Then she turned back again towards the house. It was a ruddy October afternoon, the sun going down in gold and crimson, with already the deeper, more gorgeous colors of winter in the sky. Geoff was hanging upon her arm, clinging to it with both of his, walking in her very shadow, as was his wont.

"Why do you thank Theo Warrender like that? What has he done for us?" asked Geoff.

"I don't think, dear, that you should talk of him in that familiar way, — Theo! He is old enough to be" — here she paused for a moment, not pleased with the suggestion, and then added — "he might be your elder brother, at least."

"Not unless I had another mamma," said Geoff. "Theo is about as old as you."

"Oh, no; much younger than I am. Do you remember you once said you would like him for your tutor, Geoff?"

"I don't think I should now," said the little boy. "That was because he was so clever. I begin to think now perhaps it would be better not to have such a clever one. When you are very small you don't understand."

"You are not very big still, my dear boy."

"No, but things change." Geoff had a way of twisting his little face, as he made an observation wiser than usual, which amused the world in general, but not his mother. He was not a pretty boy; there was nothing in his appearance to satisfy a young woman in her ambition and vanity for her child; but his little face was turned into a grotesque by those queer contortions. She put her hand upon his arm hastily.

"Don't make such faces, Geoff. Why should you twist your features out of all shape, with every word you say?"

This was perhaps too strong, and Geoff felt it so. "I don't want to make faces," he said, "but what else have you got to do it with when you are thinking? I'll tell you how I have found out that Theo Warrender would be too clever. That day when he showed me how to do my Latin" — The boy here paused, with a curious elfish gravity. "It was a long time ago."

"I remember, dear."

"Well, you were all talking, saying little speeches, as people do, you know, that come to pay visits; and he was out of it — so he talked to me. But now, when he comes, he makes the speeches, and you answer him, and you two run on till I think you never will be done; and it is I who am out of it," said Geoff, with great gravity, though without offense. His mother pressed his clinging arms to her side, with a sudden exclamation.

"My own boy, *you* feel out of it when I am talking! — you, my only child, my only comfort!" Lady Markland held him close to her, and quick tears sprang to her eyes.

"It is nothing to make any fuss about, mamma. Sometimes I like it. I listen, and you are very funny when you talk — that is, not you, but Theo Warrender. He talks as if nothing was right but only as you thought. I suppose

he thinks you are very clever." Geoff paused for a moment, and gave her an investigating look; and then added in a less assured tone, "And I suppose you *are* clever, ain't you, mamma?"

She was moved to a laugh, in the midst of other feelings. "Not that I know of, Geoff. I was never thought to be clever, so far as I am aware."

"You are, though," he said, "when you don't make speeches as all the people do. I think you are cleverer with Theo than with anybody. What was he talking of to-day, for instance, when I was away?"

The question was put so suddenly that she was almost embarrassed by it. "He was saying that he wished to be your tutor, Geoff. It was very kind. To save me from parting with you, — which I think would be more than I could bear, — and to save me the trouble of having a — strange gentleman in the house."

"But he would be a strange gentleman, just the same."

"He is a friend, the kindest friend; and then he would not be in the house. He means to come over every day, just for your lessons. But it is too much, — it is too much to accept from any one," she said suddenly, struck for the first time with that view.

"That would be very jolly!" cried Geoff. "I should like that: if he came only for my lessons, and then went away, and afterwards there would be only you and me, — nobody but you and me, just as we used to be all the time, before" —

"Oh, don't say that! We were not always alone — before: there was" —

"I know," said the little boy; but after a moment's pause he resumed: "You know that generally we were alone, mamma. I like that, — you and me, and no one else. Yes, let Theo come and teach me; and then when lessons are over go away."

Lady Markland laughed. "You must think it a great privilege to teach you,

Geoff. He is to be allowed that favor, — to do all he can for us, — and as soon as he has done it to be turned from the door. That would be kind on his part, but rather churlish on ours, don't you think?"

"Oh," said the boy, "then he does it for something? You said tutors worked for money, and that Theo was well off, and did not want money. I see; then he wants something else? Is no one kind just for kindness? Must everybody be paid?"

"In kindness, surely, Geoff."

The boy looked at her with his little twinkling eyes and a twist in the corner of his mouth. Perhaps he did not understand the instinctive suspicion in his mind, — indeed, there is no possibility that he could understand it; but it moved him with a keen premonition of danger. "I should think it was easiest to pay in money," he said, with precocious wisdom. "How could you and me be kind to Theo? I don't know what he could want from you and me."

They strolled homeward, during this conversation, along the bare avenue, through the lines of faint, weak-kneed young trees which had been planted with a far-off hope of some time, twenty years hence, filling up the gaps. Little Geoff, with all the chaos of ideas in his mind, a child unlike other children, just saved from the grave of his race, the last little feeble representative of a house which had been strong and famous in its day, was not unlike one of the feeble saplings which rustled and swayed in the wailing autumn wind. The sunshine slanted upon the two figures, throwing long shadows across the damp grass and copse, which only differed from the long slim shadows of the young trees in their steadiness as they moved along by their own impulse, instead of blowing about at the mercy of the breeze, like the shades of the old oaks and beeches. The scene had a mixture of desolation and hopefulness which was very characteris-

tic: everything young and new, where all should have been mature and well established, if not old; yet in the mere fact of youth conveying a promise of victory over the winds and chills of winter, over the storms and tribulations of life. If they survived, the old avenue would rustle again with forest wealth, the old house would raise up its head; but for the present, what was wanted was warmth and shelter and protection, tempered winds and sunshine and friends, protection from the cold north and blighting east. The little human sapling was the one most difficult to guard; and who could tell before the event which method would be best for Geoff?

Happily, no serious question keeps possession long of a child's brain, and the evening passed, as all their quiet evenings passed, without any further discussion. But Geoff's question echoed in Lady Markland's mind after the child had forgotten it and was fast asleep: "How could you and me be kind?" How was she to repay Theo for a devotion so great? It was like the devotion of a knight in the times of chivalry. She had said to herself and others many times, how kind he was, how could she ever repay him, he was like a brother. But it was true, after all, that everybody had to be paid. How could she reward Theo for his devotion? What could she do for him? There was nothing within her power; she had no influence to help him on, no social advantage, no responsive favor of any kind. He was better off, better educated, more befriended, more surrounded, than she was. He wanted nothing from her. How could she show her gratitude, even? "How can you and me be kind?" she said to herself, with a forlorn pride that Geoff always saw the heart of the difficulty. But this did not help her to any reply.

Next morning Mr. Longstaffe, the "man of business," who had the affairs

of half the county in his hands, came to Markland to see her, and any idea there might have been of Geoff's lessons had to be laid aside. He had to be dismissed even from his seat in the window, where he generally superintended almost everything that went on. With an internal reflection how much better it would have been had Theo begun his labors, Lady Markland sent the boy away. "Take care of yourself, Geoff. If you go out, take Bowen with you, or old Black." Bowen was the nurse, whom Geoff felt himself to have long outgrown, and Black was an old groom, whose company was dear to Geoff on ordinary occasions, but for whom he felt no particular inclination to-day. The little boy went out and took a meditative walk, his thoughts returning to the question which had been put before them last night: Theo Warrender for his tutor, to come daily for his lessons, and then to go away. With the unconscious egotism of a child, Geoff would have received this as perfectly reasonable, a most satisfactory arrangement; and indeed it appeared to him, on thinking it over, that his mother's suggestion of a payment in kindness was on the whole somewhat absurd. "Kindness!" Geoff said to himself, "who's going to be unkind?" He now proceeded to consider the subject at large. After a time he slapped his little thigh, as Black did when he was excited. "I'll tell you!" he cried to himself. "I'll offer to go over *there* half the time." He paused at this, for, besides the practical proof of kindness to Theo which he felt would thus be given, a sudden pleasure seized upon and expanded his little soul. To go over *there*: to save Theo the trouble, and for himself to burst forth into a new world, a universe of sensations unknown, — into freedom, independence, self-guidance! An exhilaration and satisfaction hitherto unexperienced went up in fumes to Geoff's brain. It was scarcely noon, a still and beautiful October day; the

sky as blue as summer, the trees all russet and gold, the air with just enough chill in it to make breathing a keen delight. Why not now? These words, Geoff said afterwards, came into his mind as if somebody had said them; but the boldness and wildness of the daring deed suggested by them ran through his little veins like wine. He rather flew than ran to the stables, which were sadly shorn of their ancient splendor, two horses and Geoff's pony being all that remained.

"Saddle me my pony, Black!" the boy cried. "Yes, Master Geoff" (the old man would not say, my lord); "but the cob's lame, and I can't take Mirrah without my lady's leave." "Never mind. I'm going such a little way. Mamma never says anything when I go a little way." Was it a lie, or only a fib? This question of casuistry gave Geoff great trouble afterwards; for (he said to himself) it *was* only a little way, nothing at all, though mamma of course thought otherwise. "You'll be very careful, Master Geoff," said the old man. Black had his own reasons for not desiring to go out that day, which made him all the more willing to give credence to Geoff's promise; and the boy had never shown any signs of foolhardiness to make his attendants nervous. With an exultation which he could scarcely restrain, Geoff found himself on his pony, unrestrained and alone. When he got beyond the park, from which he made his exit by a gate which the servants used, and which generally stood open in the morning, a sort of awful delight was in his little soul. He was on the threshold of the world. The green lane before him led into the unknown. He paused a moment, rising in his stirrups, and looked back at the house standing bare upon the ridge, with all its windows twinkling in the sun. His heart beat, as the heart beats when we leave all we love behind us, yet rose with a thrill and throb of anticipation as he faced again

towards the outer universe. Not nine till Christmas, and yet already daring adventure and fortune. This was the consciousness that rose in the little fellow's breast, and made his small gray eyes dance with light, as he turned his pony's head towards the Warren, which meant into the world.

Geoff was very confident that he knew the road. He had gone several times with his mother in the carriage direct to the Warren; one time in particular, when the route was new to him, — when he went clinging to her, as he always did, but she, frozen into silence, making no reply to him, leant back in Mrs. Warrender's little brougham, like a mother made of marble. Very clearly the child remembered that dreadful drive. But others more cheerful had occurred since. He had got to know the Warren, which was so different from Markland, with those deep old shadowing trees, and everything so small and well filled. And they had all been kind to Geoff. He liked the ladies more than he liked Theo. On the whole, Geoff found ladies more agreeable than men. His father had not left a very tender image in his mind, whereas his mother was all the world to the invalid boy. It occurred to him that he would get a very warm reception at the Warren, whither he meant to go to convey to Theo his gracious acceptance of the offered lessons; and this gave brightness and pleasure to the expedition. But the real object of it was to show kindness which his mother had suggested

as the only payment Theo would accept. Geoff in his generosity was going to give the price beforehand, to intimate his intention of saving Theo trouble by coming to the Warren every second day, and generally to propitiate and please his new tutor. It was a very important expedition, and after this nobody would say that Theo's kindness was not repaid.

The pony trotted along very steadily so long as Geoff remembered to keep his attention to it; and it cantered a little, surprising Geoff, when it found the turf under its hoofs, along another stretch of sunny road which Geoff turned into without remembering it, with a thrill of fresh delight in its novelty and in the long vista under its overarching boughs. Then he went through the wood, making the pony walk, his little heart all melting with the sweetness and shade as he picked his way across the brook, in which the leaves lay as in Valombrosa. The pony liked that gentle pace. Perhaps he had thoughts of his own which were as urgent, yet as idle, as Geoff's, and like the boy felt the delight of the unknown. Anyhow, he walked along the smooth, level stretch of road beyond the wood; and Geoff, upon his back, made no remonstrance. He began to get a little confused by the turnings, by the landscapes, by the effect of the wide atmosphere and the wind blowing in his face. He forgot almost that he was Geoff. He was a little boy on his way to fairyland, riding on and on in a dream.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

CONTRAST.

He paused at the grave just made,
As the mourners turned to go:
His heart lay there in the shade
With the one asleep below.

On the budding limb above,
A robin, alert, elate,
Sang liveliest songs of love
Unto his new-found mate.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE QUODDY HERMIT.

THE mysterious charm of ancestry and yellow parchment, of petitions to the admiralty and royal grants of land, of wild scenery and feudal loyalty, of rough living and knightly etiquette, has long clustered round a little island off the coast of Maine, called on the old charts Passamaquoddy Outer Island. Moose roamed over the swamps and looked down from the bold headlands; Indians crossed from the mainland and shot them; straggling Frenchmen, dressing in skins, built huts along the northern and southern shores, till civilization dawned through the squatter sovereignty of two men, Hunt and Flagg. They planted the apple-trees whose gnarled branches still remain to tell of the winter storms that howled across the plains, and converted the moose-yards into a field of oats; for the wary, frightened animals vacated their hereditary land in favor of these later usurpers. Their mercantile skill taught them how to use, for purposes of trade rather than for private consumption, the shoals of fish which it was firmly believed Providence sent into the bay.

While the Passamaquoddians who ate fish were living in huts, and those who sold it were dwelling in houses, on the distant waters of India was a man, William Owen by name, whose destinies were to be linked with this little English island in America. As naval officer, he had been "in all service and enterprise where ships, boats, and seamen were employed;" had labored at Bengal in the reëstablishment of the affairs

of the East India Company; and had fought under Clive. At the blockade of Pondicherry he lost his right arm, and the *Sunderland*, to which he belonged, having foundered, he was ordered to England. There, in 1761, he petitioned the Lords of the Admiralty "for Gratuity, Pension, or Preferment," as their lordships might deem him to deserve. He did receive special thanks and promise of promotion, and at last, through the intercession of his friend, Sir William Campbell, Governor-General of Nova Scotia, he obtained possession of the island which Hunt and Flagg had civilized.

As it embraced more land than could then be granted to one person, Owen induced others to join him in asking for the grant, that the whole island might eventually be under the control of the Owen family. Consequently, in 1767 the island was deeded to William Owen and his cousins, Arthur Davies, David, and William Owen, Jr., who, in grateful compliment to Campbell, changed its name from Passamaquoddy Outer Island to Campobello.

William Owen immediately brought over from the mother country a colony of seventy persons; stationed his ship at Havre de Lute, a Franco-Indian corruption of Harbor of the Otter; and, having settled his people according to his liking, returned to England, but soon left it again on public service, and died with the rank of Admiral.

David Owen acted as agent for the grantees, and was a veritable lord of the

isle. His house had even more roof than the usual sloping, barnlike home of former days. He built a rude church, read the service, and preached. What matter if a sermon was oft repeated, or now and then was original! Could not he, though a layman, best tell the needs of his congregation? He played the fiddle at dances, married the people, scolded them as self-constituted judge, kept a journal of island events in microscopic chirography, wrote for the *East-port Sentinel*, was interested in protecting the fisheries, and died, leaving his share of the island to William Owen, Jr. This younger Owen sold Campobello, which now had come into his sole possession, to William Fitz-William, who as the natural son of the Owen of Pondicherry fame could obtain possession only through purchase of his father's original grant.

A curiously pathetic life was that of William Fitz-William, from the time when, a boy of five years old, an inmate of the artillery barracks, he replied, on being asked his last name, "I don't know; mother can tell you," to his old age, when, dressed in admiral's uniform, he paced back and forth on a plank walk, built out into the bay, over the high cliffs of the shore, in memory of the quarter-deck of his beloved ship. Conceited and religious, authoritative and generous, humorous and ceremonious, disputatious and frank, a lover of women more than of wine, his fame still lingers in many a name and tradition.

When very young, a friend of his father's took him away from the barracks and from his mother, of whom he never again heard. He was boarded and punished in various homes in North Wales, but as recompense wore a cocked hat and a suit of scarlet made from an old coat of his father's. He learnt the catechism and collects, repeated the Lord's Prayer on his knees, and thought of raising the devil by saying it backwards; though in after-life

he regretted that, as a boy, he "had no other distinct idea of our Lord Jesus Christ than that he was a good man." His belief in the direct interposition of the Creator on his behalf frequently solaced him in these youthful days of loneliness and misdeemeanor. The literal and instant fulfillment of two dreams on special and unthought-of subjects were convincing proof, to quote his own words, that "they were sent by God Almighty himself, as a simple way of assuring me that as I was under his eye he would himself take care of me."

So he grew up to be presumptuous, adventurous, resolute, and strong. In 1788 he embarked as midshipman of a line-of-battle ship, and "from that time for forty-three continuous years served under every naval man of renown, and was honored by the friendship of Nelson." At forty-four he married a Welsh lady, and wrote, "I thought myself a tolerably religious man, but knew myself to be as Reuben, unstable as water; at fifty-seven my worldly ambition was barred by corruption in high places; at sixty-one I became the Hermit."

Years before he had adopted the pseudonym of Quoddy Hermit, he had cruised in the Bay of Fundy, engaged in its survey. The man-of-war which was stationed for three years at the Campobello headland of that name must have belonged to his fleet. The crew spent much of their time ashore, tending a little garden, brilliant with dahlias and marigolds, which they presented in the season, in overweighted bouquets, to the few island belles, who, in return for such unexpected courtesies, consented in winter to dance on the ship's deck, regardless of their frozen ear-tips. Two of the midshipmen were as dauntless in pedestrianism as in love, and for a wager started on a perilous walk around icy cliffs, which threw them headlong. Their comrades buried them under the gay flowers, and sailed away from the henceforth ill-omened garden.

In course of time, William Fitz-William returned with the rank of Admiral. He brought with him the frame of a house, taken from another island, building materials, silver, and glass. He erected his habitations, and planted the sun-dial of his vessel in the grove fronting his home. He widened the narrow roads along the bay, which David had broken out, and in his heavy, lumbering coach of state went through mud and snow from one tenant to another. The coach is still to be seen, and the tenant's grandchildren bear the Owen surname as the universal Christian cognomen.

Now began the daily routine, which seldom varied. The day commenced and ended with prayers, which all the household servants attended; the "maids," as the admiral called them,—"for we are all servants of God,"—bringing their work, and sewing throughout the service, except when the prayer itself was said. If some one occasionally was disinclined to such steady improvement of the devotional hour, the admiral, with a benevolent smile, inquired, "My dear, do you feel lazy to-night?" Breakfast was served at nine. After that, the Lady Owen, clad in an enormous apron, entered the kitchen, and taught the mysteries of salads and jellies. There were constant offerings from the people, who esteemed it an honor to give or to sell the creatures which they had raised for their own use, and which had fed on the wild grass and young hemlock, till never was fowl or lamb more succulent. At the first cold storm of winter, the notable housekeepers of the island put down in big barrels, amid layers of snow, their chickens, turkey, and geese, their lamb and their pork, and educated their hens to lay eggs through all seasons. But if none of these tasks needed Lady Owen's supervision, she fitted, in the work-room, the dresses of her domestics, or taught the children of the neighborhood to sew.

The admiral would often stroll down

to Whale-Boat Cove,—so called from a large kind of row-boat used in the herring fisheries,—which he persuaded the men to call Welsh Pool. Many a little maiden counted her pennies by the admiral's kisses, and many a poor fisherman blessed him for allowing the house rent to run on from year to year, though the admiral invariably insisted on the rental from the weirs; he well knew which was the more profitable. On other days he stayed at home and amused himself with his books. At four o'clock the husband and wife dined with the family and the frequent guests. The dinner of four courses was served in silver and gold lined dishes, with wines from Jersey and game from the provinces. Silver candelabras shone upon the table. Damask and India muslin curtains shaded the many-paned windows; heavy mahogany and rosewood chairs, sofas, and tables furnished the apartments; great logs on tall andirons burned in monster fireplaces; sacred maps hung around the evening parlor; and the dining-room carpet was said to have been a gift from the King of Prussia.

Lady Owen was a handsome woman, with silver hair and a pink and white complexion, who, like her daughters, wore velvet trains and low corsages. Sometimes the mother wrapped herself in a certain gold and black scarf with such a courtly grace that its remembrance has never faded. Great was the jubilee among the domestics when a box arrived from England, with fabulous dresses, ready made.

After the dinner of an hour came tea at seven and a family rubber till nine, then Scripture-reading and worship, when the ladies and servants retired, leaving the admiral and his gentleman friends, fortified with cigars, whisky, and water, to relate naval stories and discuss religious themes till two or three o'clock in the morning. Owen's three chosen intimates were designated

as Academicus, Rusticus, and Theophilus. His library, which they frequently consulted, was a sad medley of dictionaries and the theology of Oxford divines. Methodism and Romanism were alike hateful to the hermit admiral, who, in quoting from holy writ, always rendered "the wiles" as "the methodisms" of the devil. Every week he read to his neighbors two lectures "from unexceptionable sources, yet so modified as to contain all that was expedient to explain of his peculiar opinions."

Once a year the maids and men of the great house had a ball, the ladies playing for them even all night. Twice in the twelve months occurred house-cleaning, when a dress was given to each busy worker. The servants were often reminded to take no more than was necessary on their plates; for economy, though not parsimony, was the rule of the house. Guests came from the mainland and from every vessel of war. Admiral Owen and his house were the fashion for many long years.

The population of the island increased, and the old man married the boys and girls at church or at home, slowly or hastily, as his humor bade him, always claiming the first kiss of the bride. A certain sailor, who had wooed a Campobello maiden, was determined that this privilege should not be granted by her, and therefore saluted his bride before the service was ended. "You are not married yet. Back!" shouted the admiral. Frightened, the sailor groom turned his face and his feet towards the minister-magistrate, who more and more slowly repeated the words of the service, as he approached nearer to the lady, till, with the last word, he snatched the first kiss.

Now and then there was a roof-raising,—a roof that, from its size, hardly demanded much neighborly assistance, but it served as pretext for merriment. At such times, the man who owned three

generations of Bay-Shells-Ore cats was considered lucky; for the presence of the double-footed species, with seven claws, was surety for happiness in a new abode.

The admiral's life was embittered by the obstinacy with which some of the people refused to pay him allegiance. They were the descendants of one Wilson, who, in David's time, had squatted at Head Harbor, and had built across his end of the island a brush fence, which was considered to give the sanctity of a written deed to Wilson's claim. David Owen contested the validity of custom, and a lawsuit followed, which was decided in favor of the squatter. This decision was very embarrassing to David, who feared that through its effect he might lose possession of another neck of land. So he hastened home from the court, outstripping his rival, and told a squatter who lived on a second point of the island that, as the verdict in the Head Harbor case had been rendered in the Owen favor, he had better sell out at once, or else the law would make him do so. This reasoning, though illogical, was convincing, and the terrified fisherman is reported to have made lawful deed of his possessions to David for a round of pork, an old gun, and two or three other articles. When Wilson arrived, belated by wind and tide, the fraud, or joke, was discovered, but as no remedy was found for it the Owens ruled all the island except Head Harbor. There Wilson and his followers established a thriving settlement, whose prosperity was a constant grievance to the admiral when he came to live at Campobello. Neither flattery nor bribery could induce them to become his vassals.

Nowhere on the coast of Maine has there been a more curious mingling of rank, with its investiture of ceremony and of simple folk-life, of loyalty to the Queen and her representatives, and of the American spirit of personal inde-

pendence. All the people were familiar with the great family, while the better part of them were bidden to theatrical performances, for which the admiral composed songs. In his diary there is a record that "three large, eleven middle, and fourteen small masts were hoisted on board a vessel, and sent as tribute to England." Such occasional homage must have been justification for a merry-making.

The inhabitants themselves were rather enterprising in business; for rum and lumber were exchangeable quantities with the venturesome Campobello captains, who traded with the Southern ports and the West Indies, and carried Nova Scotia grindstones to the States. Bolder, but quieter in action, were the smugglers, who, deep amid the woods, near the only fresh-water pond of the island, alternately came and vanished. Much of their spare time was spent in digging for an iron chest of Spanish doubloons, buried by ancient buccaneers. The admiral and his family often rode through the woods to watch the men in their hopeless work, and to obtain their share of the treasure-trove if ever it were found. One bright morning every digger had fled, leaving a deep excavation in the ground; but far down on its sides, marked out by the iron rust which had clung to the earth, the outlines of a chest were visible. A cart track and the ruins of four or five huts are all that now remain of the site of this mysterious activity. With the departure of these smugglers disappeared the steady excitement of years, the perpetual topic of conversation; thereafter, the people could only question each other about the strange wreck whose rotting timbers were old a century before. Its last remnants have now been carved into love tokens.

Saddest were the days when the admiral strode up and down his imaginary quarter-deck, his empire a fishing settlement, where boys' wages had once been

three cents a day. Eastport still owned the islands around it: the people brought in their fish, and sold it for groceries and other articles at stores where it was credited to them. The little vessels crossing the bay made it gay for the admiral's eyes, but his spirit sank as he fancied that some boat might be drifting round an inlet, with its owner frozen to the mast amid the supplies he was bringing to his family, who were waiting in vain for the father to return; or as he thought of the burden of this ever-increasing debit and credit system, or of the perils of the smugglers. Later, when the duties were taken off by the United States, smuggling disappeared, and Campobello business went down. Could it ever have been said to exist? A few persons possessed enough ready money to build the picturesque weirs which fringe the island with their stakes, driven three or four feet apart, and ribboned together with small round poles. The dried foliage and the dripping seaweed clinging to them give a ghastly beauty to this living mausoleum of the herring.

But all this was a narrow confine for the social and political ambition of the admiral. An exile because of poverty, that compelled him to accept the royal gift, he felt that he must devote himself to controversial discussion and the erecting of a new Episcopal church. Before his day the people had been Baptists; now personal loyalty anglicized their religion. The regularly ordained preacher was sent from St. Andrew's but four or five times a year; on all other appointed days the admiral read his beloved service, even till 1842, when a resident missionary came to live in the island. Thirteen years after, in 1855, the church and burial-ground were consecrated by the bishop of the diocese. Most solemn and tender must have been those first rites, when confirmation was administered to three persons and holy communion to forty others, in that little

building surrounded by the dark, balsamic firs, and looking with its cross over the waters towards the New England steeples. English friends sent money to the church, and the Owen family gave memorial offerings. The reredos, with its silver cross, was a memorial to Captain John Robinson, the grandson of the admiral. The block of stone from which the font was carved was taken from the Church of the Knights Templars at Malta, and carried to Florence by the admiral's son-in-law, there to be wrought into graceful form, and then was borne across the ocean to this tiny, much-loved church. The chancel carpet, worked on canvas in cross-stitch; the altar vestments; the stoles; the chalice veils, green, white, crimson, purple, each bearing the symbol of the cross in varied stitch and design, were all wrought by the delicate, fair hands of the admiral's daughter, her children, and their friends, as an offering of self-consecration and of devotion to the building up of a higher life among the islanders. These, too, brought their gifts, and replaced with chandeliers the wax candles which had been set in holes in the book-rests; and when the sea called away the men, an old lady, rich in humility and good

works, rang the bell for the weekly services.

Two years after this consecration the admiral died. During the last five years of his life he had spent much of his time in St. John, as he had there made a second marriage, leaving his daughter, Mrs. Robinson, and her children in his island home. The boat that bore him back for the last time to his hermitage ran aground; for the great falling tides bade him wait, even in the pomp of death, until it was their hour to bear him aloft on his oft-trod pier. Men, women, and children seized lantern, candle, or torch, and carried their hermit lord over the rough stones and the narrow ways to the cemetery, where they buried him at eventide, amid the waving trees, and with the sound of falling tears.

His daughter dwelt a little longer amongst his tenants, caring for his church, his school, and his old people; then she too wandered away, and the island passed into other hands. But the memory of the Quoddy Hermit nestles in the hearts of the children who play around the weirs, and who have learnt from their grandsires the tales of his jokes, his oddities, and his kindnesses.

Kate Gannett Wells.

OUR POLITICAL DELUSION.

THE incoming of a new administration is always suggestive of the peaceable transfer of power over our great empire from one person to another; but the entrance of a new party into power, as indicated by the election of a Democratic President and the appearance of Democratic cabinet ministers at the head of our departments, brings into a strong light some characteristics of our politics which people either ignore or do not

comprehend. In truth, Americans in general, so far as they display themselves in active political campaigns, do not seem to see that every four years the country is convulsed by an agony of bitter strife and vituperation, and that as an equivalent for this their ballots are cast for a President under a delusion which is almost absurd in its effect. We are a newspaper-reading people. Moreover, we discuss, as well as read about,

the issues which concern our national welfare. There are few persons, for example, who do not have some definite opinion — whether those opinions are sound or not — about the present coinage of silver dollars, or about the relative merits of revenue and protective tariffs. Entirely apart from the grounds of their beliefs, however, men think that the ballot is a means of shaping these beliefs into political enactments. One man holds vigorously to protection, another to revenue reform: then these two men, in our quadrennial agony, cast their votes for a candidate for the presidency who, in his letter of acceptance, or by the platform of his party, or in his speeches, has declared himself doubtfully or frankly in favor of either protection or revenue reform; and these voters believe that they have conscientiously succeeded, so far as their votes go, in doing something to put into office a man who will carry their views into effect. They think that they have aided in settling the economic policy of the country. As a matter of fact, the votes have accomplished no such results. The notion that they have is a political delusion. But outside of the professional politicians and those intimately acquainted with the government at Washington, it may be said that this delusion is entertained by the great mass of the voters, who are either ill-informed, or too busy to give much thought to politics. Among these persons, a man thinks that the election of a given candidate will operate to impress his individual views upon the accepted policy of the country he governs. But this is a mistake, even if the President sincerely represents the doctrines of his party as expressed in its platform.

To show that this is a mistake, a word or two as to the functions of the President may not be amiss. The chief of these functions, in time of peace, are the veto, the power of appointing to office, and the control of our relations with

foreign governments. For the exercise of any powers which come under these heads, the President of course is, and ought to be, held directly responsible; so that whenever a voter goes to the polls, in a presidential election, he can cast his vote in such a way as to make his judgment felt on the policy of the Executive. If, for example, he has made unfit appointments on grounds of personal favoritism, or has led us into dangerous complications abroad without cause, every dissatisfied citizen can hold the President to a strict responsibility, and help to vote him out of office. This is a direct cure for the disease. The control of the Executive over appointments to office, moreover, is exactly the reason why the question of civil service reform was so prominent an issue in the last presidential campaign. It was a matter which affected the manner of making appointments, not by Senators, not by Representatives, but by no other one person than the President himself. This was an issue, then, in which it was possible to establish a direct connection between the vote and the enforcement of the voter's opinions in practice. Or, in the language of politics, here was direct *responsibility* of the President to the voter for the use of his powers. This responsibility is manifest by the fact that, if his action is not approved, he can be displaced by the voters who gave him office.

If this fact is clearly grasped, we may then see how our delusion affects us. The delusion exists in supposing that a change of Presidents is a change of policies. The Executive is our chief official, of course, and the most imposing figure in the government; but his prominence has taken hold on our imaginations to the extent of producing effects not wholly unnatural or uncommon in matters lying outside of our immediate experience; for the mass of men grasp at the seen, and let the unseen escape them. However imposing our chief magistrate

appears at the head of a great nation, yet, so far as the adoption of definite measures of legislative policy is concerned, he is not the most powerful and influential person in it. There is one other more powerful and influential than the President. To make this evident, consider for a moment where the guidance of legislation lies.

It would seem almost unnecessary to call attention to the fundamental distinction between the executive and legislative branches of our government, were it not that this separation of functions is practically unrecognized by the community at large. Perhaps nothing will show this better than the feeling which pervaded a large wing of the Republican party in the last campaign. They were penetrated with a dread of seeing a Democrat in the presidential chair. In their opinion, this was "giving the country over to the Democrats." Now that the smoke of the battle has blown away, we can consider such an opinion calmly. In the sense implied in the declaration there was little truth in it. If it meant the introduction of Democratic ideas (even supposing them to be different from Republican ideas) into the legislation of our country, it was evidence of a delusion; and it showed an inability to realize that, in this sense, the voters had given the Democratic party control of the legislation some years ago, when the country quietly and without any evidence of panic had given that party a majority in the Lower House of Congress. In other words, it was not understood that there is one particular personage who has a larger influence on the legislation of our country than the President of the United States. That personage is the Speaker of the House of Representatives. It remains for me to show the truth of this statement.

Of course the question naturally arises, Why have you selected this one official as possessing more power over legisla-

tion than that of the President himself? Is it not the duty of the Executive to send annual (or other) messages to Congress, proposing important changes in legislation? Yes, that is true; but every one knows that in practice Congress ignores these recommendations. President Arthur and Secretary McCulloch drew the attention not only of Congress, but of the whole country, to the need of legislation, in their messages at the beginning of last December (1884); but what single measure of importance was enacted during the whole winter session? The Secretaries of the Treasury have for years urged upon Congress the repeal of the Silver Act of 1878; yet the act is still in force, and a disgrace to the country. Again, an objector may justly ask, Has not the President a veto power upon all legislation? Yes, but this is only a negative, not a positive, influence. In 1878, when President Hayes vetoed the Silver Bill, explaining his objections to the measure by forcible arguments in a veto message, the bill was passed contemptuously over his head by both Houses. This veto power, however, is of no little force, and its importance should be fully admitted. General Grant, for example, saved the nation from an inflated currency by his veto in 1874, a stroke of good fortune for which we may well be thankful to him. Still, this only shows that the opinions of the President upon public measures for which legislation is demanded are on some occasions not useless. Although we realize all the influence exercised by the President, as thus suggested, yet we are met by the troublesome fact that, so far as the enactment of measures is concerned, the Speaker of the House is a more potent factor in bringing about results than the President of the nation.

How this is, I shall proceed to show. The Speaker of the House of Representatives himself appoints all the committees for that body. In the Senate,

members of the committees are chosen by the Senate itself, acting, in fact, through the caucuses of each party. The presiding officer of the Senate, the Vice-President of the United States, is therefore a political nonentity. He has no influence in shaping legislation in the Senate. The Speaker of the House, on the contrary, is a great and potent force in shaping legislation. He has been given absolute power in forming the committees of the House, and these committees, or rather the chairmen of these committees, have practical control over all legislation upon subjects which are referred to them. The responsibility for legislation, consequently, rests upon the chairmen of the committees, and primarily upon the Speaker who appoints them. How this happens is to be seen from following the very intelligible account of the nature of committee government given by Mr. Woodrow Wilson in a volume entitled *Congressional Government* (1885). People often think that the election to Congress of a few men who represent them on public questions will produce a visible effect on legislation. But the Speaker and the committees will, in fact, make new members very humble parts of a machine which is outside of their control. The election of a member of Congress because of his opinions on a particular question does not insure the presence in that body of a champion who can effectively push his ideas into legislation. The new member will accomplish little, if he is not on the committees to which are referred the questions which were the causes of his election. The actual position of the new and energetic Representative in Congress, and his relation to committees, is explained by Mr. Wilson, from whom I quote:—

“His bill is doubtless ready for presentation early in the session, and some day, taking advantage of a pause in the proceedings, when there seems to be no business before the House, he rises to

read it and move its adoption. But he finds getting the floor an arduous and precarious undertaking. There are certain to be others who want it as well as he; and his indignation is stirred by the fact that the Speaker does not so much as turn towards him, though he must have heard his call, but recognizes some one else readily and as a matter of course. If he be obstreperous and persistent in his cries of ‘Mr. Speaker,’ he may get that great functionary’s attention for a moment,—only to be told, however, that he is out of order, and that his bill can be introduced at that stage only by unanimous consent: immediately there are mechanically uttered but emphatic exclamations of objection, and he is forced to sit down, confused and disgusted. . . . He learns that his only safe day is Monday. On that day the roll of the States is called, and members may introduce bills as their States are reached in the call. . . . If he supposes, as he naturally will, that after his bill has been sent up to be read by the clerk he may say a few words in its behalf, and in that belief sets out upon his long-considered remarks, he will be knocked down by the rules as surely as he was on the first occasion when he gained the floor for a brief moment. The rap of Mr. Speaker’s gavel is sharp, immediate, and peremptory. He is curtly informed that no debate is in order; the bill can only be referred to the appropriate committee.”

The House acts through its committees. “The work”—I quote again from Mr. Wilson—“is parceled out, most of it to the forty-seven standing committees which constitute the regular organization of the House, some of it to select committees appointed for special and temporary purposes. Each of the almost numberless bills that come pouring in on Mondays is ‘read a first and second time,’—simply perfunctorily read, that is, by its title, by the clerk,

and passed by silent assent through its first formal courses, for the purpose of bringing it to the proper stage for commitment, — and referred without debate to the appropriate standing committee. Practically, no bill escapes commitment — save, of course, bills introduced by committees, and a few which may now and then be crowded through under a suspension of the rules, granted by a two-thirds vote, — though the exact disposition to be made of a bill is not always determined easily and as a matter of course. Besides the great Committee of Ways and Means and the equally great Committee on Appropriations, there are standing committees on Banking and Currency, on Claims, on Commerce, on the Public Lands, on Post Offices and Post Roads, on the Judiciary, on Public Expenditures, on Manufactures, on Agriculture, on Military Affairs, on Naval Affairs, on Mines and Mining, on Education and Labor, on Patents, and on a score of other branches of legislative concern. . . .

"The fate of bills committed is generally not uncertain. As a rule, a bill committed is a bill doomed. When it goes from the clerk's desk to a committee-room it crosses a parliamentary bridge of sighs to dim dungeons of silence, whence it will never return. The means and time of its death are unknown, but its friends never see it again. Of course no Standing Committee is privileged to take upon itself the full powers of the House it represents, and formally and decisively reject a bill referred to it; its disapproval, if it disapproves, must be reported to the House in the form of a recommendation that the bill 'do not pass.' But it is easy, and therefore common, to let the session pass without making any report at all upon bills deemed objectionable or unimportant, and to substitute for reports upon them a few bills of the committee's own drafting; so that thousands of bills expire with the expiration of

each Congress, not having been rejected, but having been simply neglected. There was not time to report upon them.

"Of course, it goes without saying that the practical effect of this committee organization of the House is to consign to each of the standing committees the entire direction of legislation upon those subjects which properly come to its consideration. As to those subjects it is entitled to the initiative, and all legislative action with regard to them is under its overruling guidance. . . . The House never accepts the proposals of the Committee of Ways and Means, or of the Committee on Appropriations, without due deliberation; but it allows almost all of its other Standing Committees virtually to legislate for it. . . .

"One very noteworthy result of this system is to shift the theatre of debate upon legislation from the floor of Congress to the privacy of the committee-rooms. . . . The little public debate (one hour in all) that arises under the stringent and urgent rules of the House is formal rather than effective, and it is the discussions which take place in the committees that give form to legislation. . . . The proceedings of the committees are private and their discussions unpublished. . . . Indeed, it is not usual for the committees to open their sittings often to those who desire to be heard with regard to pending questions; and no one can demand a hearing as a right. On the contrary, they are privileged and accustomed to hold their sessions in absolute secrecy. . . . The speeches made before the committees at their open sessions are therefore scarcely of such a kind as would be instructive [] to the public, and on that account worth publishing. They are, as a rule, the pleas of special pleaders, the arguments of advocates. . . . They represent a joust between antagonistic interests, not a contest of principles."

Even this statement may not convey a wholly adequate notion of the facts. It is true that legislation can be impeded by committees, but it is quite probable that the committees themselves are not as powerful as they are here described. If we except the greater committees, the chairmen are more powerful than their committees. Contrary to common opinion, indeed, these bodies do not often meet, and a fairly strong chairman entirely controls his committee.

Again, yet another point is to be kept in mind, when we try—as is our object—to fix the responsibility for legislation. Paradoxical as it may seem to all who know of our partisan campaigns and the prevalence of partisan motives in political movements, in truth we do not have enough of party government in Congress. Although the party in power retains the chairmanships, and as a rule, puts a majority of their own side on the committees, still the committees are composed of men of both political parties. So far as legislative responsibility is concerned, this is an evil. It is a device by which the party in power escapes the entire responsibility for the action of its committees and for the furtherance or defeat of legislation. Were party lines more strictly drawn in Congress, and the committees composed solely of members of the party in power at any given time, the other party would be arrayed in discussion as a keen and active opposition, who could put the responsibility where it belongs.

To this point we have been carried by our account of the methods by which legislation is actually accomplished in our Congress, and we have seen where the chief responsibility for good or for bad enactments lies. But in the early part of the paper I have outlined the relations of the Executive to those who elected him. It was seen that if voters disapprove, for example, of the Presi-

dent's use of the veto, of his appointing power, or of his foreign policy, they have a direct means of calling him to account. Now if the country believes that legislation has been vicious in its effects, does it do any good to hit at the President? If the voters rise to an interest in the coinage of silver, or in revenue reform, how shall they obtain a direct accounting from the legislative stewards? They have, in short, no such means. Certainly they cannot achieve this end by removing a President, when the real agents are the Speaker and his chairmen. Of course, if silver legislation, for instance, gets through a committee and comes before the House, the vote of each member of the House (who votes) is recorded, and if the district represented by him disapproves of his course it can repudiate him. There are no means, however, of calling a committee to account in this way. A conspicuous example of this absence of responsibility came up during the last session of Congress. The chairman of one of the great committees so managed the appropriation bills as effectively to cut off all other legislation. His conduct was a matter of national import, but the only means of reaching him was to ask his congressional district to hold him responsible for his action as a chairman,—a very impracticable suggestion. For he was not appointed chairman by the votes of his constituents who elected him to Congress. In short, we must logically fall back on the Speaker who appointed him.

So, as I have shown, no other one man in the Union has so great an influence on actual legislation as the Speaker of the House of Representatives. No other person can so impress his personal views on legislation as can he. He can appoint to the committees which have special charge of legislation on important subjects a majority of men who agree with his views, and these

committees can practically exercise entire control of the matter. This is also exemplified by the history of the last session. The Speaker had appointed to the Coinage Committee a majority of members hostile to the suspension of silver coinage; and so, in spite of the impending business crisis, nothing affecting that subject was reported. Yet the subject was, indeed, brought up at the close of the session, but only by a parliamentary device founded on the fact that the purchase of silver bullion by the Treasury was a question of appropriations, and a provision could therefore be tacked on to the bills of another committee than that of coinage. In fact, the Speaker who makes up the committees is the only single person of any real importance in the legislative branch of our government.

In spite of this, people continue to think that the President can guide legislation. This notion, as I must have made clear, is a popular delusion, fostered by chance and by scheming managers, to blind the voter to the real truth of his actions at the ballot-box. It is high time, now, that simple and fundamental principles should be understood. The conduct of presidential campaigns and the speeches of "orators" are saturated with this delusion that the personal opinions of the candidates for our chief magistracy are of vital importance to the success of government and to the action of Congress. An illustration of this confusion of thought is to be found in high places. The letter of acceptance of one of the candidates in the last campaign was devoted, after a short reference to his position on civil service reform (which was of primary importance, because, as has been seen, this concerns the President's methods of making appointments, over which he has full control), to a lengthy statement of his views on the wisdom of protection, of our shipping laws, and of other questions for legis-

lation. And yet, after a President gets into office, who concerns himself with the views of the Executive on such subjects, unless he is in a position to veto a bill? If the President were able to appoint committees from the elected members of Congress, where legislation goes on, then his views on public measures would be of paramount importance. As it is, the views of the Speaker, who does make the committees, are of infinitely greater importance in such matters than those of the President, who executes the laws. The country, however, by a singular oversight, scarcely thinks of troubling itself with the Speaker's preconceptions as to legislation. The voters are stirred up to an interest in politics by the managers, and then, by the force of delusions, they assign to one man the influence and power which belongs to another. With burning zeal we discuss the declarations of the presidential candidate in regard to legislation, on the ground, apparently, that he has nothing to do with carrying these opinions into enactments,—the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*! It is as if we made a great show of inviting a crowd of friends to hunt the lion, while the managers all the time knew there was no lion to hunt; but it is curious, indeed, to find the hunters persist in the belief that there must be a lion, even after the failure of the hunt has clearly demonstrated that there is none to be found. Those who share in the sport have a glorious inability to see that they have been humbugged.

Under the delusion which confounds the position of the President and the Speaker, many people went so far, in the last campaign, as to minutely discuss the position of one candidate on the question of prohibition, and even nominated another on this issue. It all had no point. Suppose a temperance candidate were elected President, what could he do? He might settle the question whether or not there should be wine

on the White House table, but very little more than that. A temperance President could not create temperance legislation. The only way to accomplish anything of that kind would be by electing temperance congressmen. It is true that a candidate for the presidency is a visible centre of the battle, and the support of him may assist in sweeping congressmen of the same party into office; but only the latter thing is of importance as concerns legislation.

Thus far the distinction between the powers of the President and the Speaker have been only roughly sketched, and it will be impossible here to shade in the outline with all the lines and modeling necessary to represent fully the actual situation. The fact probably is that the President, apart from his veto power, does have an influence upon legislation. We are now expecting President Cleveland to influence legislation on the coinage of silver dollars at the next session of Congress. Can he do it? In my opinion, he can, so long as he has patronage uncontrolled by the regulations of the civil service law. At present, scarcely any local leader of his own party wishes to quarrel with the President's policy while he may hope to get a postmaster, or an official, appointed in his district on his own recommendation. But if all these offices were removed from politics,—as is now the case for only ten thousand out of one hundred thousand offices,—what would congressmen care for the personal opinions of the Executive? Practically, nothing. The President would have no more influence, perhaps, than any other vigorous man with great strength of character, in the position of a party leader. While his social influence would not count for much, the power of a popular President over the councils of his party leaders, and through them over the managers in Congress, might be considerable, but would surely be very indefinite and uncertain. Perhaps President Cleveland

may be able to induce members of Congress to vote for the suspension of silver coinage next winter by an obvious use of his appointments; but it must be remembered, however, that, after his appointments are all made, he will be a very much less influential man with members of Congress than he is now. We all know how notorious is the disregard of the recommendations of the President in his messages to Congress. No one thinks seriously of any legislation following from the presentation by the Executive of important measures in these messages. The most that is done in reality is to call the public attention to grave questions, and perhaps, in an indirect way, through outside influence or the demands of the press, to bring a pressure to bear upon Congress.

Yet the way out of the difficulty I have shown is not quite obvious. It is probably accepted by all who know the workings of Congress that there is no escape from committee government. Contrasts are drawn between the Lower House in Congress and the English House of Commons, to the disadvantage of the former. The House of Commons permits more debate, but it has less power to dispatch business than our Lower House. In truth, the English body, as demands on its time increase, is more likely to move in the direction of the time-saving committee system, rather than away from it. Congressional business multiplies, and time is unavoidably wanting for any plan which involves the consideration of details by the whole House. We must make up our minds, therefore, to accept the committee system. But can we not secure an arrangement by which the country will have something more tangible than the divided responsibility now existing, diffused as it is among forty-seven chairmen of as many committees?

Accepting the committee system, as it is, what reform would best secure responsibility for legislation? We shall

pass by the well-known suggestion that the Cabinet should have seats in Congress, and take up some other ideas. Why not elect a Speaker of the House by popular vote, in the same way that we choose the Vice-President, who presides over the Senate? There are obvious objections to such a course: the House itself could take away the power of appointing committees from its presiding officer (as in the case of the Senate), and the Speaker would then have no influence on legislation. The difficulty would still remain of holding the chairmen of the committees accountable. Practical sagacity, however, might suggest the wisdom of utilizing existing political conditions. As we have seen, there now exists a popular delusion that the settlement of important issues is directly connected with the election of the President. Then, why not make it obligatory for the President and Cabinet to appoint from elected members the congressional committees? If that plan were adopted, the idea now fixed in the political habits of the people, that our quadrennial contests settle questions of legislation, would be actually realized. It would place the responsibility for legislation where it does not now belong, but where the voters think it belongs. It would be like putting a live enemy in front of a marksman's rifle, in place of a wooden target; the bullet would then produce important effects, instead of merely furnishing amusement. At present, we practice firing at a dummy, under the delusion that it is a living being; yet no surprise is exhibited that the dummy does not come down when it receives what we believe to be a fatal shot.

Some such adjustment of means to an end is imperatively demanded. As matters now stand, the election of a President, in truth, determines little more than whether one or the other of the principal candidates shall control the appointments to office. Indeed, the

excessive bitterness and virulence of a presidential campaign is due to this fact, — to the intensely personal character of the real issue. But politicians, while electing a President, raise a great clamor about the South, about free trade, or about any of the possible issues that can affect the country, and a flood of rhetoric on these questions swamps the press and all political speaking, to the exclusion of the real question involved in the election. These discussions on matters of moment — discussions which might be of use if we were choosing congressmen to legislate upon them — only befog the popular mind, and settle nothing, while they conceal from the public the actual truth that, under the smoke of the bitter fight on issues, the politicians are really aiming at getting possession of the appointing power by selecting their candidate for the presidency. Without doubt, if the appointments should be used by a scheming President, opposed to the merit system, they would be instruments of very considerable efficiency in influencing Congress; but it is difficult to understand how an Executive who appoints to office solely on grounds of merit, without exacting a consideration from the appointee, could much affect legislation in Congress. The real cause of intense feeling in presidential elections is the hope of securing the offices; and with a proper extension of civil service reform this ought to disappear.

It is a familiar fact to every one that the platforms of our nominating conventions are absolutely useless, so far as an effect on party action is concerned, after the election has passed by. Why is it? Because they form a part of our political delusion. These platforms are nominally made for Presidents to stand upon; but every idea, every crotchet, which may captivate a voter, is included in them. The President is expected to express his adherence to the platform in a letter of acceptance. But such

forms are all absurdly illogical. It is of precious little importance what the President thinks of questions which must go to Congress, for enactment into law. After he is elected, does the President lie awake nights, with the platform of his party in his hands, studying how he may please the voters by making decrees or proclamations about the declarations in the party resolutions? Or is he not rather barring his doors, in a futile attempt to keep the herd of trampling office-seekers out of his very dining-room, or his bed-chamber? If we are worked up into a white heat every four years, because A has assented to one set of views, and B to another almost exactly like them, only to find out that it means nothing at all as regards any final results, we naturally become disgusted with politics, and agree that it is of no use to discuss any political questions, because we can have no influence in settling them.

To ask for bread, in this way, and get only a stone is not satisfying to a healthy political life. Is it not possible to make things a little clearer to every voter, that a ballot for a President touches questions such as methods of appointments, but that, if he wishes to have an influence on legislation, he can have it in no other way than by his choice of members of Congress? Let the election of congressmen be signalized by proper platforms discussing national questions; for they are the men who chiefly settle them, — not the President. The zeal about public questions should, at present, be turned directly upon Congress. The platforms of national conventions are only decoys. They mean nothing more than the orders to a sham fight, when the real battle is going on elsewhere. It is not conceivable that the Americans are so dull a people as long to remain under this political delusion.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

THE FORESTS AND THE CENSUS.

THE federal government has included in the census an exhaustive report on the forests of the country. If this had been done at the beginning of the century, the forestry department of the present census would show a singular contrast to the rest of that prodigious work; for, while we should find everywhere else the record of an amazing growth, this part of the report would reveal an equally amazing decrease. This decrease has gone on with accelerating speed, and probably it was never so rapid as at this moment. Our forests are still of immense value for their marketable products, for the good effects they produce, and for the evils they avert; but it is clear that if the present wasteful ways of dealing with them are

not changed, a time must soon come when the nation will have cause to repent its reckless improvidence.

Nothing, therefore, could be wiser or more timely than the introduction of this new feature into the national account of stock. It is now five years or more since the heavy task of gathering and arranging the forest statistics of the United States was placed in the hands of Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University. The results of his work and that of his assistants has lately appeared in a quarto volume of six hundred and twelve pages, illustrated by maps, and accompanied by an atlas of sixteen additional maps on a larger scale. The book opens with a

general description of the character and distribution of North American trees. Each part of the country has its characteristic forest growth. There is the forest of the North and the forest of the South, the forest of the Atlantic Slope and that of the Pacific; affording, as a whole, an unrivaled abundance and variety. Professor Sargent next gives a complete catalogue of American trees north of the Mexican line, including no less than four hundred and twelve species and varieties. This enumeration, along with the synonyms and descriptions, covers two hundred pages, and is a work of admirable industry and care. Specimens of the wood of all these trees, excepting seven rare and unimportant species, were subjected to a course of experiments, in order to test their value as fuel and as material for construction. These experiments were conducted by Mr. S. P. Sharples at the arsenal at Watertown, by means of apparatus belonging to the government, and the results are given in a series of tables which form Part Second of the report. From these may be learned, approximately at least, the practical value, both relative and absolute, of all the species in the United States, with the trifling exception just mentioned. Part Third, entitled *The Forests of the United States in their Economic Aspects*, shows the distribution, character, and present condition of the forests in every State and Territory of the Union.

The report reveals an enormous national wealth, which man did nothing to create, but which he is doing his best to destroy. Professor Sargent thinks that complete returns of the forest products of all kinds for the census year would show a value rather above than below seven hundred million dollars, and he believes that, even with the present wasteful management, this rate of production may still be maintained for some years longer; but unless a wiser policy is pursued the consequence is

certain. In the Northern and Middle States that valuable tree, the white pine, which once seemed inexhaustible, has already been consumed so far as concerns the heavy timber of the original growth, and the pines of the Northwest must soon share the same fate. A young growth is springing up in many places, and, under prudent regulation, this may be made to supply, in some imperfect measure, the place of its predecessors. The immense open pine forests of the Southern States produce a timber of no less value than that of the North, though of another species and widely different qualities; and, by good management, these may still be preserved from destruction and made a permanent source of wealth, though under present conditions they are fast wasting away. The slopes of the Alleghanies in West Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky, and Tennessee still bear a superb growth of hard-wood trees; and it remains to be seen which alternative will be adopted, that of squandering the capital or living on the income. One course is as practicable as the other, but the latter requires forecast, self-control, and good sense, and the former does not. The same is true of the great hard-wood forests of Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana, as well as of less important tracts of woodland scattered throughout the Atlantic Slope and the valley of the Mississippi.

Unluckily, the American people are heirs of a tradition which, though perhaps inevitable under the circumstances, has become a source of serious mischief. The early settler regarded the forest as an enemy to be overcome by any means, fair or foul, as the first condition of his prosperity and safety; and his descendants do not yet comprehend how completely the conditions are changed. The old enemy has become an indispensable friend and ally. The settler of the present day, who has passed the forest tracts of the East and made his home on the

bare plains of the West, is learning perforce a lesson opposite to that which was too familiar to his precursor on this side of the Mississippi. He discovers that trees are necessary to him, and instead of hacking and burning he begins to plant and cherish them. But when he makes another move westward, crosses the Rocky Mountains, and builds his cabin in the magnificent forests of the Pacific Slope, among the matchless woods of Oregon and Washington, the old instinct springs up again with redoubled force. A selfish love of gain, the personal interest of the hour, overbears every consideration of ulterior good, and he attacks the great redwood forests of the coast with a rapacious vigor that has already robbed them of half their value, and threatens as it extends its scope to deprive posterity of an inestimable possession.

But the axe is not the worst enemy of the forest. Nature is strong in her resources. Give her but the opportunity, and in a soil and climate like those of the greater part of this continent she will renew and create with unbounded fecundity. There are forces, however, too strong for her. The most formidable of these is fire. The forests that cover the tops and sides of mountains generally draw their sustenance from a thin soil formed chiefly of vegetable mould, resulting from many centuries of decay, first of mosses, then of plants and low shrubs, and lastly of trees, each generation contributing something to the support of the next, till the barren ridge, where once nothing but a lichen could cling, is able at length to nourish an oak. But when the forest thus slowly and painfully prepared is swept away by fire, the mould burns out like peat, and the work of a thousand years is undone in an hour. In deep soils, on level ground, the mischief is much less; yet even here a growth equal in value or similar in character to the last is rarely reproduced. Another source of evil is the browsing

of cattle and sheep. These destroy the young seedlings, and when the old trees fall or are cut away none are left to take their places.

An attempt was made by Professor Sargent to learn approximately the loss to the United States by forest fires during the census year, and to this end more than thirty thousand circulars were sent to different parts of the country. The result showed a loss to New York, Minnesota, Montana, and Utah of more than a million dollars each; to Pennsylvania and Wyoming of more than three million each; and to Tennessee of more than five million, — the total destruction of forest property in all the States and Territories amounting to something more than twenty-five million. About eleven hundred fires were traced to the heedless burning of brush-wood and felled trees by farmers in clearing the land, about six hundred to the carelessness of hunters, and about five hundred to sparks from locomotives; while two hundred and sixty-two were reported to have been kindled maliciously.

It is evident that nothing but the intervention of the state and federal governments can arrest the waste of forests, and save us from the evils that must result from their rapid decline. Will such measures answer the end? There is no doubt that along with a roused sense of its necessity on the part of the people a well-considered legislation could be made effectual. In one State of the Union, and in one only, the public mind has learned to recognize the need of guarding and preserving the forests. This is the State of Maine, whose prosperity, depending mainly on the lumber trade, had greatly declined from the reckless manner in which the chief source of its wealth had been abused. A sensible and economical management has followed the old wasteful methods. Young trees are spared, and such precautions are used against fire that losses from that source have greatly diminished,

amounting in the census year to only a hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars. "Fires," says Professor Sargent, "do not consume forests upon which whole communities are dependent for support, and methods for securing the continuance of such forests are soon found and readily put into execution. The forests of Maine, once considered practically exhausted, still yield largely and continuously, and the public sentiment which has made possible their protection is the one hopeful symptom in the whole country that a change of feeling in regard to forest property is gradually taking place." Let us hope that this solitary example of forecast and good sense may prove contagious.

There are reasons entirely independent of economic value which make the preservation of our forests a matter of prime importance, and would make their ruin a national calamity. It is not that they have much influence on the rainfall. Those who hold that they do so mistake effect for cause. The rain produces the forest, and not the forest the rain. A forest growth may not of necessity follow an adequate supply of moisture, but the supply of moisture is an indispensable condition of it. The utility of forests, aside from their marketable value, lies in their power not to cause the rainfall, but to regulate its distribution. In this they are of incalculable benefit. When they cover the ground about the sources of great rivers and their tributaries, the porous soil, with its mosses and its accumulations of fallen leaves, acts as a vast sponge to retain and slowly deliver the water that falls from the clouds in the form of rain or snow. When the sheltering trees are destroyed and the ground is laid bare, all the water runs off at once: the brooks that had before flowed continuously and with comparative regularity become roaring torrents in spring and dry channels in summer, while the rivers that depend on these sources of

supply swell into freshets at one season and shrink into insignificance at another.

"The production of lumber," says Professor Sargent, "is not the only function of forests. They perform other and more important services in protecting the surface of the ground and in regulating and maintaining the flow of rivers. In mountainous regions they are essential to prevent destructive torrents, and mountains cannot be stripped of their forest covering without entailing serious dangers upon the whole community. Such mountain forests exist in the United States. In Northern Vermont and New Hampshire they guard the upper waters of the Connecticut and the Merrimac; in New York they insure the constant flow of the Hudson. Such forests still cover the upper slopes of the Alleghany Mountains, and diminish the danger of destructive floods in the valleys of the Susquehanna and the Ohio. Forests still cover the upper watersheds of the Missouri and the Columbia, the Platte and the Rio Grande, and preserve the California valleys from burial under the *débris* of the Sierras. The great mountain forests of the country still exist, often almost in their original condition. Their inaccessibility has preserved them. It cannot preserve them, however, much longer. Inroads have already been made into these forests; the axe, fire, and the destructive agency of browsing animals are now everywhere invading them. Their destruction does not mean a loss of material alone, which sooner or later can be replaced from other parts of the country; it means the ruin of great rivers for navigation and irrigation, the destruction of cities located along their banks, and the spoliation of broad areas of the richest agricultural land. These mountain forests once destroyed can only be renewed slowly and at enormous cost, and the dangers, actual and prospective, which threaten them now offer the only real cause for gen-

eral alarm to be found in the present condition of the forests of the United States. Other forests may be swept away, and the country will experience nothing more serious than a loss of material, which can be produced again if the price of lumber warrants the cultivation of trees as a commercial enterprise; but if the forests which control the flow of the great rivers of the country perish, the whole community will suffer widespread calamity, which no precautions taken after the mischief has been done can avert or future expenditure prevent."

The recent destructive floods in the north of Italy, and notably along the river Po, with all the misery they have brought, are ascribed, and no doubt with truth, to the partial denudation of the mountainous country about the sources of streams. The arid and comparatively valueless condition of certain parts of Spain is due to similar causes. It is for us to see, while there is yet time, that similar evils do not fall upon us. That wonderful region of the West known as the Great Divide gives birth to the Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Columbia, the Colorado, and the North Fork

of the Platte. The preservation of its sheltering forests is of vital interest to all the regions watered by these rivers. The same is true, in a different degree, of the sources of many lesser streams within our national territory. Sometimes, as in the case of the Hudson, the source of the river and its whole course lie within the limits of one State, and the local government is therefore master of the situation. If New York should permit the Adirondack forests to be destroyed, she, and she alone, would be answerable for the consequences. But, in most cases, our great rivers rise in one or more States or Territories, to flow through or by the domain of others on their way to the sea. Here the state authorities are powerless, and, if the remedy is to be applied at all, it must be applied by the federal government. Momentous interests are at stake, and the welfare of the whole nation demands careful consideration of them.

As a powerful aid in directing attention to these needs, no less than in its economic aspects, the thorough, able, and conscientious work of Professor Sargent is a public service of no ordinary kind.

Francis Parkman.

THE RING.

HOLD the trinket near thine eye,
And it circles earth and sky;
Place it further, and behold!
But a finger's breadth of gold.

Thus our lives, beloved, lie
Ringed with love's fair boundary;
Place it further, and its sphere
Measures but a falling tear.

John B. Tabb.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF PHILOSOPHY.

It is certain that we live in a philosophic age. Mrs. Partington's mop, as she plied it against the Atlantic Ocean, was a potent engine compared with the command to "halt" with which Positivism tried, and tries, to bring the heaving tides of man's inquisitiveness to rest. The worst of it is that we are getting deeper and deeper in. Every new book thickens the fray, and is one more thing with which to settle accounts; and any bit of scientific research becomes an angle and place of vantage from which arguments are brought to bear. When a branch of human activity is fermenting like this, it happens that individual sharers in the movement profit by the common level being raised, and do easily what, perhaps, in an isolated way they never could have done at all. We doubt if, at the dawn of our present philosophic movement, say in Sir William Hamilton's time, a writer with Dr. Royce's ideas could possibly have expressed them in so easy and unencumbered and effectual a form.¹ A familiar catchword replaces a tedious setting forth; a reference to a popular writer serves instead of the heavy construction of an imaginary opponent; and above all, important objections are not likely to be overlooked or forgot.

But although the age is philosophical, it is not so after the fashion of Hegel's age in Germany, or Cousin's age in France. We have no Emperor of Philosophy in any country to-day, but a headless host of princes, with their alliances and feuds. This seems at first anarchic, and is apt to give comfort to the scoffers at metaphysical inquiry, and to all who believe that only the study of "facts" can lead to definitive results.

The addition to the combatants of Dr. Royce, with his book, can only increase this first impression of confusion; for, like Descartes and Fichte and many another hero of belief, he begins by laying about him ruthlessly, and establishing a philosophic desert of doubt on which his own impregnable structure is to be reared. And yet a closer survey shows that to a great extent all these quarrels and recriminations of the modern thinkers are over matters of detail, and that, although they obey no common leader, they for the most part obey a common drift, — the drift, namely, towards a phenomenistic or idealistic creed. To this conclusion Dr. Royce also sweeps, with a momentum that carries him beyond Ferrier and Mill and Bain, beyond Hodgson, Renouvier, and Bowne, beyond the disciples of Schopenhauer and the disciples of Fichte and Hegel, wherever found, and beyond a number of contemporary German idealists whose names need not be cited here. Such thinkers all agree that there can be no other kind of Reality than reality-for-thought. They differ only in the arguments they use to prove this thesis, and in deciding *whose* thought and what *kind* of thought that thought which is the reality of realities may be.

Dr. Royce's new and original proof of Idealism is, so far as we know, the most positive and radical proof yet proposed. It is short and simple, when once seen, and yet so subtle that it is no wonder it was never seen before. These short and simple suggestions that philosophers make from time to time — Locke's question about essence, for example, Berkeley's about matter, Hume's about cause, and Kant's about necessary

¹ *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy.* A Critique of the Bases of Conduct and of Faith. By JOSIAH ROYCE, Ph. D., Instructor in Philosophy

in Harvard College. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

judgments, — have an intolerable way with them of *sticking*, in spite of all one can do. To scholastic minds, who have made their bed, and wish for nothing further than to snore dogmatically and comfortably on, these questions must seem like very vermin, not to be conquered by any logical insect powder or philosophic comb.

The particular gadfly which Dr. Royce adds to the list is this: "How *can* a thought refer to, intend, or signify any particular reality outside of itself?" Suppose the reality there, and the thought there; suppose the thought to resemble just that reality, and nought besides in the world: still, asks our author, what is meant by saying that the thought *stands for* or *represents* that reality, or indeed any reality at all? Why is n't it just like the case of two eggs, or two toothaches, which may, it is true, resemble and duplicate each other exactly, but which are not held to mean or intend each other the least in the world? If the eggs and the toothaches are, each one of them, a separate substantive fact, shut up in its own skin and knowing nothing of the world outside, why are not one's thought, for example, of the Moon and the real Moon in exactly the same predicament? The Moon in our thought is our thought's Moon. Whatever we may think of her is true of her, for she is but the creature of our thinking. If we say "her hidden hemisphere is inhabited," it *is* inhabited, *for us*; and otherwise than for us *that* moon, the moon in our mind, has no existence. A critic cannot prove us wrong by bringing in a "real" moon with an uninhabited back hemisphere; he cannot, by comparing that moon with ours and showing the want of resemblance, make our moon "false." To do that, he would first have to establish that the thought in our mind was a thought of just that external moon, and *intended* to be true of it. But neither he nor we could establish that: it would be worse

than a gratuitous, it would be a senseless, proposition. Our Moon has nothing to do with the real moon; she is a totally additional fact, pursuing her subjective destiny all alone, and only accidentally perceived by an outside critic to agree or disagree with another moon, which he knows and chooses to call real, but which is really out of all relation to the one in our mind's eye. At most, the critic might say he was reminded or not reminded of that other moon by our Moon; but he could not say that ours gave either a true or a false account of the other, simply because ours never pretended to give any account, or to refer to the other moon, at all. Nor can we ourselves *make* it refer to that other moon, by "proposing" or "supposing" that it does so refer; all we can propose or suppose is some altogether new moon in our own mind, and refer the old one there to that one. Over all such moons we have complete control, but over nothing else under heaven. At least, thinks Dr. Royce, such ought to be our inference, if the notion of common sense be true, that our thought and the reality are two wholly disconnected things.

The more one thinks, the more one feels that there is a real puzzle here. Turn and twist as we will, we are caught in a tight trap. Although we cannot help believing that our thoughts *do* mean realities and are true or false of them, we cannot for the life of us ascertain how they *can* mean them. If thought be one thing and reality another, by what pincers, from out of all the realities, does the thought pick out the special one it intends to know? And if the thought knows the reality *falsely*, the difficulty of answering the question becomes indeed extreme.

Our author calls the question insoluble on these terms; and we are inclined to think him right, and to suspect that his idealistic escape from the quandary may be the best one for us all to take.

We supposed, just now, a critic comparing the real moon and our mental moon. Let him now help us forward. We saw that even *he* could not make it out that our mental moon should refer to just that individual real moon, and to nothing else. We could not make it out either, and certainly the real moon itself could not make it out. We saw, however, that we *could* make anything in our own mind refer to anything else *there*, — provided, of course, the two things were objects of a single act of thought; and the reason why our moon could not refer to the real moon was that the two moons were not facts in a common mind. But now imagine our "critic," instead of being the mere dis severed third thing he was, to be a common mind. Imagine his thought of our thought to *be* our thought, and his thought of the real moon to *be* the real moon. Both it and we have now become consubstantial; we are reduced to a common denominator. Both of us are members of the one total Thought, and any relation which that Thought draws between its members is as real as the members themselves. If that Thought intend one of its members to "represent" the other, and represent it either falsely or truly, "t is but thinking, and it is done." There is no other way in which one thing can "represent" another; and no possibility of either truth or falsehood unless the function of *representation* be genuinely there. An "Over-Soul," of whose enveloping thought our thought and the things we think of are alike fractions, — such is the only hypothesis that can form a basis for the reality of truth and of error in the world.

The reality of truth and error are, then, Dr. Royce's novel reason for believing that all that is has the foundations of its being laid in an infinite all-inclusive Mind. Upon the highest heights of dogmatism and in the deepest depths of skepticism, alike the argument blooms, saying, "Whatever

things be false, and whatever things be true, *one* thing stands forever true, and that is that the Enveloping Mind must be there to make them either false or true."

To the lay-reader, this absolute Idealism doubtless seems insubstantial and unreal enough. But it is astonishing to learn how many paths lead up to it. Dr. Royce's path is only one. The others are of various kinds and degrees, and may be found in all sorts of books, few of them together. But taken altogether, they end by making about as formidable a convergence of testimony as the history of opinion affords. The persons most pleased by Dr. Royce's book will no doubt be the Hegelians here and in Great Britain; for it seems to us that he has reached a religious result hardly distinguishable from their own, by a method entirely free from that identification of contradictories which is the great stumbling-block in the Hegelian system of thought. The result is that all truth is known to one Thought, that is infinite, in which the world lives and moves and has its being, which abides and waxes not old, and in which there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning. The ordinary objection to a pantheistic monism like this is the ethical one, that it makes *all* that happens a portion of the eternal reason, and so must nourish a fatalistic mood, and a willingness to accept and consecrate whatever *is*, no matter what its moral quality may be. Dr. Royce is not as disdainful of this difficulty as the Hegelians are. We are not sure he has got over it, but he has bravely and beautifully attacked it; and his section on the problem of evil, in his last chapter, is as original and fresh a treatment of the subject as we know.

Unfortunately, we have no space to do more than recommend it to the reader's attention. And now that we find ourselves at the end of our tether, we wonder whether a notice entirely made up

of quotations would not have been a better thing than this attempt of ours to set forth the most fundamental, it is true, but still the driest, portion of the book. Never was a philosophic work less dry; never one more suggestive of spring-time, or, as we may say, more redolent of the smell of the earth. Never was a gentler, easier irony shown in discussion; and never did a more subtle analytic movement keep constantly at such close quarters with the cubical and concrete facts of human life as shown in individuals. In the entire ethical portion of the work its author shows himself to be a first-rate moralist, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, as one who knows delightfully how to describe the lights and shadows of special moral types and tendencies. In his discussions of the ethics of "sympathy" and of the ethics of "progress" are passages which are masterpieces in this line. And here again, from the very depths of the desert of skepticism, the flower of moral faith is found to bloom. Everything in Dr.

Royce is radical. There is nothing to remind one of that dreary fighting of each step of a slow retreat to which the theistic philosophers of the ordinary common-sense school have accustomed us. For this reason the work must carry a true *sursum corda* into the minds of those who feel in their bones that man's religious interests must be able to swallow and digest and grow fat upon all the facts and theories of modern science, but who yet have not the capacity to see with their own eyes how it may be done. There is plenty of leveling in Dr. Royce's book, but it all ends by being a leveling-up. The Thought of which our thought is part is lord of all, and, to use the author's own phrase, he does not see why we should clip our own wings to keep ourselves from flying out of our own coop over our own fence into our own garden. California may feel proud that a son of hers should at a stroke have scored so many points in a game not yet exceedingly familiar on the Pacific slope.

THE HUGUENOT EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

THESE volumes¹ are the first installment of a work which will be a most valuable addition to our historical literature. The subject well deserves the treatment that Dr. Baird is giving to it, and the task is one of extreme difficulty. It seems indeed almost impossible to write the history of a people dispersed all over the New World, and long since absorbed by the populations among which they took refuge. A connected and logical account of the Huguenots after their departure from France is of course out of the question, for the

narrative is necessarily made up of episodes. The emigration from France went on, with many fluctuations, but still without a break, for over a century; and when the great flight came, after the Revocation, the history of the exiles is resolved into that of little bands settling here and there, of families, and even to a large extent of individuals.

Dr. Baird's first volume brings together accounts of all the settlements attempted by the Huguenots during the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth century, while the Protestants of France still formed a powerful political party in their native land. The efforts which were made by them to plant col-

¹ *History of the Huguenot Emigration to America.* By CHARLES W. BAIRD, D. D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1885.

onies on the coast of North America have been elaborately told elsewhere. The abortive settlements of Ribaut and Laudonniere in Florida and South Carolina, those of De Caen and De Monts in Canada and Acadia, and the romantic struggle between D'Aulnay and De la Tour are all familiar to the students of American history. Much less familiar, however, are the ill-fated Brazil settlement and the more fortunate colonists who became firmly established in the Antilles, whence they escaped to the continent, when persecution waxed hot. All these various expeditions are now brought together by Dr. Baird, and form, as they ought, connected parts of the same history. With the narrative of these direct attempts is also joined an account of those Huguenots who, fleeing first to Holland, went thence to the New World: some with the Walloons to New Netherlands, others with the Pilgrims to New England. There were many in the former case, and but few in the latter; yet their presence at Plymouth is unmistakable, and shows better than anything else how the blood of the French Huguenots entered everywhere and from the earliest times into the Anglo-American stocks. In that age religion overcame race and language. Priscilla Mullins, famed in song and story, beloved of Standish and the bride of John Alden, was a Huguenot, her father's name being William Molines. So too was Philip De la Noye, who came over in the *Fortune* in 1621, and from whom, or from whose kindred of like name, are descended all the numerous persons named Delano and Noyes.

Dr. Baird's second volume treats of the persecution and consequent emigration in the various provinces of France, and then takes up the settlements of the Huguenots in the United States. Those of New England are completed, and the others of the Middle and Southern States are to be given in succeeding volumes. Dr. Baird apologizes in his pref-

ace for printing so many lists of names; but the apology is needless, for the names of the Huguenot refugees are of the very essence of his subject. Indeed, the only fault we have to find with Dr. Baird is that he has not gone quite far enough in this direction, and enabled us to detect in all cases the Huguenot descents under the curious changes which the names have suffered among an English-speaking people. The corruptions of French names have been in many instances so strange and so complete that only a thorough examination by a master of the subject like Dr. Baird would reveal them. For example, the seemingly characteristic Yankee name of Bunker is, we believe, derived from Boncœur, and Doolittle from De L'Hotel, while tradition has it that the two Cape Anne families of Blumpy and Whitefoot are alike descended from Huguenot brothers named Blancpied.

Dr. Baird deserves the highest praise for the excellence of his work, much of it involving the most minute and laborious research. He has shown himself industrious and painstaking in the highest degree, and his simple, modest style harmonizes entirely with his topics, and makes much that would otherwise be dry very pleasant and agreeable reading. The work as a whole, although of necessity filled with so many personal and apparently trifling details, is in reality a most important chapter in the history of events which ultimately shook France to its foundations and affected most deeply the civilized world. The history of the persecution and exile of the Huguenots, and of their dispersion and absorption among other races, is only a part of a much greater theme. There are two divisions of the subject. The results of the emigration to the Huguenots themselves and to the people who received them form one; the effect of their departure upon France is the other.

The study of the Huguenots in Amer-

ica brings out strongly their value as a people. It would be difficult, indeed, to find an emigration of a finer type. Devoted to principle, sturdy in morals, frugal, industrious, and enterprising, the Huguenots closely resembled their English brethren who had sought the New World for conscience' sake. But the austerity of the Puritan was much softened in the Huguenot, whose natural light-heartedness made him more agreeable than the dissenter of English race, even if he was not quite such a stubborn fighter and restless adventurer. It seems very probable that much of the American vivacity and quickness is due to the early and widespread infusion of Huguenot blood. But however this may be, a mere glance at Dr. Baird's lists, where we find the names of Faneuil, Jay, Bayard, De Lancy, Maury, Laurens, Marion, and a host of others familiar in our history, shows how much we owe the French Huguenots in a thousand ways. So far as can now be learned, they brought only good gifts to the American colonies, and they assimilated at once and most thoroughly with the people among whom they had been thrown.

The other side of the picture is far more impressive. In proportion as the coming of the Huguenots enriched and benefited the countries of their adoption, their going brought evil to the land which they were forced to leave. It passes belief, almost, that the policy adopted by church and state in France could ever have been really carried out by reasoning beings. The mind recoils from the bare idea of the imbecility and cruelty displayed by the successors of Henry of Navarre toward the men who placed him on the throne. The French kings proved, indeed, that persecution could be perfectly successful in suppressing religious opinions, but this was their sole success. After years of bloody fighting the Edict of Nantes had brought rest and quiet to the Huguenots, then as

always loyal and law-abiding citizens. Under Richelieu and Louis XIII., the old system was revived, and the political strength of the Huguenots was broken. Then came another breathing space, and then Louis XIV. set about the work of extirpation. The horrors of the dragonnades were at last crowned by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the Huguenots fled by the thousand from their native land. There is no more dreadful story in modern history, and the work was done by one of the most vicious and contemptible charlatans who ever disgraced a throne. We are filled with hot indignation even now if we stop to think who and what these people were whom this king of shreds and patches, of big wigs and high heels, drove forth from their country. They were the very flower of the French race. They were the merchants and mariners, the skilled artisans and successful farmers, the manufacturers and mechanics, who made the prosperity of France. They were the God-fearing, industrious, intelligent middle class, who form the bone and sinew of every community. These were the men who were forced to flee like criminals in the night from the hideous persecution which beset their homes. They were excluded and expelled even from the colonial settlements of France. There was no resting-place for them except among strangers, and to foreign lands they went. They carried with them thrift, industry, and morality. Wherever they settled they succeeded, and they always won respect and honor and wealth for themselves, and conferred fresh prosperity upon their adopted countries. The Protestant heresy, however, was trampled out wherever Louis XIV. held sway, and for this glorious victory a heavy price has since been paid.

The Huguenots were shut out from the French colonies, and within a hundred years the whole French colonial system, supported by an admixture of

Jesuits and muskets, went down with one great crash. In the name of God, dragoons were let loose upon an unoffending people, who were harried and hunted from their homes; and there is to-day more irreligion, or lack of religion, in France than in any Christian country. The disturbing element of a great middle class, who thought for themselves and worshiped God in their own way, was torn up by the roots. King and priest rubbed their hands and gloated over the comely uniformity they had produced. A little more than a century slipped away, and the descendant of Louis XIV. was brought to the block by a nation which had ceased to be uniform in various matters, religion included. The great conservative force of French society was in the Huguenots. It was carefully destroyed, and when the hour of trial came there was nothing between the aristocracy and the populace. Peasant and workingman degraded by centuries of oppression were

on the one side, king and courtiers on the other. Thus widely separated classes came together in deadly battle, and the havoc began. There was nothing to soften the shock, nothing to ballast the reeling ship of state. The bloodshed of the French Revolution is hideous to think of, but it was the direct outcome of the policy of the Revocation. Read the story of the dragonnades and of the expulsion of the Huguenots, and the Terror then seems only very imperfect justice. There is here one of the most awful lessons in all history. Nations which permit a bedizened little sultan like Louis XIV. to indulge in dragonnades and in the exile and torture of the best of his subjects are pretty sure to pay for it sooner or later by *noyades* and *fusillades* and by a great deal of blood-letting. Very few races have ever suffered more for conscience' sake than did the French Huguenots. There is not one whose wrongs have been so amply and so justly revenged.

FOUR NOVELS.

THE title-page of Mr. Keenan's novel, *Trajan*,¹ without being distinctly apologetic, may not unreasonably be taken to disclose the author's consciousness of that characteristic of his work which will be most likely to invite criticism. If the reader become impatient, as he very likely will, at the frequent eddies which divert the stream of the narrative, he will please to remember that the author forewarned him, when he began his voyage, that the course was not clear. Mr. Keenan's hero is a young American artist living in Paris at the height of the Second Empire, and critical of the times through his affiliation with the

men who afterward were active in the scenes which followed Sedan. The other principal characters are the members of a rich, cultivated American family, and of a French family which for two generations had been domiciled in America, but had returned to its more natural French circumstance. The time of the story is the year between May, 1870, and May, 1871, with necessary references to the history of the several characters. The place is chiefly Paris and its neighborhood, with occasional brief transfers of action to America.

It will be easily seen how lurid a background was possible for the figures

¹ *Trajan*. The History of a Sentimental Young Man, with some Episodes in the Comedy of Many

Lives' Errors. A Novel. By HENRY F. KEENAN. New York: Cassell & Co. Limited. 1885.

that are to engage the reader's attention; but Mr. Keenan, if he had the purpose to make the Franco-Prussian war and the Commune a relief for the better display of his characters, was drawn into too intimate an interest in these historic movements, and thus has been hurried with all his fictitious apparatus into a confusion out of which his story is extricated with some difficulty. He has indeed protected his interests in part by making his principal characters important factors in the hurly-burly; but for all that, his story is more than once lost, and is recovered by the reader only when he is somewhat out of breath from the chase.

To speak more plainly, the defect of this book lies in its excess. While many novels of the day are poverty-stricken for incidents, Trajan has enough and to spare. After all the wants of the characters are satisfied, one may, out of the abundance left over, find enough to furnish forth several bookful of heroes and heroines. It is always so. In time of drought we pray for rain. Down it comes in a deluge, and we long for a dry and thirsty land. There are some novelists who, when the story flags, invent a new character to divert the mind. Mr. Keenan invents a new incident, and does not trouble himself much about his characters. He leaves them to get along as they can, and if they are reasonably consistent, that is enough for him. Thus, while every part of the book is dramatic, the integral drama is weak and ineffective. Instead of a story, marching with cumulative effect to its close, there is a congeries of stories; none, perhaps, positively remote from the central one, yet by their partial independence of it disturbing the mind, and causing it to weary of the effort at attention.

The characters suffer from this overworking of incidents, for they are so busily employed in keeping things moving that they have no time to be greatly affected by the movements them-

selves. It would sound very well to say that the author had shown his power not by analyzing his characters, but by permitting them to work out their destiny. Unfortunately, he has forgotten very largely that the characters have any destiny other than that of external position. He rarely seems to apprehend that all this tremendous activity must have left its impress on the very nature of the persons themselves. Is it reasonable to suppose, for instance, that Theo should wind herself in such a net of duplicity as she wove, and not show some sign of moral deterioration? Yet she goes out of the story as smilingly and as airily as she enters it, and the touchstone of purity fails to detect her character; for Mrs. Arden, who has no reason to like her, seems oblivious to her real nature.

In truth, the author stands outside of his work, and orders everything; nothing seems to operate of its own natural power, and, to make the matter worse, he assumes the showman from time to time, after the manner of Thackeray. How little he troubles himself to have the characters work out their own salvation or damnation may be illustrated by a single slight instance. The hero, Trajan, has just been brought back, near the end of the book, from the border of the grave. The physician forbids that he should be excited, yet he insists upon knowing the facts of his rescue. Elliot Arden thereupon gives him the facts; not quietly and briefly, as the man for whom Arden is intended would, but with a deal of persiflage and a most unnecessary amount of detail. It is Mr. Keenan who wishes to tell a good story, not one of the characters acting in a rational way. Perhaps it is just as well that the characters are not especially reasonable beings, for they might not like the patronizing tone of their creator.

Mr. Keenan, to judge from this book, has given his days and nights to Thackeray. We do not know how willing he

may be to give his hours to a rigid study of art, but we wish he would throw aside the costume of Thackeray in which he has dressed himself, — it is a misfit, — and attend to the real Thackeray, the artist of Henry Esmond. A genuine, humble study of that work of art ought to make him thoroughly dissatisfied with Trajan, and yet ready to believe that in his own way he might draw upon his evident power of invention to produce a vivid novel, in which characters and incidents should bear a just relation to each other, and all should be subject to laws of art.

To pass from the lawless, swashing Trajan to the mild civility of *A Carpet Knight*¹ reminds us how wide is the range included in the modern novel. It may be read to the sound of cannon, or to the thrumming of a mandolin. Harford Flemming has been indifferent to the joys of inventing a hero like Trajan, who saves the life of his friend as often as the exigency of the story demands, and is content with the substitutes for heroes which are furnished by Philadelphia drawing-rooms. Harford Flemming attempts a difficult feat, — nothing less than to reproduce society without recourse to extraordinary incidents, situations, or persons. *A Carpet Knight* is like one of the modern plays, where the spectator seems to be looking in upon just such a drawing-room as he may have left half an hour before; to be overhearing the conversation of people with whom, or those just like them, he may presently be discussing the play itself. Has the reader afflicted with the use of eye-glasses ever idly looked into them as they caught a reflection of the room in which he sits? He has seen his surroundings reproduced *in petto*, and composed into a more agreeable picture than he can make out by a glance at the objects themselves. Something

thus is the charm of this book, — for a charm it has, — in its reproduction of refined manners and those slight shades of difference in personality which our modern conventional life affords. The story is slight, — we are bound to say that it is no more bewildering than the streets of the city in which its scenes are laid; but as he reads one grows lazily indifferent to the mere plot, and finds himself taking a cheerful interest in the several persons of the story. It is something to have a story of American society which is as amiable and smooth as much of our urban society is. In its way it reinforces one's confidence in good manners. One is reminded that the ordinary amenities of life are not disregarded. He may know this well enough from his experience of life, but he will scarcely know it from current fiction; and so, while *A Carpet Knight* will not stir his soul or take him into a highly analyzed circle of human beings, it will leave him with the comfortable feeling that he has passed an agreeable evening in society without the necessity of dressing his tired body and bracing his mind for the purpose.

One of the carpet knights who engage in the tournament of the ball-room took his yacht, when summer came, and was blown by the winds to the Bay of Fundy. Urquhart, the hero of *Pilot Fortune*,² might easily have figured among the characters of Harford Flemming's novel. He is a young fellow, of good birth and breeding, with plenty of money and a healthy appetite. He is off in his yacht, and is blown by a wind, which seems one of good fortune, into the harbor of a little fishing village on a Nova Scotian island. Here he finds a girl, to outward seeming a fisherman's daughter, but who at once, by manner and conversation, shows herself to be of finer make. She lives with her aunt Ursula and an

¹ *A Carpet Knight*. By HARFORD FLEMMING. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

² *Pilot Fortune*. By MARIAN C. L. REEVES

and EMILY READ. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

indolent, handsome fellow named Thomas, who appears to be the convenient man-of-all-work. She has a lover, a stalwart young fisherman, Stephen Ferguson, and his manly affection offers quite the only escape possible from the distasteful surroundings in which she lives; for her aunt is a severe-featured, unsympathetic woman, who bears a hard lot with set teeth and closed lips.

Milicent attracts Urquhart first as an idle fancy, then by a stronger fascination, and in a somewhat unguarded moment he offers himself to her. It is only after various adventures, all cleverly told and not forced in the telling, that this event comes about; and then a revelation follows, not from the lips of Milicent, who has fatally postponed, or been hindered in, the disclosure of facts which she knew, but by the appearance on the scene of Urquhart's guardian, Mr. Raymond, who has hurried to the island in hopes of arresting a misalliance. This gentleman, coming face to face with the group, sees in Thomas a clever but unscrupulous Mr. Chaudron, who years before had swindled his neighbors in New York, and had fled to parts unknown with his sister and daughter. The sister is the aunt Ursula; the daughter, Milicent, who is witness of her father's evil fame. The revelation brings out Urquhart's weakness. He is only a carpet knight, and cannot face the world as champion of the girl. So he goes, and the faithful Stephen wins the prize.

It is almost a pity to give this barren outline, since some of the reader's pleasure is in the gradual discovery of the plot,—some, but by no means all; for the best of the book is in its fresh, breezy pictures of the island life, its well modeled characters, especially those of Milicent and her aunt, and its excellent proportions. The story is well constructed, and the situations are natural and fit to characters and plot. There are one or two weaknesses, to be sure. Urquhart is not unfamiliar with the name of

Chaudron, but no intimation is given that the family on the island bears any other. That name, indeed, is never applied to Milicent; but one of commonplace mind is apt to ask whether a young man from New York, meeting a girl of evident good birth, though with a native wildness, postpones any direct address until he has the right to call her by her name. He does once or twice address her as Miss Milicent, but in the conversation which is given there is a careful avoidance in the main of any direct calling of names on either side. Again, is it at all likely that the most infatuated young man, especially if he turns out to be at bottom, and not at top, only a society man, would be so indifferent as Urquhart is to the young girl's antecedents? Her very name is not a rustic one. Her air is that of one well born. He can hardly have expected to go off with her as one might carry away a swan from among geese, satisfied with the swan, and careless how it happened to be among geese.

These are defects in the probabilities of the story, and a little care might have removed them. Still, the book as a whole is not only interesting; it is unhackneyed, and it brings within the resources of native fiction a substantially new subject. We may thank these ladies for discovering the possibilities in fiction of that commonplace person, the American forger who crosses the Canada frontier, and for rehabilitating the world-old story of the prince who finds the disguised princess, by using scenes so new to fiction as the Bay of Fundy and its shores.

Mr. Barrett Wendell has chosen to follow a more common practice. He has carried his hero across the water, and given him his romance in Italy. The Duchess Emilia¹ is a romance,—a Pythagorean romance. The lady who

¹ *The Duchess Emilia. A Romance.* By BARRETT WENDELL. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1885.

fills the title rôle was a wicked and beautiful Italian woman, who lived two or three generations before the time of the story. She was married to a Roman nobleman, but naturally loved his brother better. She compasses her husband's death, and is ready for her lover; but he, suffering a revulsion of feeling, flees from her, becomes penitent, enters the church, and in process of time becomes a cardinal, — Cardinal Giulio Colonna. Meanwhile, the duchess goes from bad to worse. No particulars are given, but she is plainly a very, very wicked woman. The cardinal grows in holiness in the same proportion, although the fire of passion for Emilia is only covered by the ashes of contrition.

At last the duchess dies, and then a strange thing happens. Her soul, her poor, wicked little soul, much inflamed and very ill prepared for a long voyage, takes flight, and in less than a night — not quite so quickly as by electricity, but making better time than by steam — is "whirled about the rolling earth," in Mr. Wendell's realistic apprehension of spiritual movement. It is a bad night to be out in, but the soul stands it, and coming to the far-off fatherland of the hero of this romance, namely to New England, and presumably to Beacon Street in Boston, finds a wretched home — so the hero says — in the madman's body that is his. It was an unreasonable choice on the part of the Duchess Emilia, for Richard Beverly, who had just given up being born, when she came so unceremoniously, was the son of two mad people, — his father afterward committed suicide; and it would naturally require a good deal of sanity on the part of a New England young man to resist the probable tantrums of a wicked old Italian soul lodged in him. The first effect upon the unfortunate infant was to make him quiver and utter a loud cry, — "louder and wilder than the cries of other children. And I drew breath with a struggle, as if I would

fain lie still, but could not; and cried again, with a voice of fear that made the women start."

This young man, who cannot call his soul his own, is thereby compelled to a most trying life. In early youth he is obliged to be unusually good, in order to give the soul a chance. Then he is impelled, he knows not why, to go to Italy. He is conscious of some great work to do, but what the work is he cannot tell. He finds it out in time, for upon reaching Rome he meets the old cardinal, and is attracted to him. The cardinal in turn is fascinated by the melancholy young man. The reason is that his soul, or rather the soul of the Duchess Emilia, who is living in the furnished lodging of Richard Beverly, looks out of his eyes, and the old cardinal cannot withstand the influence.

By degrees Beverly discovers his mission. It is to purify his lodger's conscience by undoing the mischief done by her when she lived in the Colonna palace, and by arresting the action which in a new generation is in danger of repeating the old crime. The cardinal is to be sanctified, and is also to be made to break off the engagement between his niece Filippa and a rich Count Palchi, in order to her marrying her true lover, Luigi Orsini. Everything is brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and, his vicarious mission being accomplished, Beverly dies. His lodger, it is surmised, immediately transfers her residence to a heavenly mansion.

In carrying out this fantasy, Mr. Wendell has employed a simple ruse. He tells so much of the story as a person may need to tell in order to explain circumstances, but leaves most of the narrative to be developed in passages from Beverly's journal. The transition is not always closely marked, and the assumption of a style of fifty years ago is indifferently borne out, while the occasional change from a falsetto tone to a natural one is more amusing than the

author apparently intended. The basis of real action upon which the romance stands — we mean the relations between Beverly and the cardinal, Luigi and Filippa — is so outrageously improbable that it requires the most absorbing romance to justify it. Unfortunately, the romance is not absorbing. The whole manner of the author is fatal to that deep reality which is essential to genuine romance. He is not himself possessed by his story. He stands wholly outside of it. He has simply taken a fantastic *motif* and given it a mechanical elaboration. The result is that from beginning to end the reader perceives himself in presence of an affectation. He is unmoved by the intended pathos, because the author was never moved. His blood does not curdle at the proper places, because he knows that the red stains which he sees are only claret. This must be our warrant for making light of so serious an affair as the transmigration of Emilia's soul.

The four novels which we have glanced at scarcely offer material enough for any but the slightest generalization. We think, however, that it is not unfair to see in them some signs that our American fiction is becoming steadily more venturesome and more varied. Mr. Keenan's foray into the scenes of the Commune was a bold one, and if he

had not made up his mind to follow at the heels of Thackeray, he might have brought back worthier trophies. To treat of real Americans mixed in with real Parisians in a historic time offers a capital chance for an animated and dramatic novel. A *Carpet Knight* and *Pilot Fortune* both show that the cleverness and skill of the craft which we associate with current English fiction of the better, but not best, sort are not unknown here, where so much slovenly and careless work has been done by average workwomen. Mr. Wendell's *Emilia*, again, though it cannot be called a success, reminds us of the possibilities of the romance, which have been overlooked in our close allegiance to realism. It is something that a writer should be willing to lay himself open to the rude scoffers. There will always be those who are stonily indifferent to high flights of fancy or imagination, and a writer of genuine romance may always expect to be derided. On the other hand, there is that in a fine romance which melts the mood and creates true sympathy. We would really much rather not scoff, and if Mr. Wendell will cultivate his natural voice, and sing us a song with as much purity of feeling as goes to this book of his, — for that is its one redeeming feature, — we promise to applaud with the heartiest.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE allusion, in a recent chapter of *The New Portfolio*, to "the annual Tragedy of the Pig," doubtless awakens a train of slumbering recollections in the memory of many a reader of the *outside* of that promising Budget (with a capital B), and this "one touch of Nature" — not the only touch, however — that marks the universal kinship of

childhood is enough of itself to make the readers of *The New Portfolio* forever grateful. It is worth a great deal, in this workaday world, to be a boy — or even a girl, again, if but for a few moments. To me, who had always cultivated the intimacy of the protagonist, the *Tragedy of the Pig* was full of anguish unspeakable, while it offered

an irresistible fascination that compelled my attendance. Yet it must be confessed that the horror was greatly mitigated by the anticipation of the Feast of the Tail, that always followed in due course, like the farce of other days. No triumph of culinary art can tickle the palate like the crude cookery of childhood, and pig-tail, burnt to a crisp and about half raw, had a flavor and piquancy we demand in vain, in our degenerate days of spectacles and gray hairs.

The passage anent the Tragedy of the Pig recalls a page of the Autocrat treating of that universal instinct of childhood "to make a *cache*, and bury in it beliefs, doubts, dreams, hopes, and terrors." There is, indeed, something exquisitely pathetic in the earnestness and the patient secrecy — I had almost written *long-suffering* secrecy — with which children grapple with the problems they make to themselves out of trifles. Who does not remember such problems haunting the mind by day and night, deeply, often painfully, pondered, yet always jealously guarded? Whether from timidity, whether from a sacred unconsciousness of joy in the things that most deeply exercise their struggling reason, children are not wont to speak of the deep questions that perplex their dawning intelligence. These are seldom or never the questions propounded by pastors and masters, but suggestions springing from some distorted aspect of a familiar subject, striking the mind awry, as it were. Thus, to cite from personal experience, the church catechism was diligently instilled into my mind at an early age, and great pains taken to make it clear to my comprehension. With the unquestioning faith of childhood, I accepted its teachings reverently, and took only shame to myself that I could not understand the question, "What did your sponsors *then* for you?" To my untutored mind, innocent of grammar, "*then*" had all the force of a verb, and for

years I agonized intellectually, in the struggle to discover the awful meaning hidden in this inscrutable word. What was it "to then"? What pain, and effort, and solemn prayer, and vast expense did it cost my sponsors to "then" for me? By what mysterious ceremony was my "thenning" accomplished? When, after years of waiting, it dawned upon me that this word was, from my point of view, void of meaning, the sense of destitution that took possession of me is indescribable. I felt myself defrauded spiritually, and the shock was something dreadful. Nor was this my only childish error concerning the things of religion. My acceptance of the doctrine of Apostolic Succession was absolute. For me, each bishop of the church was a direct descendant of St. Paul! My only difficulty was my inability to decide how many times the epithet *great* should stand before the word *grandson*, when applied to the bishop of our diocese; and this momentous question so perplexed and harassed me that I summoned the courage to appeal to the bishop himself. Needless to say, I was *désillusionnée*.

Closely connected with this notion of the Apostolic Succession, and in some intangible way growing out of it, was a faith I entertained regarding the sacred vessels of the Temple of Jerusalem, carried away at the time of the Captivity. These venerable relics I firmly believed to be safely stored in the vestry-room of our little church. Once, when my mother and other ladies were assisting about the Christmas decorations, I saw the door of this vestry-room standing open, and with awe and trembling I asked and obtained permission to enter. No room I have ever seen is more indelibly stamped upon my memory, though I saw it but once: bare, white-washed walls, a table, two chairs, a fireplace, a striped curtain drawn back from the window, and three pegs behind the door. The golden vessels of the great

Temple of Jerusalem *were not there*, and I came out weeping; but the cause of my tears I would never tell.

My speculations, however, were not all about questions pertaining to the things of religion. One among the many *bizarre* beliefs that my childhood hugged in secret owed its birth to a doggerel rhyme which a young uncle of mine used to sing for my delectation. The words and the tune, together with the image of the chimerical creature my imagination "carved out of Nature for itself," will dwell with me forever. These are the words:—

"Folks, won't you go, folks, won't you go,
To see the monkey-show?
The Bengal Tiger will be there,
The White, also the Polar Bear."

What manner of animal was the White Also? It never occurred to me to ask, for was not the creature mentioned in connection with the Bengal Tiger, which I knew pictorially, and the Polar Bear, which likewise I knew pictorially? But no picture-book that I could command contained any representation of the White Also. The diligence with which I pursued that apocryphal beast might have sufficed, had I practiced the same in later years, to master the sciences. Doubtless the books I ransacked—for I kept up the search long after I had learned to read—and the menageries I studiously visited did add an appreciable amount to my fund of information; but of all the knowledge of natural history and kindred subjects gained at that time, nothing stands forth so vividly in my mind's eye as the zoological phantom that forever eluded my quest,—the great White Also, the desire of my childish vision, which came at last to represent to me the type of the unattainable; and I cannot now, without a sort of mental *tug*, classify "also" as an adverb,—I thought it was an animal for so long!

Is there no specific term among philosophers for these *idola juventutis*?

—Iceland, in spite of its insular situation, has always been a constituent part of Europe. No movement, social, political, or religious, has passed upon the Continent without transmitting a throb, at least, to that far-off land. The intellectual constitution of the Icelanders has favored this result. Ever since they forsook Norway, over a thousand years ago, for the cause of liberty, they have had the vigor to form an opinion and the courage to maintain it; and, during all this time, an intellectual intercourse, wholly apart from the exchange of commodities in commerce, has been maintained between Scandinavia and Iceland. Nor has this intercourse always been one-sided, for in the ancient days the skald who sang the praises of the Norwegian kings, or the saga-man who told the story of their exploits, was almost invariably an Icelander. And not only in Norway did he find appreciative listeners, but in Sweden and Denmark, and even in England he was made welcome for the sake of his accomplishments. When Christianity, fighting its way northward, had won over all Europe, Iceland, to the last, defended its heathen religion, and only reluctantly laid it aside. For five hundred years the country was Roman Catholic, but, at length, in Iceland, too, was enacted the superb drama of the Reformation. Though the stage was smaller than in Germany and England, the action was none the less real. The incidents that accompanied the unraveling of the plot were full of dramatic force, and the plot itself, as its complications were gradually laid open to the light, became of absorbing interest. So thorough in the end was the change of faith, that, although a Catholic mission was for many years maintained in the south, it was at last abandoned, and Lutheranism became, as it now is, the one religion of the land. The history of the Reformation in Iceland is a page of its annals not wholly free from stain. There was

plotting and counterplotting, which sometimes reflected but little honor upon its projectors. The greed of power was, in many cases, a greater incentive than religious conviction, and political finesse was often resorted to instead of an appeal to the hearts of men. There were, however, among those who interestedly strove against the religion of Rome striking exceptions, — men characterized by fine religious feeling and persistent opposition, for conscience' sake, to the tenets of the Catholic Church. Such a man was Odd Gottskalksson, the translator of the New Testament into Icelandic. Of all engaged in the Reformation his name, in particular, stands out in relief, both for the importance and the purity of the part he played. Iceland in Catholic times, and even down to the beginning of the present century, was divided into two bishoprics: one of the north and one of the south. Odd was the son of Gottskalk the Grim, Bishop of Holar, in the north. The date of his birth is unknown, but it was probably about 1500. At six years of age he was sent to his uncle, then lawman in Norway, with whom he grew up. He was given a good education, for he knew Latin, Danish, and German, and, afterwards, doubtless still further to increase his knowledge, he traveled both in Denmark and Germany. It was Odd's fortune not to arrive in Germany until after the success of the Reformation had been fully assured. Luther's translation of the New Testament had already appeared, and the whole land was aglow with religious fervor. Doubtless from Luther's own lips Odd heard the wrathful denunciations hurled against the faith in which he had been brought up. At any rate, the new teachings sunk deep into his heart, and he was obliged to heed them whether he would or no. "He began to marvel much within himself," he afterward told a priest in Iceland, "that he could not come to a clear understanding as to this change of faith,

as they called it, seeing that so many wise and thoughtful men inclined thereto. Then he made up his mind, for three nights following, when all were asleep, to get out of bed and pray God that he would open his heart and make manifest to him which of the two were the truer — this new faith or the faith of his fathers — and give him true understanding therein, with many other words of supplication, saying that whichever God should breathe into his breast as the truer he would seek to increase and further and follow all the days of his life. When these prayers were ended, and the three nights had gone by, then all had been changed before him, and he had quite forgotten the old faith as if he had never heard of it nor known aught of it, but in its stead the new faith was all laid open to him." He made preparations to return to Iceland, but before he went he supplied himself with Latin and German books; among others with the New Testament. Up to this time the Reformation had made but little progress in Iceland. Several influential members of the priesthood had in secret accepted its teachings, but the time was felt to be still unfavorable for its open advocacy. Upon his return to Iceland Odd became secretary to Ogmund, bishop at Skalholt in the south. The bishop's steward, at that time, was a namesake, Odd Eyjolfsson, who lived in a house apart from the rest. He, also, had accepted the doctrines of Luther, and, with him, Odd and others were accustomed to assemble daily to discuss undisturbed the subject they so much had at heart. Odd now decided upon the great work of his life, the translation of the New Testament into his own native tongue. Like Luther and Tyndale, he, too, recognized unerringly the means that, more than all else combined, would be powerful to promote the spread of the new belief. The labor, however, required the exercise of all secrecy for its fulfillment; its ac-

complishment, indeed, depended almost wholly upon the fact of its remaining undiscovered, as the bishop was the avowed enemy of all that appertained to Lutheranism, and fought against it bitterly to the end of his life. Odd, accordingly, for fear of discovery, did not dare to undertake his self-imposed task, even in the outlying house of his friend and co-religionist, Odd Eyjolfsson. There was only one place that seemed to him to offer the desired security, and that was the bishop's cow stable. So he quietly went to work that winter and made a rude desk which he set up, and there, in the cold and darkness, his long and laborious work was begun. When his retreat was discovered, as was inevitable, he gave out that he was engaged in reading old books and writing the ancient statutes of the bishops, which he had ready at hand to exhibit in corroboration. Under the same pretext he asked for additional paper from the bishop, when his own stock had given out, and was granted what he considered necessary. So successful by the exercise of all this caution were his attempts at concealment, that no one suspected the real reason of his seclusion, and he was left to labor in peace. Only a few trusted friends were in the secret, and to them he went for sympathy and encouragement. To Gizur, a priest, who afterward became the first Protestant bishop in Iceland, he said: "Jesus, our Saviour, lay in an ass's stall, and now I am translating His word and turning it into my mother-tongue in a cow stable." Odd first completed, under these circumstances, the Gospel of Matthew, but it is not known how much more was done that winter. Soon after he set up housekeeping for himself, after which, it may be supposed, he was able to prosecute his work in comparative safety. After the translation of the whole New Testament was at last finished, Odd, embracing a favorable opportunity, went to Denmark and laid it

before the king. Permission was given him to publish it, and, in April, 1540, it appeared, a thick duodecimo, neatly printed in fine black letter, from the press at Roskilde. Odd's New Testament was not only the first translation of any part of the Bible into Icelandic, but it was the first literary work of any importance that had appeared for nearly two centuries. Not only does it mark the beginning of the victory that, with its aid, was now rapidly won over the old religion, but it was the forerunner of a new era in literature, which, with the advent of the Reformation, was called into the sturdy life it has ever since maintained. After the publication of his work Odd returned to Iceland. He seems to have borne no very active part in the struggles of the time, but, nevertheless, worked steadily in his own chosen way. In 1545, at the instance of Gizur, Protestant bishop of the south, he was furnished with means to go to Germany to print a translation of the Homilies of Corvinus, which he had prepared. This latter work appeared at Rostock in April of the succeeding year. That same spring Odd went back to Iceland with his second book, which Gizur, in an encyclical letter, ordered the priests of his bishopric to procure and make use of in the service of the church. The reformed religion had become, by this time, firmly established in Iceland, and a few words will suffice to tell of Odd's subsequent fate. After living for two years as rector at Reykholt, in the west, he was made Lawman of the north and west and moved north to Rowanstead Cloister. In 1556, the third year of his lawmanship, he set out on an official journey to the south. In attempting to ford a river, the Laxa, his horse slipped under him, and he was thrown into the water; with the utmost exertion he was rescued by his men, but he died a few hours after from the injuries received. Odd's whole career as a reformer was characterized by faith and

Christian charity rather than by militant force. He did not possess the rugged strength of Luther to write and speak in the fullness of the wrath of God, nor did he know the divine fearlessness of Tyndale to dare and endure all for the sake of his belief. The mission of this Icelandic was a humbler one, but he performed it well. To one who has seen the earthen floor and the reeking cattle and knows of the cold, the darkness, and the damp of the Icelandic cow-byres — and there is no reason to think that those of Odd's time differed materially from those of the present — the full significance of the self-sacrifice of the translator comes with redoubled force. Since Odd, as in the case of Luther and Tyndale, other translations of the Bible have been made, truer, perhaps, in many respects, to the original, but in great and vital points far inferior to his work of faith. The parallel may be drawn still further, for, like the others, Odd's translation came at a time favorable to the exercise of its full effect. As the Bible itself transformed the belief of the time, so the style and the language of the translation, at an opportune moment, set up a new standard of literary expression which has since never been lost sight of. The name of Odd Gottskalksson, the Reformer, has, even in Iceland, been almost forgotten, but 'as the great Latin Ecclesiastical History of Iceland justly phrases it: "He may be rightly numbered among those who have been of the most use to their mother-country."

— It is thought to be an interesting study to trace the lineage and family connections of any word or phrase that, without the sanction of the authorities, has foisted itself into current speech. I can but regard it as a singular omission that as yet no doctor of linguistics has undertaken to provide with a respectable ancestry the alleged Americanism "right away." That this can be done I am positive; and I entertain a

modest hope that my purposed demonstration will be convincing. Having been accustomed from childhood to employ this tabooed phrase, and being now unalterably wedded to its use, I am, naturally, solicitous that "right away," slightly modified perhaps, should be recognized as a legitimate and even polite adverbial element. To this end I beg the patience of the Club for such argument and erudition as may be advanced on the subject.

First, be it remembered that there is in the dictionary a somewhat old-fashioned word (yet king's English it should still be reckoned), with precisely the same signification as the phrase in question. The word to which I have reference is "straightway," obviously compounded of "straight" and "way." Now, let us take a philological pick, and delve for the root and cognates of "straight;" or rather, let us avail ourselves of the information offered on this point by Noah Webster: "*L. strictus*, from *stringo*; *Sax. strac*; formed from the root of *reach*, *stretch*, *right*." Hereby it will be seen that to substitute "right" for "straight" in any connection in which the latter is used, would not be to take a wholly unwarrantable liberty; or, if any further authorization be required, this may be found in the synonymous use which geometry makes of *right* and *straight*. A right or straight line is the shortest line that can be drawn between two points. Now, if we can believe that one word was frequently substituted for the other (and what is more probable?), we can understand how gradually "rightway" took its place with "straightway;" both terms denoting that, where command is given, the act enjoined should be accomplished by the shortest and most expeditious method. But the question arises, How do we happen to have "right away" in common use instead of the proper dissyllabic word? The answer is involved in difficulty, but not, I believe, in inex-

tricable difficulty. Any one who takes the word into his mouth will at once discover that euphony dictates the insertion of a vowel sound between the two syllables: whence "right-a-way," — or "right away," according to present usage. Another explanation is suggested. We know that in some districts of this country one hears, instead of "that way," the concatenated syllables "that-a-way:" now, why not suppose that "rightway" very early in its career as a vocable migrated to Kentucky, or elsewhere southward, and there received the corruption which excludes it from elegant usage? To any movement towards restoring this

phrase to its ancient and legitimate form, I will most carefully lend my influence — such as it is.

In conclusion, I would observe that this proscribed Americanism is one which foreigners (saving, perhaps, the Briton) adopt very readily. I have in mind a Teutonized form, which I used to hear from the lips of a young German employed as a servant by a friend of mine. "Ride away quig!" was the invariably prompt and promising response to any call for his services. I confess I liked the suggestion of extracelerity which his treatment of the phrase afforded.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry. The Secret of Death with some collected poems, by Edwin Arnold. (Roberts.) The title poem professes to be from the Sanskrit. It is in dialogue form, but the reader has leave to suspect that the English saheb who figures in it gave nearly as much as he took. Many of the poems are suggested by the East, many also come from much brooding on death and mortality, which somehow seem to have taken a stronger hold on Mr. Arnold than life and immortality. Two fine stanzas preface the American edition, a salutation to America. — The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, with a Memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge (White, Stokes & Allen), is a reprint in one volume of the revised and complete London edition in two. Praed wrote a few lyrics which are quite perfect in their delicate way; but eight hundred and thirty pages of Praed are just seven hundred and thirty pages too much. — *Diabolus Amans*, a Dramatic Poem (Wilson & McCormick, Glasgow), is an anonymous work, evidently by a woman. It has neither plot nor dramatic action, and is simply a rhapsody cut into "lengths" and distributed among eight or ten characterless speakers. The various songs which are supposed to be sung during the course of the dialogue are delightfully improbable. — The *Aeneid* of Virgil, translated into English by J. W. MacKail, M. A. (Macmillan & Co.), is perhaps as satisfactory, on the whole, as any prose version of a poem can be. — The Poetical Works of J. De R. Blackwell (E. J. Hale & Son, New York) are announced in three volumes. The first has been sent us in cloth and in paper. Perhaps the poetry is in the other two. — *Narcissus*, a poem, by Samuel Watson Wheeler (the Author, Camden, N. J.). — *Easter Gleams*,

by E. W. Shurtleff, (Cupples, Upham & Co.): a neatly-made little paper-covered volume of religious poems. — At the Sign of the Lyre is the happy title of Mr. Austin Dobson's new collection of verse. (Henry Holt & Co.) The volume contains many brief lyrics, hitherto ungathered, and twelve or fourteen pieces not included in the American edition of Vignettes in Rhyme. Mr. Dobson's admirers in this country, however, have not waited until now to form acquaintance with these. Among the new poems, The Ladies of St. James will speedily become a favorite; and among the old there is nothing better than "A Roman Round Robin." Under the title *Carmina Votiva* we have a group of graceful rondeaux addressed to certain of the poet's American friends. The volume is very prettily dedicated to Mr. E. C. Stedman. — The person who prepared for the Pratt Manufacturing Co. the admirable little anthology entitled an Antidote Against Melancholy did not burn his Pratt's Astral midnight oil in vain. The volume is nearly as delightful as A Paradise of Daintie Devices, issued last year by the same firm. Both compilations prove the editor to be a man of taste and intimately acquainted with the best English lyrical poetry. — Representative German Poems, edited with notes by Karl Knortz (Henry Holt & Co.), is a rich storehouse of lyrical poetry. One of the excellent features of the compilation is that the original text is printed with the translation, thus affording the reader an easy opportunity of testing the accuracy and merit of the translator's work. Among the American translators represented are Longfellow, Bryant, Leland, Dwight, Alger, Furness, and Bayard Taylor. — *Melodies of the Heart*, Songs of Freedom, and other poems, by

W. H. Venable. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) Graceful, simple verse, making no severe demands upon the reader, but never annoying him by poor taste or unmelodious lines. — *Fragments from an Old Inn*, by Lillian Rozell Messenger. (Putnam's.) The poems have intercalary prose scraps, and both poetry and prose lie under a heavy weight of affectation. — *Rome, King of Norway*, and other dramas, by Adair Welcker. (Lewis & Johnston, Sacramento.) As the volume appears to have been committed chiefly to posterity by the contemptuous author, we will leave posterity to pick it up. — *Agamemnon's Daughter*, by Denton J. Snider. (Osgood.) Mr. Snider's verse is better than his prose; at least it seems less crabbed, but his somewhat heedless manner betrays him into queer lines. The poem is rather hard reading, unless one be so Greek in temper as to have forgotten his English.

Antiquities and Art. The first volume has been published of Papers of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) The publication is under the direction of the Archaeological Institute of America. The contents relate to inscriptions of Assos and Tralleis, the Theatre of Dionysius, the Olympian and the Erechtheion at Athens, and the Battle of Salamis. The work is addressed to scholars, and is a substantial evidence of the industry of the school, and of its determination to make real contributions to learning, rather than merely popular articles. — *Praise-Songs of Israel*, a new rendering of the Book of Psalms, by John De Witt. (Funk & Wagnalls.) This may be taken as one of the anticipatory volumes called out by the revised version of the Old Testament, although Dr. De Witt takes pains to explain that it is wholly his work. He has attempted as literal a rendering as possible, but has availed himself wherever he could of the familiar English version. — A new edition, revised and greatly enlarged, has been issued of the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, as edited by Drs. Hitchcock & Brown. (Scribners.) In this new edition the little work is permitted a much fuller interpretation than the first hasty publication would allow. The literary history of the work is given in full, and an opportunity taken to answer some of the criticisms made upon it. — Mr. Ernest F. Fenollosa, professor of philosophy and logic, University of Tokio, Japan, has published a review of the Chapter on Painting in Gonse's *L'Art Japonais*. (Osgood.) He accepts in the main Mr. Gonse's judgment of Japanese art, but criticises his statements in detail. It is difficult to decide upon the value of the criticism without recurrence to the works of Japanese artists which have not left the country. Mr. Fenollosa, however, writes in an excellent spirit and with a keen sense of the native virtues of Japanese art. — We have received from the American publishers (Macmillan & Co.) the April number of the Portfolio, and numbers 498 and 499 of *L'Art*. The *Courrier de L'Art* is furnished without charge to the subscribers of the latter periodical. The *Courrier* is a weekly chronicle of the studios, museums, libraries, etc., and is ably conducted by M. Eugène Véron.

Fiction. The *What-to-do Club*, a story for

girls, by Helen Campbell (Roberts), involves suggestions of light work for girls who do not leave home. The author, however, has not forgotten to tell an agreeable story. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are *Under Which King?* by Compton Reade; *Miss Brown*, by Vernon Lee; *Great Porter Square*, by B. L. Farjeon; and *Some One Else*, by B. M. Crocker. — To those readers who like stories with imagination, dramatic action, and other old-fashioned qualities, the two neat volumes containing Hoffmann's *Weird Tales* (Scribner's Sons) will be particularly welcome. The translation, which appears to be carefully done, is by Mr. J. T. Bealby, who gives us a very interesting biographical memoir of the German novelist. Indeed, Mr. Bealby's sketch is quite as striking as any of the tales. — The first four volumes of the *Riverside Aldine Series* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) include *Marjorie Daw and Other Stories*, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; *My Summer in a Garden*, by Charles Dudley Warner; *Fireside Travels*, by James Russell Lowell; and *The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Stories*, by Bret Harte. — *The Witch's Head*, by H. Rider Haggard (Appleton): A silly story in very small type. — *Matt*: a tale of a caravan, by Robert Buchanan. (Appleton.) Mr. Buchanan's contributions to literature hardly serve as models for outcast America. — A paper-covered edition has been issued of G. P. Lathrop's *In the Distance*. (Scribners.) — *Doris and Theodora*, by Margaret Vaudegrift (Porter & Coates): A story of young life in Santa Cruz, written out of a refined, religious mind. — *The Knight of the Black Forest*, by Grace Denio Litchfield (Putnam's): A story of flirtation, but the lightness is chiefly in the plot, not in the touch which should justify characters and scenes. — *Jan Vedder's Wife*, by Amelia E. Barr (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a story of Shetland, where the Norse blood still runs in the veins of the men and women. The incidents of the story, however, though marked by the old rage, are chiefly domestic.

Biography. A new edition, abridged and revised, has been published of the *Life of James Clerk Maxwell*, with selections from his correspondence and occasional writings, by Lewis Campbell and William Garnett. (Macmillan.) In its present form, this delightful biography is a little less formidable to the ordinary reader, and the scientific element in the book is really by no means so considerable as to render it suitable for scientific readers only. One does not need to be a learned physicist to recognize and admire the bright spirit whose life is here so affectionately presented. — The third volume of Mr. E. T. Mason's *Personal Traits of British Authors* (Scribners) includes Scott, Hogg, Campbell, Chalmers, Wilson, De Quincey, and Jeffrey. The plan of this commonplace book does not impress us more favorably with each volume. The concentration of the attention upon the veriest externals of authors gives one a sense of humiliation. — Robert Boyle, Inventor and Philanthropist: a biographical sketch, by Lawrence Saunders. (Gilbert Wood & Co., London.) Mr. Boyle's business enterprise and high character were worth recording, but Mr. Saunders



has made his few facts float about in a sea of words. His desire also to give due credit to Mr. Boyle's son, who continues the business of sanitary engineering founded by the father, leads him to glide gently into what reads very much like a puff. — William E. Burton, *A Sketch of his Career, with Recollections of his Performances*, by William L. Keese (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a work that will greatly interest old theatre-goers in New York and elsewhere. It is difficult to say how far it will interest the present generation of readers who know not Burton. We fancy that they will accuse Mr. Keese of neglecting to furnish them with an adequate idea of the great comedian's manner and method, and of those peculiar qualities in his acting which won him a leading place in his own line. Of the man himself, Mr. Keese paints a faithful portrait. The volume is a just tribute to the memory of an excellent scholar, a fine actor, and a courteous gentleman. — The second volume of Leslie Stephens' *Dictionary of National Biography* (Macmillan) carries the work through Baird. There is a long article on Anselm, and a bright one by the editor on Madame D'Arbly. The account of Benedict Arnold is truthful as to facts, but not as to character. Arnold was not generous or humane. He was a mean man and malignant. The article on Bacon is in two parts. His life is treated by Dr. Gardiner and his works by Professor Fowler. An article which will be read by many with interest is that of Mr. Hutton on Bagehot. By the bye, we think the work would have gained by an American custom of suavizing to a name, obscure in pronunciation, the phonetic spelling. Even an Englishman might hesitate between Bagehot and Bājot, and Bājot. — Miss Susan Hale's charmingly edited *Life and Letters of Thomas Gold Appleton* (D. Appleton & Co.) will have a somewhat wider circle of readers than is usually reached by memorials of the kind. Though Mr. Appleton was neither an author nor an artist by profession, he was largely associated with literature and art, and had extensive acquaintance with the leading men of letters and painters on both sides of the Atlantic. The book is the record of a bright, generous, and fortunate gentleman, who got out of wealth all there is to be got out of it — the pleasure of others and one's own intellectual advancement. In the city of Boston, to whose every interest he was devoted, his memory will linger long.

Health and Hygiene. Volume X. of *The Sanitary Engineer* appears as a bound volume. It is a journal of Civil and Sanitary Engineering and public and private hygiene, conducted by Henry C. Meyer (140 William St., New York). The bringing together into one book of the continued papers, like the correspondence on the Health Exhibition in London and the articles on the sanitary arrangements in the Marquand house, shows how advantageous the work is as a book of reference, as well as a weekly digest. — *Consumption, its Nature, Causes, Prevention, and Cure*, by J. M. W. Kitchen, M. D. (Putnam): this book is of value to the laity rather than to the profession. The most suggestive chapter is on the relation of man's surroundings to phthisis, in which the prac-

tical modes of prevention, exclusive of medical treatment, are considered at length. — *Mental Medicine: a Theoretical and Practical Treatise on Medical Psychology: The Primitive Mind Cure; the Nature and Power of Faith, or Elementary Lessons in Christian Philosophy and Transcendental Medicine*. (H. H. Carter & Co., Boston.) These two volumes, by W. F. Evans, attempt to refer disease to mental origin, and therefore to find their cure through mental agencies. "There are," the author says, "within the inclosure of our inner being certain dormant, because unused, spiritual energies and potencies that can save the soul and heal the body of its maladies." Mr. Evans writes as if he believed all that he says, but he has to travel through such a swamp of philosophy to reach his sure ground that most people will hesitate about following him. He gives what he calls an invocation, and says that he sincerely believes there is in it the saving, healing virtue of the name of Christ, and of the principle his name represents. But after one has gone through the extraordinary composition and has even committed it to memory, we suspect he will still be at the entrance only to a reasonable Christian life. It sounds very much like "Lord, Lord!" — Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's *Lectures on Diseases of the Nervous System*, especially in women, has passed to a second revised and enlarged edition. (Lea.) The new edition contains discussion of the difficulties of diagnosis in hysterical diseases of joints, on the relation of hysteria to organic disease of the spine, and on hysterical disorders of the rectum. While the book is strictly a professional one, the author takes so humane a view of his subject that the lay reader will often find most valuable suggestions as to the care of the body quite within ordinary powers. — *The Social History of the Eighth International Medical Congress*, held in Copenhagen, August, 1884, by D. B. Delavan (Putnam), is an agreeable little sketch of the good time which the author and his colleagues enjoyed last summer, and includes a programme of the congress.

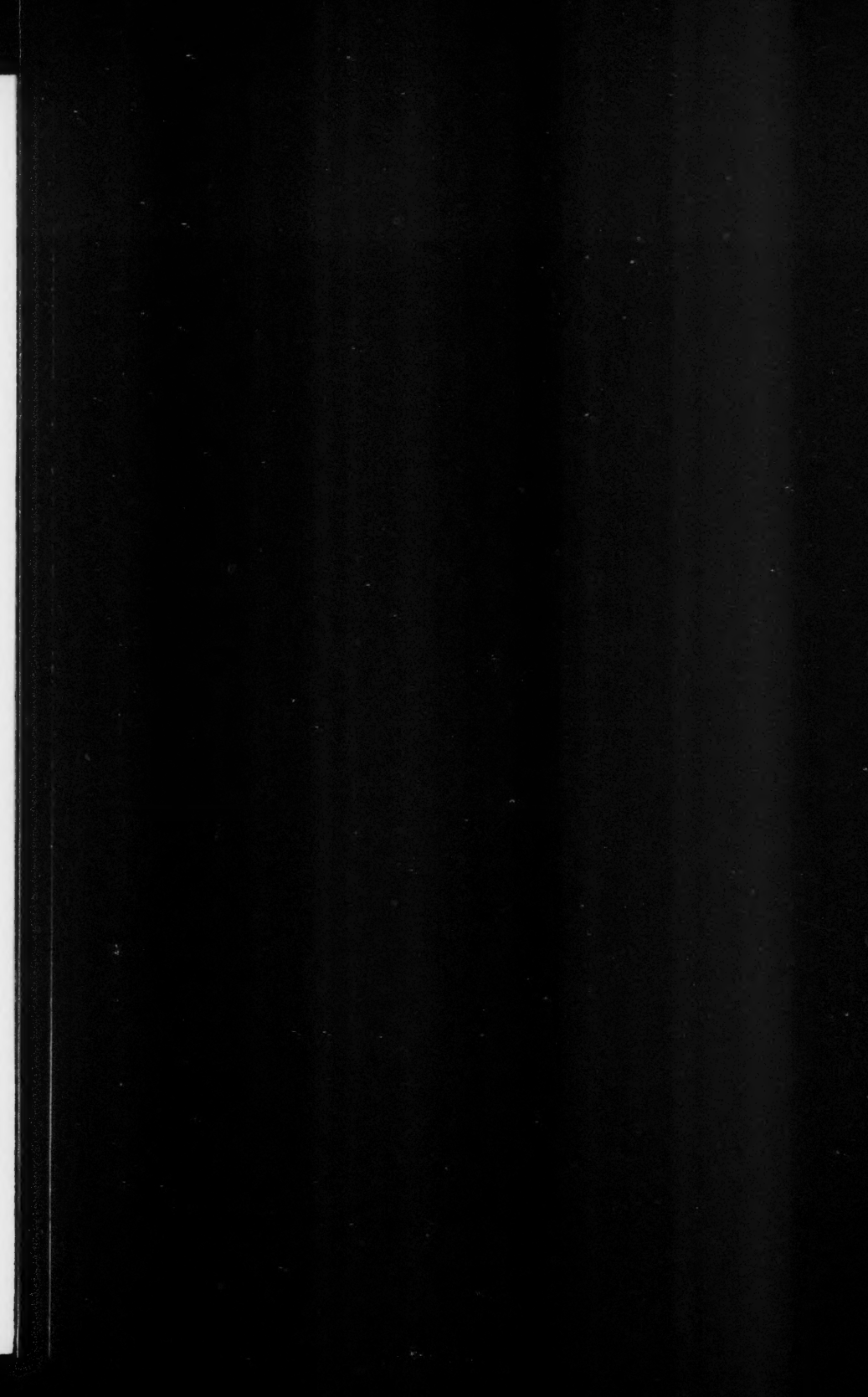
Economy and Politics. Mr. Edward Atkinson has brought into one volume three papers on What makes the Rate of Wages, What is a Bank, and The Railway, the Farmer, and the Public, all under the general title, *The Distribution of Products, or The Mechanism and the Metaphysics of Exchange*. (Putnam.) Mr. Atkinson has the advantage in his outlook of being both a student and a man of affairs. — *European Modes of Living, or The Question of Apartment Houses*, by S. G. Young (Putnam), is a pamphlet, in which the writer seeks to persuade her countrymen and countrywomen who live in great cities that Europeans have solved the problem of sensible living more successfully than they. Her desire is to differentiate and show what characteristics of the French flat should be omitted. It strikes us that the author, although at home in Paris, has not lived sufficiently in America. — *The Thirteenth of the Economic Tracts* (The Society for Political Education, New York) is *The Standard Silver Dollar and the Coinage Law of 1873*, by W. C. Ford. Mr. Ford is not an extremist, and we wish he could

pound some of his sensible notions into the heads of congressmen. — Dr. Francis Wharton has reprinted from the Criminal Law Magazine (Linn & Co., Jersey City) a vigorous article on Dynamiting and Extra-territorial Crime, in which he shows that it is a matter for state and not national action.

Education and Taxi-Books. The New Department in College Education is the title of a pamphlet in which President McCosh, of Princeton, replies to President Eliot's defense of it in New York. (Scribners.) The reply is vigorous, almost angry, and sometimes also illogical, but the truth remains that the movement is not the work of one man, nor even, strictly speaking, of one college; and, like all such departures, must find its vindication or its refusal in time. — Pindar: the Olympian and Pythian odes, with an introductory essay, notes, and indexes, by B. L. Gildersleeve. (Harpers.) The apparatus is extensive enough to give the moderate Greek scholar some hope of mastering this knotty author. — Schiller's Song of the Bell, edited, with introduction and notes, by C. P. Otis (Holt), has an ingenious and interesting commentary in the form of woodcuts showing different stages in the casting of bells, with the German terms given against the several parts. — Goethe's Iphigenia appears in a French translation, with a preliminary essay on Goethe. The name of translator and editor is not given. (C. Meyrouis, Paris.) — The Marquis de Nadailiac's *L'Amérique Préhistorique*, of which we have here a revised translation, edited by W. H. Dall (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a work of very great value and interest for American readers. The present edition contains much archaeological material not to be found in D'Anvers's translation as published in 1882, and is illustrated with two hundred and nineteen woodcuts. — The "Quincy Methods" illustrated; pen photographs from the Quincy schools. (E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York.) A capital book for those who are not able to see the actual classes at work, and indeed very useful to those who can see them; for by means of these accurate reports one can study the whole system minutely and leisurely. It would be a curious comparison which one might draw between this book and Mr. Alcott's *Conversations*; the objective character of the one set against the subjective method of the other. — *Choix de Contes Contemporains*, edited with notes by R. F. O'Connor (Holt), is a collection of fifteen sketches or episodes from the writings of Daudet, Coppé, Théuriet, About, Gautier, and De Musset. The preliminary biographical notes are the merest summaries; the notes at the end of the book are commendably brief. — A convenient little handbook has been prepared by a member of the Massachusetts bar under the title: *The Power and Authority of School Officers and Teachers in the management and government of public schools and over pupils out of school, as determined by the courts of the several States.* (Harpers.) The circum-

stantiality of the facts and fullness of the decisions render the book especially valuable. — *Fifty Salads*, by Thomas J. Murray (White, Stokes & Allen), is a useful little handbook, containing a number of very desirable receipts.

Literature and Criticism. *Obliter Dicta* is the title of a small volume reprinted from the *English* (Scribners), and containing half a dozen light criticisms upon literature, the drama, and practical philosophy. The author is somewhat of a laughing philosopher. He says some witty things, more clever ones, and yet drops into flat commonplace at times. The essays read like the amateur criticisms of some barrister, say, who has a love of literature and a happy conversational art. Much of the book might have been a dinner monologue, addressed to an appreciative neighbor. — *Fifty Years among Authors, Books, and Publishers*, by J. C. Derby (Carleton): A volume of gossip, together with letters, scraps of verse, and newspaper reports. Mr. Derby's associations brought him into connection with almost everybody, especially in New York, who had to do with books, and his retentive memory has enabled him to set down a great deal that is characteristic. We do not know that the book tells much that has not been told before, and the author's individuality is scarcely as prominent as was S. G. Goodrich's, for example, in a similar book, but it will no doubt be a pile of cinders to many a literary chiffoier hereafter. — The final volume of Mr. Mason's series of *Personal Traits of British Authors* (Scribners) includes sketches of Hood, Macaulay, Smith, Jerrold, Dickens, C. Brontë, and Thackeray. The little chronological tables with which each sketch is prefaced are convenient memoranda. — *Discriminate: a manual for guidance in the use of correct words and phrases in ordinary speech.* (Appleton.) The very first discrimination strikes us as incorrect. We do say a history, and we do not say a historical novel. Elsewhere the manual is negligent and loose. Take, for example, the next paragraph to which we open. "Don't use curious in the sense of strange or remarkable. Hence don't say 'a curious action;' 'a curious incident;' use strange or remarkable." Here is a waste of words for one thing, and a lack of true discrimination, since no indication is given as to when curious may be used. In fact, a few reasons in this little book would have been worth more than a good many admonitions. The ordinary user of the book will be apt to regard the whole scheme as arbitrary. — *Les Nouveaux Romanciers Américains*, by Th. Bentzen (Calmann Lévy, Paris), is a collection of essays on Howells, James, Cable, Bishop, Crawford, and Fawcett. — *Marius, the Epicurean, his Sensations and Ideas*, by Walter Pater (Macmillan & Co.), is an account of the intellectual development of a Roman scholar and thinker in the time of Marcus Aurelius. We shall speak in detail of the work hereafter; in the meanwhile we warmly commend Mr. Pater's two volumes to the lovers of exquisite literature.



First Edition, 180,000.

The February CENTURY

CONTAINS

GEN. GRANT'S

First War Paper,

DESCRIBING

THE BATTLE OF

SHILOH



With many personal reminiscences. Profusely illustrated.

ALSO

THE CONFEDERATE SIDE

Told by the son of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and
Col. Jordan of Gen. Beauregard's staff.

This is the brilliantly illustrated

MIDWINTER NUMBER,

Containing many striking features, among them

"ROYALTY ON THE MISSISSIPPI,"

BY

MARK TWAIN,

A FLORENTINE MOSAIC,

BY

W. D. HOWELLS,

FIRST CHAPTERS of a NEW NOVEL,

BY

HENRY JAMES,

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA, ETC.

Sold by all dealers. Price, 35 cents.

THE CENTURY Co. New-York.

